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NORTH CAPE
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KARVIK
LOFOTENS
Lappland
GÄLLIVARE
ARCTIC
CIRCLE
BODEN
LULEÅ
ULEÅBORG
Sweden
Gulf of Bothnia
Finland
KUOPIO
TAMPERE
VIBORG
ÅBO
TRONDHJEM
Norway
HAMAR
MORA
RÄTTVIK
LEKSAND
BERGEN
OSLO
SKIEN
KARLSTAD
LAKE MÄLAREN
STOCKHOLM
STAVANGER
CHRISTIANSAND
LAKE VÄNERN
LAKE VÄTTERN
VADSTENA
JÖNKÖPING
VISBY
SKAGEN
GOTHENBURG
NÄLBORG
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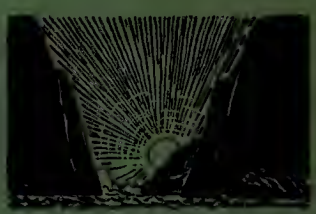

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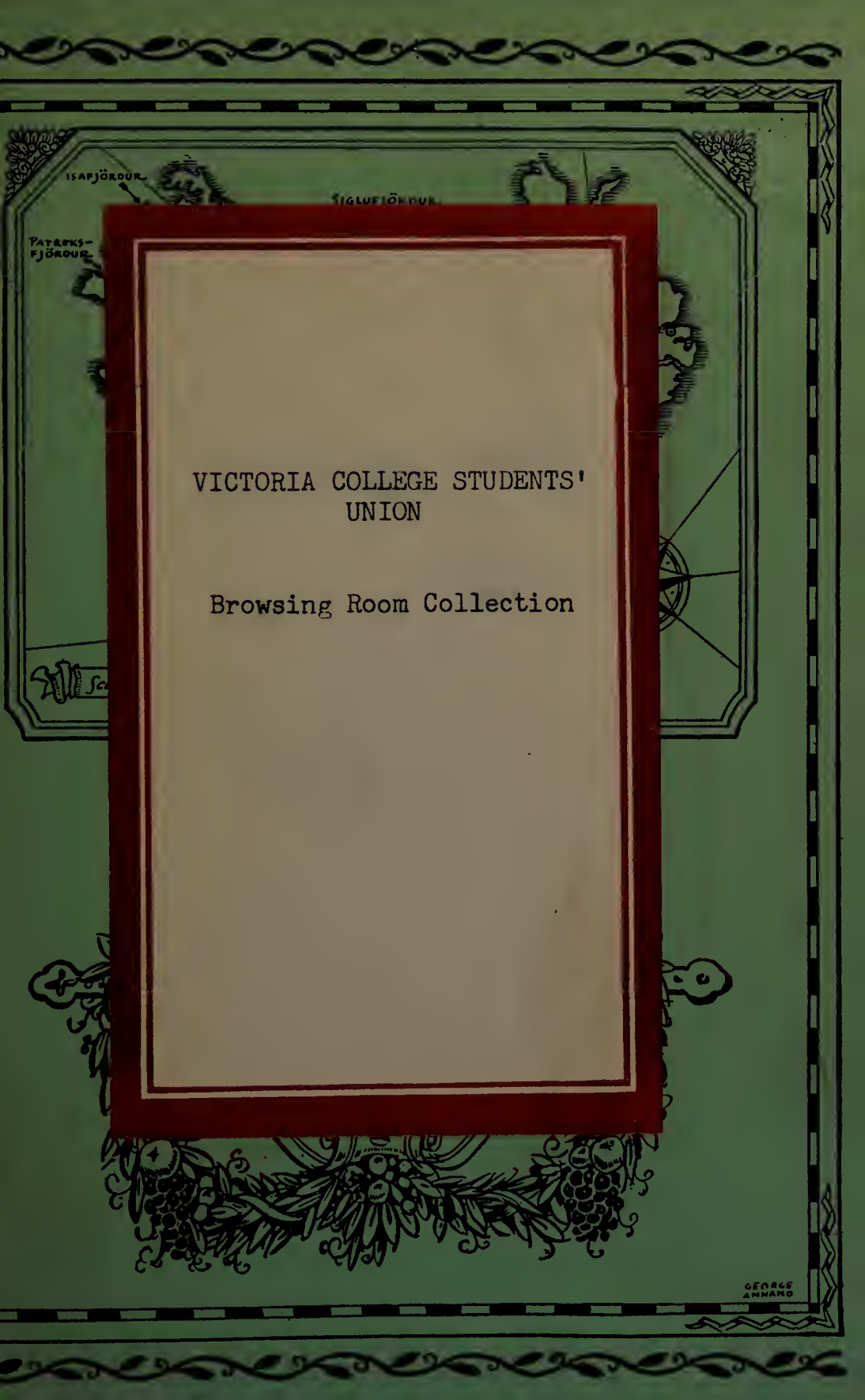

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F847s

A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER

Two of us in Iceland

A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER

Impressions of Five Months in Denmark, Finland, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland

BY

HARRY A. FRANCK

With numerous illustrations, most of them from photographs by the author

GROSSET & DUNLAP *Publishers*

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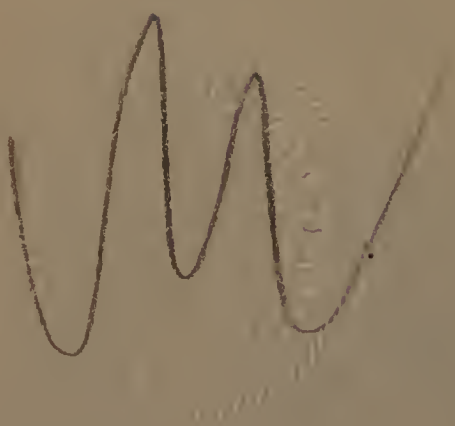

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To

MY FATHER

WHO APPEARS HEREIN ON

HIS FIRST TRIP ABROAD

FOREWORD

HAVING recently lived through a plutonic summer in Greece, I felt the need of an antidote. Moreover, might there not perhaps be something in the colder and better-known countries which, in my love for warmth and color, I had overlooked during a quarter-century of roaming in out-of-the-way places nearer the equator? So I decided to spend a summer in Europe's Far North.

To say that I was tired of roughing it for the benefit of my friends of between-the-covers would imply that one can rough it in Scandinavia, which is only in the mildest sense true. There are no slums in the Scandinavian lands, no easily approachable poor, almost no roadsters, none of those picaresque types whose name is legion in, for instance, Spain or Greece. Besides, while his language, being a sort of half-way station between English and German, was not entirely Greek to me, the Norseman of to-day is reticent to the point of taciturnity. So the reader will find this more nearly a narrative of things seen than a story of adventure.

Or rather, the adventures were those of the spirit—an occasional landscape that caused the breath to lose a beat, a fine picture, a striking statue, some beautiful old furniture, glimpses of something new and worth while in architecture, in social improvement, a new point of view toward some age-old problems, here and there a fellow-man worth knowing, now and again a notable or an amusing detail on the ways of the human race as it gropes its way down through the centuries to . . . it knows not what.

All this summed up to an enjoyable summer. Yet in reconstructing it on paper it has been hard not to be merely

informative and matter-of-fact. For, after all, the five component parts of the region roughly known as Scandinavia are matter-of-fact lands, inhabited by a matter-of-fact people. There is no Southern ebullition, except in a slight degree among the Swedes. Even when they try to be gay the Scandinavians merely give the impression of being self-consciously naughty against their wills. Thus it has sometimes been difficult to realize, after many years in warmer, livelier, more colorful countries, that there is anything really worth saying of the cold and austere lands of the North.

Shaking off this feeling, I have tried to give the atmosphere, the general mode of life of the countries visited, rather than to restate more or less well-known facts. Above all, this unassuming volume makes no pretense—would, in fact, keenly resent the implication—of saying everything that might or should be said about the five countries in question, of "covering" them completely, in the guide-book and tourist-agency sense. So that if your favorite Scandinavian spot or sport or food or mood is not mentioned, do not hope to take me to account for an omission.

It has never been my habit to offer formal public thanks to those who have shown me kindness or assistance along the way, since a book is not the place to bore the reader with a list of names in which he has little or no conceivable interest. Otherwise I should gladly express here my gratitude to a veritable throng of helpful persons and organizations, beginning with my wife and ending with some humble member of that full-dress throng which attends to the wants of the hungry traveler in Scandinavia.

HARRY A. FRANCK.

Harpenden (Herts)
England
March 4, 1930

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A SCANDINAVIAN SUMMER

CHAPTER I

NORTHWARD TO EUROPE

A FEW years ago the Swedish-American Line launched its first motor-ship for passengers, and it has since added an even finer one to its transatlantic service. Yet so does the mind tend to follow the beaten track that it was a surprise to find we could cross the Atlantic direct to Sweden in all the comfort and luxury of any other route, and with some advantages which better-known lines do not offer.

The cleanliness, for instance, of the *Gripsholm* was almost superhuman. Not only was the service courteous to a degree unheard of in the United States but the servers seemed to take keen pleasure in their ministrations. The food—I had hitherto thought of the Swedes as Minnesota-farmer-like in their culinary tastes and customs, whereas I found them close rivals of the French in quality, and completely outdistancing them in quantity. Of the half glass-inclosed promenade deck with its jungles of blooming flower bushes and exotic plants, the spacious and delightful English-speaking library adjoining an uncamouflaged bar, of the festive evening entertainments ranging from movies to fancy-dress dancing parties with an excellent Swedish orchestra, even of the team of Coolidge horses and other gymnasium equipment with which to shake off the lethargy induced by too tempting a table and too comfortable chairs . . . this is perhaps not the place to speak. But I do insist on mentioning the big steam-rooms and the capacious swimming-pool, free of charge to

passengers, at the foot of the elevator shaft—hence, I suppose, at the very bottom of the ship, with only an inch or two of steel plating between us and the boudoirs of vamping mermaids. There may still be men, like my father, for whom this was the first ocean voyage in seventy-two years, who dislike the genial Swedish custom of chatting with the captain and half a dozen fellow-passengers while you and they are garbed in nothing whatever except a shimmering coat of perspiration; but, followed by a plunge, I know of nothing more conducive to supreme contentment on shipboard.

The only breath of complaint I heard during the crossing was a whimsical protest from a young American woman of Swedish ancestry, that when she descended for the first time to the nether regions of the ship at the hour reserved for her sex, duly garbed in becoming swimming costume, she was greeted with open-mouthed astonishment, verging on scorn, by the groups of Swedish ladies who lolled and squatted, baked and reduced, dived and swam, in the unaffected garb of the first lady of Biblical history. Yet come to think of it—why, in the name of Aphrodite, not?

It was snowing when we landed, amid the mild uproar of home-coming Swedes, in Gothenburg, on the first day of May. In such, reputedly unusual, circumstances, the second city and principal port of Sweden resembled a slow, sloppy Midwestern American town—quite American, in fact, with its brightly colored gasoline pumps, its straight and ample rather than old-worldly streets, its weather-displeased inhabitants.

But there were to be other visits to Gothenburg, whence splendid new steamers of the Swedish Lloyd leave twice a week for Tilbury. When, five weeks later, I went back to meet my wife and children, who had been delayed by the tyranny of schooling, there were rows of Easter lilies, beds

of purplish-blue pansies, gorgeous red, pink, white tulips, in the most beautiful city park I can offhand recall; a park with a superb stretch of lawn and greenhouses surrounded with beds of flowers that were great Oriental rugs of bloom. There is an orchid house containing rare specimens, and a cactus house with all kinds and sizes of Mexican cacti. The Swedes are very fond of cactus. Even in house windows little pots of it are almost as common as geraniums. This liking for what to many of us is an unsightly and almost repulsive form of vegetation suggests a yearning for something perennially green, through the long white winters.

It is a pity that many travelers scamper through Gothenburg without giving it a fair share of their time. For it is far more than the main gateway to Sweden. Its Art Museum vies with many a better-known collection in more familiar parts of Europe. The South American section of its Cultural History Museum, the bookbindings in the Röhss Museum of Arts and Crafts, the anchovies from Lysekil, near by, are all reasons to linger in the city. It has architecture which shows evidence of cerebral rather than merely conventional treatment; most of its later-day buildings, whether schools, museums, or apartment- and dwelling-houses, are in a simple yet handsome style.

The ships *Kalmar Nyckel* and *Fågel Grip* sailed from Gothenburg to the Delaware in 1637, with our first consignment of Swedish colonists. Strömstad bathing establishment, not far away up the coast, still has a machine constructed by John Ericsson. Up there somewhere is Bohus Castle, erected in 1310, which enjoys the unusual distinction in Europe of never having fallen into enemy hands. Along the west coast, in that vicinity, lie the Paternoster Skerries, rocky isles where seamen were often in such danger that they automatically said their prayers.

But we are getting, perhaps, too far from town. There, on the bank of the canal around the old fortifications, is a fish-market called "fish church" because of the Gothic church-like appearance of the building. About it is a tremendously busy wharf-side. Cars loaded with lumber and bales of paper, reminders of one of the greatest sources of Sweden's riches and general prosperity, are continually rolling past on their way to exporting steamers. Across the broad river up which comes the constant procession of ships that makes Gothenburg a great port is the frihamn, or free port, always littered with the crates of American automobiles. All this may be seen from a rocky hilltop embroidered in strange designs of evergreens which is not far away.

The Svenska Jernvägar, or Swedish State Railways, run an all-electric line from Gothenburg to Stockholm and on this I departed for the capital. The landscape about the chief port resembles the Bronx or Fairmount Park. There are many rocks, numerous tunnels; birches as well as evergreens stood out against the untimely snow. There were already many plowed fields, now lightly blanketed in pure white. Almost all the buildings were of wood. Much as I had seen of the rest of Europe, I did not know that there was any part of it with so nearly American an aspect. Many of the rambling farm-houses and nearly all the barns were red. Goodly woodpiles testified to long winters. As the train went along, scenes were disclosed which were identical with those in the richer agricultural parts of our Middle West. The hip-roofed barns in particular, most of them much larger than the adjoining houses, gave the land a homelike aspect, and made one drowsily wonder if our Midwest ancestors copied their architecture from Swedish immigrants.

There were tiled and thatched as well as shingled roofs. But stone, even rail, fences brought my thoughts back to

my own land. So did the bells at the crossings, all at grade, with warning crosspieces on poles, just as at home. At important intersections, with a tiny guard-house for the gateman, there were American-style gates, painted diagonally in broad red and white stripes.

The highways that crossed the line at considerable intervals looked like what we call dirt roads, though evidently they had stone bottoms; for nowhere were there deep ruts. And they are always passable, except sometimes in the dead of winter, according to a Swedish-born American who had crossed with us and brought his automobile with him for the second time. The transportation cost him $147.50, and a $200 duty which he could get back by taking the car out of the country again. But he had found that it paid better to sell it there before sailing home.

The train, divided of course into compartments along a side corridor but with no outside doors for the confounding of untraveled Westerners, was spick and span as the ship we had just left. As on the *Gripsholm,* every conceivable need of the passengers seemed to have been thought out, with a Swedish genius for details. It was impossible not to recall by contrast the dirty, waterless inconvenience of, for instance, our principal New England line. Even our Pullmans lack some of the thoughtful little helps to the traveler to be found on the Government-owned railways of Sweden. Yet this was only second class; and the fares are on the average much lower than ours. The Swedish railways reduce the fare per mile by zones; that is, the longer your journey the lower is the rate per mile. So there is no exact comparison with American travel. A ten-mile trip costs nearly a dollar, but the fare from New York to Chicago, in second class, on a Swedish line would be about fifteen dollars—ten dollars in third.

Hour after hour, with few stops, the train hurried almost noiselessly on through an evergreen-and-birch country covered with fresh new snow. A race-track surrounded with a wooden fence, electric baggage-trucks at the principal stations, snow-plows on the fronts of electric engines—that is, a wing on each side—momentarily caught the attention. Along the opposite track passed trains of small freight-cars with tiny spoked wheels, most of the loads covered with tarpaulins. But everywhere were things which made one feel that Sweden is perhaps the most American-minded country in Europe, at least in material matters, or that we have inherited more from our Swedish immigrants than we realize.

By eight at night, still broad daylight, over on the Stockholm side of the peninsula the snow was gone. Not, however, the need of an overcoat. The porter who carried my suitcase across the street in slushy Stockholm, to the first hotel sighted, made it known that the fixed rate for picking up a bag is a krona, which is slightly more than a quarter. For in the capital there is a porter's union. His fellows in some other parts of the country are still contented, at least outwardly so, with one half or even a third as much.

Though it was still only the first of May, given over all through Sweden to May Day celebrations under more enticing weather conditions, twilight had barely come at nine in the evening. What had brought me to the Swedish capital, and as hastily took me away next evening, is neither here nor there, however, in view of the fact that I was to know the place much better in the near future.

The night train to Copenhagen, and to Germany via the train ferries at Trälleborg, was overflowing with passengers and those willing to squander the price of a platform ticket to see them off. Presently the latter dispersed and left ample room for the former. The train-boy nuisance is in vogue

even in thoughtful Sweden; but he offers for sale nothing except newspapers and magazines, and he sticks to the corridor, or at worst protrudes a head now and then into the compartment. A girl in black comes through selling sandwiches—and beer!

If you travel second class, you must share one of the sleeping-car compartments with a companion, the upper berth perhaps preferable. The same compartment is yours alone at a double cost for both berth and ticket; or, if you are content to go third class—make it a crowd of three at the risk of being skied into the top bunk where the ceiling is in startling proximity—only half the two dollars and seventy cents charged for a second-class berth will be exacted.

One is not expected to tip the sleeping-car porter. True, a foreigner or a new millionaire may now and then unwittingly or ruthlessly break this welcome rule. But among the knowing and the well-bred it isn't done—perhaps because he is an official of the State. He seems also to be the Pullman conductor, yet to condescend to make up the berths in case of emergency, or at least to unmake them if the train runs on through the following day. Normally the physical labor of the sleeping-car is done by women of uncertain age, to whom the sight of a blushing foreigner in extreme dishabille is much less exciting than a fleck of dust or a finger-mark. But apparently the Swedish railway chambermaid abhors travel, so that usually she wends her way stolidly homeward from the terminal or junction where the time-table calls for her motherly ministrations.

It is of course no news to you that the European compartment type of sleeping-car, while preferable to our Pullmans by night, is vastly less pleasant by day. No choice in the evening but to go to bed when the train starts, unless you are content to sit out in the public-thoroughfare corridor on

the strapontin, Klapsitz, or whatever is the English name for that uncomfortable wooden seat, on a jack-in-the-box spring, to be found in European trains and theaters. Or you may go out and stand on the inclosed platform at the end of the train—even the Swedes have not yet thought of a genuine observation platform with seats—and watch the many track signals flash red or green or white behind. Red lanterns flash, too, at about ten-second intervals all night long, on the back of the train; and trainmen and trackmen carry a new type of electric lantern, chosen from many styles offered and tried in competition, which shows any of the three colors or no light at all at a simple twist of a knob.

CHAPTER II

COPENHAGEN

NEARLY one fifth of the people of Denmark live in the capital, making it by far the largest city in Scandinavia. The conscientious and thorough traveler will find much of interest, even of delight, in this metropolis. During the summer it has a multicolored international life and cashes many travelers' checks. But though its history goes back to 1169, when Bishop Absalon founded a stronghold here as a defense against the Vandal pirates, its oldest buildings date only from the end of the sixteenth century.

For the serious-minded there is the much photographed Bourse, a long row of many steep gables on a canal debouching into busy wharves. There is Amalienborg Plads, a square formed by four rococo residential palaces, where I am happy to say the king and not I has his principal home. Rundetaarn, abutting Trinity Church, has a broad spiral causeway up which Katharina, consort of Peter the Great, drove in a carriage in 1720. For the very orderly-minded, the National Museum offers a unique collection of Danish antiquities, and an ethnographical exhibit famous for its Eskimo section. And of course no one would leave Copenhagen without having looked in upon the collected masterpieces of Denmark's greatest sculptor, in the Thorwaldsen Museum.

But while I am not one of those haughty travelers who decline to enter a museum or an art gallery, I confess that

I get more actual return for the exertion by rambling about at random. Copenhagen's new city hall is a magnificent building; and if one may judge by the perpetual elevators to the offices in the rear, which only the spry can use, it houses up-and-coming officials. But I fear I spent more time in the shallow cement well before it, with its statue of some ungentle gentleman of the bronze age taking a bull of the same period —or at least of the same material—by the horns, if memory is not betraying me again: a place gaily noisy with children on roller-skates, which apparently are almost unknown in the rest of Scandinavia. It proved an ideal spot from which to watch the population of the capital, sailing past on bicycles.

Copenhagen was hearing its first "sound" pictures, in the form of a shadowy classic of the South Seas, and beholding the film lions of another far-wandering American. And by the way, not only all motion-picture films themselves but all the photographs used to advertise a performance must be "Passed by Stats Censur," who in an appalling number of cases, all over Scandinavia, forbids children under sixteen to attend. Imagine us keeping our children out of a movie house just because the picture might ruin their morals!

Copenhagen's Coney Island, called Tivoli, is in the very heart of town: pleasant walks beneath staid old trees, restaurants with orchestras, beer tables out of doors, all the delights of a super county fair—queer we haven't more of this sort of thing in the United States, where there is more summer. And for all its gaiety and open-airedness you may roam in Tivoli until midnight without seeing a hint of rowdyism or any other objectionable feature.

The new-comer to Scandinavia, at least from our own sartorially careless land, will probably be embarrassed to something approaching tears the first time he enters a restau-

rant or a hotel dining-room. For waiters are invariably in full dress, even at breakfast-time. In the most insignificant towns the garçon in the principal hostelry—where the price of a dinner, wine included, rarely reaches a dollar—hovers, in this faultless garb, over often rather seedy-looking clients. And as far as the naked eye can testify, even these second-class privates of the full-dress army never cheat the washer-woman out of her hard-earned stipend.

Gentlemen of Scandinavia do of course dress for dinner, and run the risk of being mistaken for waiters; but not generally in the summer. Boiled shirts and stiff high collars are much in vogue not only among waiters but on postmen and bricklayers in their leisure hours. Men's hats wear out quickly in Denmark, where even laborers raise them to one another. Though merely to lift the hat is no proof of good manners; you should brush your knees with it. The Danes claim to be more democratic than the Swedes, and I think they are. When a Danish workman raises his hat to the manager on his morning rounds of the factory, the manager raises his in reply. In Sweden a manager barely acknowledges such a greeting; nor does the workman expect it.

But just as the visiting stranger has reached this conclusion, along comes a Dane who has lived in the United States and deposes:

"Most Danes have too much caste system. There is too great a distance between the frock-coat man in the office and the workers in the shops."

And the trouble is that you have to agree that both statements are true. It all depends on the point of view. "Democratic" is a badly battered word, anyway.

"Where the boss pitches in, American style, and helps," the ex-American goes on, "the men like it. But only a boss who has lived in the United States can do it."

In Denmark you must have a title; it is just as necessary as is a Chinese name in China. For your title must appear on your brief-case, your front door, your letters, your calling cards, your pocket-book, the hotel register, your tombstone—Mr. Author Henry Smith, Mr. Druggist Fillum Pillum, Bricklayer James Jones, Superannuated Sexton Hans Neilsen, or similar words adorn the stones in any Danish cemetery.

However, this byway leads nowhere in particular. Let us retrace our steps to a recent point of departure, where the soup comes in evening dress. Just a word to the bon vivant. In Copenhagen, Hammer's Fish Restaurant near the royal palace merits a visit, preferably at midday. Wivel's, which you can hardly miss even if you wish, also is better at lunch-time. But it, one might say, is only for foreigners, especially Swedes, who admit that there viands almost worthy of Stockholm are to be had—not, by any means, for the asking. Nimb's, around the corner, is at its best at the nine-o'clock dinner, which is followed by dancing. Even the royal princesses go there, so no telling what exciting thing may happen to you. After that is over, you may choose to go to Copenhagen's one and only night club, the Adlon, though it is so eminently lawful and respectable that Americans will hardly recognize it as a night club. Then, too, the Royal Danish Yacht Club has a public restaurant downstairs, where you may feel that you are almost basking in regal smiles, if that sort of thing gives you a thrill. At any rate, if you read or even guess well at Danish, you may pick up there a bit of good advice, evidently from a philosopher graduated in life, in the stave carved or painted over a fireplace:

Drink your beer before it gets stale
Kiss your love before she goes to sleep

Yet the Royal Yacht Club was built by the city of Copenhagen! Where in all our broad land are there city fathers who would dare publicly to admit that they had any fixed opinion on either subject?

To us, Lorry's seemed good enough as a night club, though it is rather a vaudeville house with food and drink, the Danish version of the tired business man's retreat. The program-boy was forty and in full evening dress, though with a black tie, no doubt to distinguish him from his tray-bearing betters. But to our surprise the Russian troupe which filled the whole evening was really good. A Russian Jew Balieff, without the paunch, interlarded the numbers with fairly intelligent patter in good if rather careful German, which the audience seemed to understand. And despite the score or more of plausible excuses in the troupe for scanty clothing, there was almost no display of bare skins; probably the Danes see so much at their beaches in summer that mere nudity does not afford them entertainment. Each table was decorated with a long list of cocktails and other invitations to wax merry, at fairly high prices for a no-prohibition country; but no urging to drink, even by a waiter's look or unsummoned presence, intruded to spoil what we had feared would be a very sorry evening.

Quaint old signs, and some of the customs that go with them, are still seen in Copenhagen. A huge bunch of plaster grapes marks a vinstue (wine-room); a brass book signifies a boghandel, or book-shop; a bright brass platter, hung sidewise and cut out on one side to fit the neck of Gargantua, swings high before the place where a frisør or barber holds forth.

The barber's prices, at least for strangers, are almost as scandalous as those of his fellows in New York; but a visit to him is worth the expense, once. Except for the absence of

leeches the illusion of having stepped back into the Middle Ages is perfect. The seat is an arm-chair in vogue in the days of Galileo; the sanitary precautions are contemporary with it. A boy, with a basin full of bill-poster's paste but no brush, comes to smear lather on with his fingers, while the real barber reposes in preparation for the onerous task before him. That accomplishd, the exhausted frisør retires to recuperate. Not so the customer, however. His labors are only begun, as the youthful soaper leads him to a perpendicular jet of water with which he is expected to wash his own face, and if possible avoid having a shower-bath added to his bill. You, too, will probably wish thenceforth to patronize your own razor; but the Danes seem to thrive on medieval ministrations at modern prices.

The Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Copenhagen is doubly worth visiting if you carry with you a memory of that of Kingtehchen in China. So similar in many ways are those two widely separated establishments that one is amazed by the difference, in human interest, between the primitive methods of past ages and those of the modern factory. The one is picturesqueness at its zenith, the other commonplace. Yet the results are astonishingly alike. For the porcelains of Denmark are as desirable, in their field, as are those of China.

In the Copenhagen factory the same pattern has in many cases been made, always by hand, for a hundred and fifty years—and the same may be said for a thousand years at Kingtehchen. The law protects the family or person or group owning a given pattern, just as the copyright laws protect the writer or the artist in other lines. Some pieces have as many as fifteen hundred different molds, each set kept in a different place. Among the delicate and intricate molds are those for tea-cup handles, one of the most troublesome details

of the porcelain job, and one with which the Chinese have declined to burden themselves.

There are about nine hundred workmen and women in the Royal Porcelain Manufactory, ranging from charwomen to real artists of both sexes. The company has the good sense to realize that an artist is not an ordinary workman. The porcelain painters normally work from ten to three, but they may come and go as they see fit. In any case they are paid mainly according to what they accomplish. The ordinary workers put in eight hours and earn annually up to twenty-six hundred kroner (about seven hundred dollars), while there are porcelain painters who get, including royalties, as much as eight thousand kroner a year. Nothing princely, even at that; but why risk spoiling an artist by paying him the wages of a bricklayer?

Working conditions are as nearly perfect as modern knowledge can make them. Automatic suction pipes carry off virtually every particle of the dust that was once so detrimental to the health of the grinders. A dozen women artists have an immense room which is a veritable greenhouse of flowers and growing palms, with huge windows of the studio type, no unnecessary noise, in fact almost absolute quiet; it has more nearly the atmosphere of a well-conducted schoolroom than of a factory, is a much better place in which to work than the occupants could have in their own homes, even as homes go in Denmark. The workrooms in which the porcelains are painted are really charming. In them, all idea of industry in its modern-factory meaning seems to be banished; yet on the whole there is far more industry—in the sense that all the faculties are used with pride and pleasure—than in most factories. About the working tables the workers themselves have placed artistic pictures and works of art, instead of the daubs of chromos, the portraits

of favorite movie stars, chorus-girls, prize-fighters, and kings of swat with which American workers are only too likely to surround themselves.

"Can one ask people confined in a sad and ugly place to create beauty?" cries the manager, flipping the tails of his frock-coat disdainfully. "Here we give them pleasant ateliers, and liberty. They come and go as they choose. Make prisoners of them and they would lose their talent."

Danish porcelain has come to be considered the world's finest, ranking to-day above English, Dresden, Sèvres, Japanese, even Chinese, largely because while most other countries have tried to increase quantity by adopting mass-production methods, in order to bring down the price and still increase the income, the Danes have clung sternly to the true artist's principle of doing at all times the very best work possible and letting the quantity and the price adjust themselves. The result is that in any exposition of porcelains from all parts of the world, even including the best of Kingtehchen, the Danes have no reason to be ashamed of their accomplishments.

In oxblood, Copenhagen cannot equal China; at least, nothing I have seen of their wares in this color is worthy to sit on the same shelf with the best old Chinese. On the other hand, their crackle-glaze ware is hardly surpassed by the best old Satsuma, except in thinness, and semi-transparent perfection. There is a delicacy of texture in the old Japanese and Chinese porcelains which the Danes do not seem even to have tried to attain. Danish ware, however magnificent its surfaces, has a suggestion of Scandinavian heaviness which recalls the comely but over-solid nude ladies of Anders Zorn. . . .

But their colors are—éclatantes. There is no English word equal to the meaning in its full strength. Their enamel is

perfect; the decorative sumptuousness of Danish porcelains has never been excelled. As some appreciative Frenchman has said: "Behold, their sea is like their faience! It is not the porcelain which resembles the sea but the sea which has taken its splendor of color from their porcelains. Art creates nature; no one has ever given porcelain such an animate force of vibrating existence."

To drop suddenly from the sublime to the ridiculous: gay parties, now especially of Danish-Americans, are given at the Tivoli, Copenhagen's heart-of-town Coney Island, in which men vie with one another in the smashing of hotel-ware plates. The childish custom grew up because plates which emerged from the kilns in some way short of perfection were to be had almost for the asking; but thanks to these Tivoli parties they are by no means so cheap now, though still inexpensive compared with the fully successful ware. Men stand off and throw sundry missiles at plate after plate (the manager of the factory had to strike one with all his force to break it for my edification) until the place of festivities is heaped high with broken but often beautifully colored pottery. Imperfect ware sells for next to nothing in China's great china center also; but somehow I cannot picture Chinese men smashing dishes for the mere boyish pleasure of it.

CHAPTER III

KING CHRISTIAN JUBILATES

I CHANCED to be in Copenhagen on the fortieth anniversary of King Christian's entering the army as a private. Future kings, it seems—and, for that matter, royalty in general—are always set down on the Danish conscription rolls with a number ending in .. 80, but are otherwise treated exactly like other recruits. Perhaps; but somehow a chronic skeptic cannot shake off a suspicion that hard-boiled old drill-sergeants shy a bit when they note those two magic ciphers after a rookie's name.

A kind official, with whom I happened to come in contact in the course of my own duties, offered to have conferred upon me the high honor of an invitation to the ceremonies. Oh, as to that? If I had mislaid my high hat I might come in a bowler. What, no derby! Not even a frock-coat with the corresponding trousers? One saw in his eye a suspicion that so strange a boor must go naked during the morning hours. Fortunately, the now dazed official had tendered the invitation before discovering my lowly station in life. There was still perfect courtesy, outwardly, in his, "Oh, well, wear what you have on. You will be considered only a journalist, anyway."

I might, perhaps, have borrowed the tails off the breakfast waiter's back, before joining the crowd making its way up Nörrevolgade toward the Rosenborg Slot that brilliant May morning. But how true it is that ninety per cent of our

troubles never come true. Most of the spectators were in quite ordinary street clothes—and the great honor that had been done me in the form of a ticket had also been conferred upon thousands, of all ages and sexes and of other conditions of servitude almost as low as a newspaper man's.

The bright-red Danish flag with the white cross was everywhere, inside the big casern grounds. Not a sign of the gala occasion was to be seen in the city about it. A green triumphal arch large enough to straddle a horseman had been erected on the parade-ground, which was guarded by rather nervous youths in bearskins. The very young one who attempted to keep me among the ordinary unjournalistic spectators blushed like a school-girl of the old school when I declined to be confined. Completely as the blush has gone out in the United States, Scandinavians still make use of it early and often.

A small boy in a sailor suit raised his hat with courteous solemnity to an old veteran, proud in his aged mufti and many medals for bravery in bygone days, who was wandering about alone, as if the wars in which he bled had been completely forgotten. I caught myself suspecting that small boys in my own land might be more likely to poke fun at the queer-looking old fellow.

Of course it was hurry and wait, as at all army functions the wide world over, since Hannibal halted to feed his elephants. Though we had been summoned for nine, not a wheel turned until ten. Then the thousands who had come officially, lined up, and the unofficial multitude stiffened. But the king let his former messmates wait another half-hour, to show them who is boss now. No more could hard-boiled corporals bawl him out for being late to formation.

Groups of old fellows who had served with the king were drawn up in double-rank platoons along one side of the

parade-ground. One in five of them wore the high hat de rigueur; twice as many had on derbies. Some were in workingmen's best Sunday garb. Three or four wore the uniform of a hotel porter or similar evidence of lowly social status. The Danes, as I have said before, contend that they are very democratic.

The king, when he came at last, was a sturdy but not over-heavy man resembling, in his bearskin, a circus giant. I have not his exact measurements with me, nor am I sure whether or not he overtops King Gustav of Sweden. But I run no risk in saying that King Christian must surely stand six feet six in his bare feet, without the bearskin. An attractive, a very pleasant-looking man, with an outdoor face; not yet gray, for all the distance from his recruit days—at least in so far as the cropped mustache and what little hair could be seen beneath the bearskin testified. Evidently his is not so hard a job as being president. An assured place and income is always a saving in worry and nerves. And in the long run kings are cheaper than presidents, a Dane told me. Perhaps so; think of the cost in work and money, to say nothing of worry and scandal, of a presidential election.

King Christian's is indeed a most friendly face, winsomer the more you look at it. An almost bashful smile, genuine and warm and thorough, so constantly plays across it as to have dug many deep wrinkles, veritable furrows, radiating from the eyes to the outfield fence, so to speak, of the royal heavily tanned features—though one catches a hint now and then that his face can be grim, too.

No such body-guard about this mere king as about our presidents. A score of times his Majesty and I all but trampled each other's toes in carrying out our respective duties. And who really knew that I was only a harmless near-journalist? I might just as easily have been a peram-

bulating arsenal. A dozen other privileged pariahs of the journalistic world, armed with cameras or note-books, also hung around the principals as at a family party. Luckily it was a warm, sunny day, for in Europe even a journalist is expected to keep his hat off when within sketching distance of a king on formality bent.

There came the queen, in blue, a big bunch of flowers on one arm, to attack the task of shaking hands with whole platoons of men in double rows. Meanwhile the king had begun at the other end of the platoons. Just as well to get this family job over with as soon as courteously possible. A cold lunch is always annoying, even in a palace. But his Majesty was canvassing the platoons very thoroughly; first the front row, then back along the row behind. No making them come to him, after the manner of our haughty presidents. He shook hands with every man Hans of them—but one noticed that he wore white gloves. He talked a long time with some of them; fully a minute in a few cases, evidently sometimes exchanging jokes, for that big genuine smile with its hint of bashfulness was much in evidence.

The king seemed to remember some of his erstwhile comrades very well indeed. But it is one of the jobs of a king to place a face, to know the right thing to say, no matter how fast new faces are thrust before him. His secretaries furnish him notes, they say; but it is a regal gift, improved with constant training, to remember individuals; and King Christian seemed to take an almost boyish pleasure in his ability to do so.

But though he talked long with some of his old comrades, he barely noticed others. Could these have been the fellows who had razzed him as a recruit? More likely those he laughed with longest were the erstwhile razzers; he looks like that kind of man. Or he may not have recognized some

of his old comrades. You know what a change the years between twenty and sixty can make in your one-time classmates, not only in looks, manners, and girth, but in disposition, point of view, all that constitutes the real man himself. Shocking, sometimes. Here, too, one suspected. Some looked barely fifty, like the king himself; others looked seventy, eighty, quite ripe for Father Time's sickle. Such men are reminders, even to kings.

Some were suffering so from stage-fright that they could not say a word, shifted from one foot to the other, looked half surreptitiously at their shaken hands, as if not sure what they could do with them thereafter, with the regal mark upon them. Others were almost garrulous, still others almost discourteous in the haste with which they clapped on their hats again. But most of them the king soon put at their ease, if they were not already there; he was in no apparent hurry—here's one advantage at least in ruling over a small country, with only population enough to make a fairly large city. He smiled so broadly now and then that he disclosed the fact that to this day even kings sometimes wear gold crowns; especially at one old baldhead almost as tall as he, with whom he reminisced so long one began to suspect he had forgotten he was on formal business.

The hand-shaking labors over, the king nearly mounted the wrong horse. A broad grin and quite human evidence of embarrassment—far more than was shown by the royal grooms. Two women rode with the queen, in a carriage drawn by two splendid horses, as horses go nowadays, the two grooms in bright red—not, surely, symbolic of the party which now rules Denmark. Her Majesty bowed to the lines all about the square of humanity inclosing the parade-ground, the princesses also, at regular intervals, like automatons. The prince royal, also named Frederick Christian,

of course, as all Danish kings have been since 1513, wore a naval uniform, but he rode a horse at least as well as the average sailor. Not quite his father in stature or graciousness, perhaps even in some other matters, a brief acquaintance intimated.

Still hanging around at the family party, I had to pretend to understand when Danes commented to me, in their own language, sometimes rather breathlessly, on this or that part of the ceremony. It would have been a jarring note to interrupt the unconscious naïveté of it by breaking out in a foreign tongue. Outwardly, unless I am flattering myself again, I was as Danish-understanding and as royalty-loyal as any of them. But I was found out at last by a pompous old chap of the bygone régime—a former minister of finance, I gathered—in full proper garb, and had to endure having honors heaped upon me, or upon my nation through me, in French. I was introduced to his companion, a Russian ex-nobleman who was earning his livelihood by teaching French. For some reason the former minister seemed to think that was a pity.

The old fellow grew reminiscent, then wrathful, telling me the latest scandal. The Socialist Prime Minister, he said, exuding brimstone from both nostrils, had asked the king to confine his jubilee celebration to the castle grounds; not to parade in the town. The king said, "Well, but won't it be less honor to and more snobbish toward the people to have a private party here, without giving them a share in it?" The old-régimer snorted with pride and approbation of the king's ready wit and regal gift of repartee. But the Prime Minister evidently was adamant. One gathered from the ex-official's dejected manner that even such as he knew that the kings of Europe rarely talk back to their prime ministers nowadays.

The Socialists will not even raise their hats when the national anthem is played, the scandal-monger goes on. You Americans, he flatters, are the only wholly sensible people left; for you refuse to treat at all with ce canaille-là. In his outdated old brain there is obviously no dividing line between Socialists, Communists, and downright Bolshevists. One more example of the king's wit, before the old-timer must escort the Russian ex-noble to some other place: a group of Socialist members of the Folketing, the boors, had sworn not to raise their hats to his Majesty when he appeared at an outdoor gathering. But the king, in mufti, raised his own hat as soon as he caught sight of them—and of course the fellows had to raise theirs. The old-timer looks almost cheerful at the thought of their discomfiture.

The affair topped off with a parade of all the officially present—old comrades in variegated mufti, and their youthful prototypes in bearskins, all as conscious of being reviewed by the privileged dozen of us with cameras and notebooks as by the king and the royal family on horseback and in carriages. A long row of spectators—Socialists, no doubt—were hanging over the back picket fence. Naturally, none of ce canaille-là had tickets of admission. Or had some of them? Those paraders who put on their hats again as quickly as possible after shaking hands with the king may have been of that political persuasion. Certainly there can be little doubt about an old man who went right on digging a trench for a new outhouse within the parade-ground, pipe in mouth and back to the king, without once looking up, never losing a shovel-stroke even when the crowd was huzzaing the departing royalty.

I might have had lunch with the king's old comrades at the castle-like Palads Hotel, for four kroner, plus ten per cent tax, plus ten per cent tip, plus something to wash it

down with, plus . . . and so on. But there were so many ordinary people buying tickets to it at the stands within the grounds! More becoming to my lowly estate to lunch alone. I could scarcely push my way through the Socialist throng massed about the gate, as I made my way from the calm, if crowded and busy, play-day world inside the casern grounds, out into the roar of trucks and the scurrying of serious people who must earn their living in the cobbled city outside.

CHAPTER IV

THE LAND OF BICYCLES

THE discerning reader will soon realize that this chapter heading is justified in a much broader sense than the childish one it first suggests. Not merely are bicycles proportionately more numerous in Denmark than in any other land of my acquaintance, but bicyclers, the general proletariat, the politically most powerful class, have the upper hand under its Social-Democrat government.

Bicycles are cheap; twenty dollars will buy a new one of good make, with all attachments. Buy one and ride away on it: there is no registering; no license required; no further payments to or interviews with any one. Yet in Denmark the bicycler always has the right of way. There are no exceptions and no excuses. Automobile drivers who dislike dodging bicyclists ought certainly to leave their cars behind when they visit the little land of the Danes. True, most two-wheel riders there usually hold out a hand to right or left when about to swerve from a straightforward route —so habitually, in fact, that many Danes unconsciously do so even on foot; and not a bad idea at that. But a cyclist may cut in, from either side, at any time, on any street or road, and upon the automobile driver devolves the onus of avoiding disaster. For if ever, while driving a car, you injure a cyclist, the trolls of ancient Denmark help you! Here at last is a land where the motor-car is not used as a murderous weapon with impunity.

A corner of an artists' atelier in Copenhagen's Royal Porcelain Factory

In the Kähler ceramic shops at Næstved

A Danish porcelain

An automobile ran down a bicycle one dark night during my sojourn in Denmark. From the newspaper space given to the case it was evident that such crimes are very rare there. The driver saw the rider fall clear and get up, so he drove on. The police followed him many miles, and found the bicycle still wrapped about his bumper. He was given four months at hard labor.

Because of the bicycles, brakes must be constantly tuned up to the possibility of stopping instantly upon no notice at all. Naturally, there is a flourishing business in brake linings. An excellent highway runs up the east coast of the island of Zealand, from Copenhagen to Hamlet's Elsinore and the popular sea beach beyond. But it is not open to automobiles on Sundays between the middle of May and the end of summer, except to car-owners who live along it. All summer, bicyclists swarm along that road on the Sabbath; but the mere automobilist must go far inland and take a narrow, winding, and withal poor road, which is usually so crowded with other motor-cars that he will probably decide to stay home next time instead of trying to go for a swim. And no doubt it serves him right for owning a car and playing the aristocrat in a proletarian—one can hardly say a democratic—country.

At the Ford and General Motors factories in Denmark only three or four of the heads of the establishments come in their cars. All other employees arrive on bicycles, for which racks must be furnished by the companies. Though the bicyclist may park anywhere, every factory, every large office, every school must have racks for hundreds if not thousands of bicycles. The check-room of the main railway station in Copenhagen is an acre of bicycles by day and well-nigh empty by night.

The constant motionless sailing through the air of solemn-

faced people on bicycles—high-hatted ministers of the church, frock-tailed ministers of the Government, haughty ladies in limousine garb, stodgy old ladies from the country, waiters in full dress, irrespective of the hour of the day—is one of the principal sights of Denmark, its most distinguishing characteristic. Out in the country old peasant women whom you would never suspect of mounting anything more unseemly than a rocking-chair, sedately and noiselessly glide past on bicycles.

And why not? In this hurrying modern world, when so few of us will take time to walk, at least bicycling beats motoring by many shakes of the liver. It gives Danish girls such rosy cheeks that there is apparently no face-painting whatever. But many of them are also red-handed; no doubt they do much scrubbing, like all the Scandinavians, as well as clutching at handle-bars in all weathers.

Thanks to her constant bicycling, too, the Danish girl can be distinguished almost at a glance by her well—one might almost say her too well—developed calves. The girls of Denmark suggest toe-dancers or circus tumblers. The nationality of Danish men is not so instantly apparent; for while they also are greatly addicted to the bicycle, they are more modest in garb, like their humble sex elsewhere.

Some self-confident statistician has told the world that the three and a half million people of Denmark have five million bicycles. But there is only one automobile to every seventeen inhabitants. May we delve a bit into the natural causes for this not necessarily sad phenomenon?

The sign Fri Parkering is probably as widespread in Danish cities as is its provoking antithesis, Parkering Forbudt. Hence one excellent reason for not supporting a car is ruled out of the inquiry. Neither the first price of a car nor its upkeep is appreciably higher than in the United

States; and the Danes are not miserly or unduly poverty-stricken. Gasoline hovers around thirty-three cents an American gallon. The annual tax on a car of the Chevrolet type is about twenty-five dollars; a driver's license, good for five years, costs two dollars and seventy cents. No serious snag so far. Bicycles, perhaps, or—Ah, can this be the trouble?

To get legal permission to drive an automobile in Denmark one must first take a long series of driving lessons, whatever one's previous driving experience in other countries. The lessons must be taken in a government automobile, fitted with double controls for the use of the official examiner, who must sit close beside the learner during this un-American ordeal. An official's time, naturally, is expensive; hence this automobile schooling costs from one to two hundred kroner (twenty-seven to fifty-four dollars). For, like the airplane pilot, you must have, let us say, at least twenty-five miles in the air—I mean at the wheel—before you can be trusted to go out alone among the beloved bicyclers. But the crux, the very nerve-center of the matter, it seems to a modest and self-conscious observer, is that the government car is decorated at each end with the warning word SKOLEVOGN (School Wagon), in box-car letters, so that all who look may know the learner's lowly and shameful status.

There have been protests, even from powerful and influential persons, against this Danish strictness; but Denmark is a very independent country. Foreign diplomats and consuls and such-like privileged persons get fewer special favors there than in any other country of Europe, one of them assured me. The wicked Danish port authorities, for instance, took a poor American Legation secretary's wife's dog away from her when she entered the country and kept it in quarantine until the mistress nearly died of grief! Ought we not to reciprocate by no longer allowing Danish diplomats

to break our prohibition laws to the limit of their pocket-books? But no, that was not a national indignity; the present Prince of Denmark himself was officially deprived of his dog for six months when he returned from abroad.

With the automobile ruled out, what remains as a means of seeing Denmark? Shank's mare, of course, and best of all. But there will be occasions when time is limited, places not teeming with interest, regions where even the ubiquitous bicycle would often be too slow; and there is that ever troublesome question of how to get rid of a bicycle, like a family, when you do not want it. There are many public autobuses. More than a hundred passenger buses run out of Aalborg, fourth city of Denmark, with only fifty thousand inhabitants; and the country is fairly well supplied with rough but solid roads. Some of the buses have a little shelf on the back of each seat, very handy for traveling scribblers. Many are flower-decorated; and even a couple of tulips in a cut-glass vase makes an autobus more inviting.

Besides, there are the Dansk Statsbaner, the State Railways of Denmark, and a whole network of private lines. True, the rail joints are not always perfect, and only a few expresses attain any real speed. But there is no great necessity for haste in so small a country. The State-owned system is of course overmanned. Men whose only duty seems to be to turn a switch two or three times a day are as common a sight as are unnecessary stage-hands on a New York stage. And I assume from the rare calls for tickets that no one ever tries to ride without one in Denmark. Perhaps, on a Government-owned line, that would be treason.

CHAPTER V

OVER TO JUTLAND

THAT six-mile walk through beech woods from Frederiksborg Castle, in its beautiful lake setting, to the less imposing castle of Fredensborg is more than a mere exercise. Fredensborg's wonderful old tree alleys with vistas down to another lake, with birds singing, women with their babies, tempts one to linger on into the short night. Everything about the old castle and grounds is so well kept up; public parks now, most of these places, yet with as private an air as if kings still dwelt there; miles of gravel roads freshly raked. . . . The cost of upkeep must be high. Well, probably it is worth it. But the castle itself is still in the bowl-and-pitcher stage.

Or there is that trip by bumpy rail, cautious automobile, haughty bicycle, or, best of all, on foot, up along the east coast of Zealand to Helsingør, which Shakspere enthusiasts will probably remember, if not by its Danish name. But alas! Hamlet's castle of Kronborg is now seen across a shipyard gloomy with the smoke of industry, and a German circus was tented on the bare ground near the castle entrance. Had he lived, the prince might in these days find entertainment enough amid such surroundings to make him less moody. There is the bathing resort of Marienlyst not far beyond, for instance, where nowadays even Ophelia would probably not wear enough to make rescue difficult.

One enters the castle across two or three moats, a swan

in one of them, and through several high walls, a Chevrolet driving in at the medieval gate with no suspicion, apparently, of its incongruity. To-day the place is a naval and commercial museum, of abounding interest, it is said, for those who find naval and commercial museums interesting. For the rest of us there is a fine seascape beyond the grassy battlements, with Hälsingborg in Sweden beckoning from across the bay. Elsinore itself is a tame town, with little for its inhabitants to do, one assumes, but sit at home gazing up and down the street in those V-shaped mirrors set outside the windows, which still exist here and there in parts of Philadelphia and New York's East Side, under the fitting name of "busy-bodies." And a Salvation Army band was playing on a principal corner when I left, so I suppose the place is more sinful than it looks.

Two hours by rail took me to Kalundborg, where Sigrid Undset, though born in Norway, lived from early girlhood to woman's estate. Denmark's broadcasting station there entertains all of Europe's radio audience who choose to tune in; and there one leaves Zealand for a four-hour ferry ride, cold even in early May, across to Aarhus on Jutland, the Danish mainland.

There are many railway ferries in Denmark, some carrying the trains, to the extent of the first- and second-class cars; for without them the country would be an unconnected brood of sea-washed urchins. So the average railway journey of half a day is broken up by several sea voyages, with meals for those who care to pay for them.

The second city of Denmark is a real city, for all the many big iron-shod horses and cumbersome iron-tired wagons which make a great uproar on its cobbles. Electric street-cars pursue their leisurely way through its still slightly medieval streets; a band does its daily duty on the City

Theater steps behind the cathedral, even when the weather is raw and sloppy.

I stayed at the Højskole Hotel (which is pronounced and means "high school," and has some vague connection with higher education). In Denmark the Højskole and Missions hotels to be found in most large towns exact no government food tax or service charge; nor, strange as it may seem, are tips expected. Yet, believe me or not, location rather than this advantage governed my choice. Never pick the principal hotel in a Danish city. For it is certain to be in the very center of town and therefore right under the tower of the principal church; and the Danes, like the Germans, would feel miserable if they were not loudly reminded every fifteen minutes that they are that much nearer eternity, or whatever follows a funeral. Why this constant bell-thumping appeals to a people who are noted for their dislike of noise, I leave to some more serious investigator.

But there are exceptions to all rules, and evidently the cathedral bells of Aarhus do not, or at least were not then, ringing; whereas a loud-voiced clock in the hall of the Højskole Hotel loudly impressed upon me every quarter-hour of my brief allotted span which receded into the Ewigkeit. But in exchange, simply by opening two doors as often as a servant came to close them, I heard a free piano and vocal recital that would be rare indeed in an American town as small as Aarhus. For all its clock, I recommend this establishment with its public auditorium, if it is concert night.

Spotlessly clean, too, was my homelike room, centrally heated, well carpeted, with a real easy-chair, a big writing-desk, the inevitable sofa covered with a rug, a generous wardrobe, hot and cold running water, a quaint little bed with a bed light and table . . . No, cynical reader, I was of-

fered no fee to make known to the world the excellencies of Aarhus's Højskole Hotel—paid my bill in full. But eventually one must mention, in all fairness, the astonishing comfort of the more than modest-priced minor hotels of Denmark, of most of Scandinavia; why not now?

Comfortable, that is, except in one dreadful particular. For it is almost the only hardship of travel in much of the peninsula that you must sleep, if at all, beneath a covering which surely an Eskimo benighted on a wind-swept ice-pack would scorn. On the islands of Denmark the custom is not so universal; but on that jutting bit of the mainland which makes up most of the country, feather-bed covers are inescapable. The wise traveler in Scandinavia will carry with him a steamer rug or a heavy cloak that can serve as a bed blanket. On a cold night the ubiquitous feather-bed cover is delightful—for the first quarter of an hour. But within an hour the most weary wanderer is bound to wake up convinced that he has a serious fever, and to spend the rest of the night in a struggle to thin out the cover, to hold it half on, half off, or to invent some other method of keeping both warm enough and cool enough to be able to sleep. But all in vain; and toward morning you kick the insufferable burden off entirely and get along as best you can under your raincoat and the thin white daytime coverlet . . . until hobnailed boots and iron-shod horses and wagons begin again pounding the cobbles outside.

The focal point of Aarhus is its Domkirke, or cathedral, built in 1201, and the most important church in Denmark until 1537. Though it has undergone many changes and restorations, it is still the church of Saint Clements, patron saint of all seafaring people. As in many old churches in Scandinavia, the frescoes of Catholic days are still partly visible on the whitewashed walls and the huge brick pillars,

especially on the vaulted ceilings, reminding the beholder of those former churches now serving as mosques in the Near East. Here, too, the labor of scratching out or whitewashing over the pictures of the discarded faith was evidently too onerous to be completely done; and in not a few of Scandinavia's churches recent and more tolerant generations have tried to prick out again some of the original Catholic paintings, have even restored some of them, as a kind of prehistoric art. The Reformation must have been—nay, must still be—much more real to people sitting weekly among the half-concealed saints of Roman days than to us. Indeed, there is no great difference between the Catholic and the Danish Lutheran services, at least in their general aspect, to the casual spectator ignorant of theological niceties.

The "new" pipe-organ in the Domkirke is two hundred years old, having replaced an earlier one in 1730. Its proud organist demonstrated to both my eyes and ears that it has three keyboards and eighty-three registers—if that means anything to you. What is much more to the point is that he plays it, for the especial benefit of tourists, at four o'clock on every Wednesday afternoon during June, July, and August.

Later in the day I happened to drop in on a wedding in the Domkirke of Aarhus. The bride wore a pink, barely knee-length frock which seemed absurdly out of place in so ancient and historic a building. The groom, in full dress, tails and all, seemed far less so; for, after all, is there anything left of our present customs more medieval than the formal garb of the asinine male? The couple stood before the minister like recruits before a bawling sergeant. The man of God wore the long black gown or robe and white Elizabethan neck-ruff of his calling, with which goes a high hat on the street, at least on Sundays. I assume that the most

serious inroad upon the government salary of a Danish pastor is the cost of laundering this elaborate snow-white ruff above which his face is set like the head of John the Baptist on a platter.

For twenty minutes or more, after I entered, the couple continued to stand as motionless as possible, while the dozen relatives sat, the men on the groom's side and the women on the bride's, as if they were already a divided camp on sex lines, while the minister harangued them. I suppose he was telling them how married couples should behave, or perhaps how they do behave. Personally, I'd rather go to a justice of the peace and make it snappy. But that, I believe, cannot be done in Denmark, where the Church is quite as much a part of the Government as a court-house, hence legally entitled to its own emoluments.

Until the middle of the last century all Danish subjects were obliged to belong to the Lutheran Church, though Catholics, Jews, and Reformists had the right to live in certain towns. Only in 1849 was religious liberty introduced, and compulsory baptism later expressly abolished and civil forms of marriage and burial allowed. The Lutheran Church is still the established church of Denmark, and is supported by the Government, which passes church laws in the same manner as all other laws.

At length the minister placed on the right hand of each of the young people a wedding-ring, the bridegroom's first—the man being, perhaps, the more likely to escape—then the bride's. In several countries of northern Europe a wedding-ring on the left hand means only that the wearer is engaged. A man or a woman may wear it there five years or more; but while Dame Rumor has it that some anticipate the privileges which the change gives, no one is actually married until the ring has been transferred to the right hand.

The ringing and the postscript harangue over, the groom went to sit beside the bride among the women. A sign, I suppose, that he was conquered and subject thenceforth to feminine orders. The choir and the melodious old organ at the rear, over the entrance doors, struck up and the minister chanted responses to the singers, quite like a Catholic priest. Then the girl and her legs and the man and his tails, followed by the body-guard of relatives in couples, filed out into the sunshine.

Aarhus has a botanical garden such as no American city of its size (about eighty-five thousand) can boast. There are factories for electric motors, freezing-plants for ships, intricate machines of several other kinds, locomotive works. The town owns ten square kilometers of woods on the south and five or six on the north, has foot-racing, cycle-racing, and horse-racing tracks, one inside the other, besides a good stadium. And not satisfied with all this, Aarhus is about to erect a new monument, bearing the names of the six thousand Danes who fell on both sides in the late European war.

Nor should I forget the statue of Hans Broge, in a derby, a bowler, stiff 'at, or whatever you prefer to call it, left hand in his pants' pocket, general expression that of a shopkeeper confronting a cringing customer whose bill is long overdue; a statue almost bad enough to be American. In fact, my first glimpse of it carried me back to that alleged statue of Pingree in Detroit. Hans, it seems, was a business man who did much for his home town; so that in spite of its perhaps better judgment Aarhus felt it a duty to disfigure a public square in his memory.

But possibly the outstanding feature of Aarhus is Den Gamle By—the Old Town, though I might perhaps have been less impressed by it if this had been the last rather than the first of those restored villages of long ago which so

many of the cities of Scandinavia have erected in park settings and maintain as living museums.

Hazelius started the first of these outdoor museums at Skansen in Stockholm, with peasant houses. Anders Sandvig of Lillehammer, Norway, followed. Then it occurred to Peter Holm of Aarhus that town buildings, a whole village re-erected exactly as it was two or three centuries ago, might be as interesting as the groups of farm-houses at Skansen and Lillehammer.

So he began by arranging a historical exhibit in 1909. Aarhus was founded in 948; harbored the first bishop long before Copenhagen was so much as thought of; hence there were materials for the purpose to be found without going far afield. To museum people his plan was not merely unique, it was, frankly speaking, also absurd. At first the home-town people, too, smiled pityingly at Peter. But the idea grew, thanks to his careful and persistent cultivation; the exhibit slowly but surely spread, first as a local endeavor, then as an exhibition for all Jutland; and now Peter was rejoicing in orders from or an agreement with Copenhagen which gave him the exclusive field in his line for all Denmark.

At his resurrected village in the garden edge of town he has run all the gamut in styles of old Danish houses, from the earliest days from which they have survived, down to a bare century ago. They are exact, furniture and all, in the minutest detail. There is, for instance, the house of a bygone burgomaster, who was also the village druggist and general storekeeper. Behind the shop there is a room, with rudely carved table and fireplace, where the peasants gathered when they came to town. Behind this again is a meeting-room for the gentry, much less rough in every particular. The ordinary townspeople, who did not need to stay when they came to purchase or on official business, came in and

went out by a narrow front stairway leading directly to the street.

One might go on for pages with similar details. The whole place is not merely absorbing to the casual observer but a godsend to those who must, for one reason or another, know how people lived long ago. At Den Gamle By in Aarhus, for example, Sigrid Undset got much of the descriptive material for her historical novels. Among the bits which strike the eye on a hasty visit are the double beds of olden days, hardly wide enough for anything approaching privacy, always with a strap or rope-end pending from the middle of the wooden ceiling of the bedstead, by which the sleepers raised themselves. Not, asserted Mr. Holm, that they found it any more difficult than we do to get up when they should, but evidently because in the good old days every one, at least every one beyond forty, had rheumatism; and no wonder, in such clammy rooms.

The only form of fire insurance in vogue in those times was that carved into the long wooden beam over the fireplace:

> Jesus, we are with your help going to build a fire
> Jesus, please do not let it burn too high

As late as 1914, Holm found old-style houses and furniture worthy a part in his exhibit, in a wealthy farm-house of Jutland. Also, old-style peasant customs: that is, the husband sat on a cushioned seat at the head of the table, with all the other men and the boys, down to the latest farm-hand, seated on the long bench at his right, while the wife and girls and servant women stood along the left side of the table and ate from plates held in their hands, as is befitting such lowly persons.

Holm has his own ideas of how a museum should be run.

He uses no rope or other barriers; keeps the rooms wide open and exactly as if people were still living in them and had only stepped out for a moment to listen to the town crier. Here and there is the sign, "Touch as much as you like with the eyes, but do not see with the fingers," for which he disclaims credit, saying it is a translation of an old sign in the British Museum. The women attendants are not in uniform; you have no means of knowing that they are not other visitors, like yourself. They do not stay in the same room with you, but act much as might servants or members of a family with whom you were making an extended stay, treat you as week-end guests who can be wholly trusted. Then, after you have left it, they go through each room to see if anything has been disturbed, in which case they stick closely thereafter to the visitor, whose honored status has been forfeited. It is the Anglo-Saxon type of justice, of no one being adjudged guilty until he is proved so, applied to museums, instead of the reverse, the French system, still in vogue in all the other museums of the world as far as I know them.

Do not miss Peter Holm of Aarhus, a fascinating man, speaking very good English with just enough accent to make him still more fascinating; nor his Gamle By, twenty-three buildings of which have so far been erected in the fixed form of such towns in olden days.

CHAPTER VI

THE DANISH MAINLAND

AALBORG lies four or five railway hours higher up Jutland, on the southern bank of the long, irregular Limfjord, here at its narrowest, which connects the Cattegat with the North Sea, and really makes the rest of Jutland an island. Its name means Eel Castle. All this region is of chalk covered with a thin layer of fertile soil, so that Aalborg ships excellent Portland cement, from several large factories, to all parts of the world. One of these factories is coöperative. There is an old fourteenth- and eighteenth-century church worth seeing, though not worth raving over, and the museum has the original of Thorwaldsen's "John the Baptist." The old central part of the town is quaintly redolent of the Middle Ages; most of the city consists of modern suburbs grown about this nucleus.

Not far away Danish-Americans have founded Ræbild Park, a thousand or more acres of very rolling land, for Denmark, now all purple-red with early summer heather. Their first Fourth of July celebration took place there in 1912; to-day they claim to have the "biggest Fourth" anywhere—in Europe, perhaps they said—with forty thousand people out on the hills of this natural amphitheater in 1928, held together by loud-speakers; and they hoped to have still more the following year, were ambitious to bring over all Americans who were in any way connected with Denmark. Anemone flowers carpeted the view across the heathered

hills. The park committee holds all the land close about the park, to keep out speculation and summer homes, though farmers are allowed to cultivate this surrounding acreage.

Farther north, Jutland peters out in the sand-spit of Skagen, the principal fishing port of Denmark, with three thousand permanent inhabitants, and many more during the not too long summer, when bathing is queen and the requirements as to costumes lenient, after the Scandinavian manner. Southwest of the village the tower of Old Skagen Church rises abruptly from the quicksands which have engulfed the rest of the church and most of the town. Many foreign sailors have been buried in the sandy earth at Skagen, among them the British who perished in the battle of Jutland in May, 1916. There—or at near-by Grenen, the farthest point of land of Denmark proper—the two seas meet in foam and spray as before the bow of a Viking ship.

To the south and westward, a gently rolling, fertile-faced, clean-looking country was now being plowed and harrowed and fertilized. Here and there was a staid, dignified, unhurried windmill of what to us is the Dutch type, so different from our skurrying, unsightly tin ones. The grain-grinding windmills of Denmark are still fairly numerous and give a picturesque and old-fashioned touch to the usually flat landscape. They are often set upon a house as base, and have an extra, smaller, American-like wheel or two at the back, apparently for the purpose of bringing the main one up into the wind when action is desired. But whatever its kind, the most conspicuous feature of the Danish windmill is its leisurely dignity.

There are many red-tiled brick houses even in the country districts of Denmark now; not only fisher villages but even most government-helped colonists in the suburbs of cities and larger towns have more often than not two-story brick

houses covered with red tiles. But the more picturesque thatched roofs, trimmed or banged like old-fashioned haircuts, still survive in considerable numbers. The winter's firewood, carefully split in stove lengths, is piled in very symmetrical heaps of haystack shape; and many a farm-house has half a dozen of these fresh-wood-colored cones to remind one of the coming winter.

The tenth of May was a brilliant day, the daffodils already out. Much of the country had turned green within the last three or four days and was rapidly turning greener beneath the genial sunshine. Perhaps it was the weather which made the one traffic policeman of the town smile like a kindergarten teacher at each vehicle, while holding it back with one of his immaculate white gloves, yet without any hint beneath his gentle-lady manner of that patronizing air of so many of our traffic cops.

This first summer day in Jutland found me in Viborg, where a man called for me just as I came down to breakfast, and said that he was the chief of police. I always hate to be arrested before breakfast. But it seemed that this time I was to be honored rather than incarcerated. Some one had misinformed the chief that a distinguished traveler from over the seas was in town. In imperfect German he offered to show me the city—only, alas! in its daytime aspect. But after a visit to the Domkirke and another allegedly far-famed spot he was forced to excuse himself because the season's batch of recruits was coming in, and turned me over to—another chief of police, I gathered from his scarcity of German.

However, let us not cavalierly hasten over the sights which the original chief himself pointed out. The privileges of a chief of police are circumscribed in Denmark, I judge; for this one had to pay the regular admission in order to enter

and guide me about the famous church opposite his office. Viborg is justly celebrated for this pale granite Romanesque cathedral of the twelfth century, beautifully restored in 1864-76, and more recently adorned with remarkable frescoes by Skovgaard. It must be visited, if only for these modern illustrations from the Bible, which cover all its walls and range from a very realistic Adam and Eve in the apple-eating episode down through . . . but let us not anticipate.

If Eve really looked like that, I don't blame Adam a bit. Gentlemen preferred blondes even then, evidently. Her luscious Danish hair covers her, back only, to the knees, and . . . in short, almost any of us would have accepted an apple if this portrait is authentic. The prodigal son was another favorite of the painter, who spent ten years, at the cost of the State, in covering the whole interior of the building. Cain hits Abel with a real jaw-bone, for instance, two of its teeth missing—now where did the artist get his authority for that detail? There is a lot of good work as well as genuine human interest in Skovgaard's frescoes, and you should see Viborg's Domkirke whether you are a devout Christian or the Bible is to you merely a volume of fairy-tales tinged with bits of Jewish history.

On May 10 the young Dane turns himself over to his Government. Young men were pouring into town with each train and bus and making tracks for the soldiers' barracks. They ranged in age from eighteen to twenty, depending on whether or not they had passed higher-school examinations. There follows a physical examination, after which many "draw free" in the lottery at the recruiting station. But before the day was done, a platoon or two of them, self-conscious and grinning in new but coarse uniforms, were marching the Viborg cobbles.

According to law they must serve for nine months; but

the present Socialist Prime Minister wishes to bring Denmark the honor of being the first country to adopt voluntary disarmament, to drop militarism entirely rather than merely to talk about it. So in practice the boys now serve only five and a half months, with only ten thousand still under arms; and soon they may not serve at all—a prospect at which old-fashioned, well-to-do people are much worried.

Viborg is an old court town. Trial by jury, I gathered from the chief justice, whose English did not equal his regal graciousness and homely courtesy, has existed in Denmark only since 1922. An improvement? The chief justice himself wondered. It was with the wife of another judge as interpreter that the second chief of police drove me out to see the Dollerup Hills, where the charming lady and I walked through woods blooming with anemone flowers and ate a picnic lunch—nay, cynic, she was already a grandmother, thanks to an American daughter-in-law. The judge himself had been too long ill to be able to emerge from his den, where the forty or fifty huge pipes, mostly of well-colored meerschaum, which were his pride, might perhaps have helped to explain his inexplicable long illness.

And what shall I say of the pride of Viborg in landscape, those wooded hills encircling a little lake? Only that it is a pretty landscape, for Denmark, where nothing approaching a mountain exists. There are other small lakes about, in this part of Jutland, but there is little fishing or boating and no swimming, "since people want salt water." I gathered that with the sea so near everywhere, fresh-water swimming does not seem sport to the Danes.

It was a fine big dairy farm, at Tjele, to which we dashed in the afternoon. And by the way, riding behind a chief of police is thrilling even in slow-moving, bicycle-ridden Denmark. But cattle barns and milkmaids are not so drawing-

roomly clean in this progressive country, after all; and milk is often sold in bulk, dipped up in cups from a can open to the swirling dust. Not that Danish milk-ways are inferior to our own, taken as a whole; merely that the rumors of absolute perfection over there should not be taken at par.

Denmark is the richest land in cattle in Europe, in proportion both to its area and its population. There are two national breeds, the black brindled Jutland and the red Danish Dairy. The milk is rich, and comparatively cheap even to the ultimate consumer. Hotels and restaurants usually charge half a krone (thirteen and a half cents) for a glass of milk; but in most of them outside Copenhagen they bring it to you in a pitcher, out of which you can pour three full glasses.

At Tjele married farm laborers get four kroner a day, with house and fuel; unmarried, two kroner but food also. Women are paid the same; or three kroner with house and fuel only, if they choose to feed themselves. It was a surprise to hear that only thirty per cent of the Danes are actually engaged in agricultural pursuits; still more that a huge fertile estate like Tjele, stretching for miles across the gently rolling country-side, was not going to be able much longer to pay the heavy taxes of to-day, and would soon have to be parceled out, like so many big Danish estates. Already its historic and once magnificent old manor-house was little more than a ruin, for lack of repairs.

Storks' nests, often on wheels placed horizontally on chimney-tops, are still to be seen in Denmark. But they are decreasing. The stork comes less and less to the land of the Danes (in the figurative as well as the literal sense) to spend his summer in these stick nests at the tops of old chimneys. It is the high cost of living again; for as the country is drained the frogs have gradually gone, and more and

more of the winged tourists of the ungainly legs are finding it hardly worth while to make the long and expensive journey from their winter lands of the Near East.

Down past Silkeborg, a new yet attractive town amid woods and lakes, at the northern end of Langesø, is one of the most beautiful regions in the kingdom. The Royal Danish Heath Society's praiseworthy land-improvement and afforestation have given fertility to large areas of the Jutland moors, and in many places, particularly about Herning, west of Silkeborg, have completely transformed the landscape. Dalgas, the founder of this society, whose urgings bucked the Danes up and put new desire-to-do into them after the loss of Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, is held in high honor, and justly so, for had it not been for him a large section of central Jutland would still be a waste on which only the plover, the moor-lark, the shepherd-boy, and the peat-gatherer would whistle, instead of having many grain-growing acres, fine forests, and prosperous farm-houses.

But central Jutland has no especial appeal to the mere traveler. Southwest of Horsens, fifth town of Denmark (after which there are many of almost the same size), is the ancient little village of Jelling, near Vejle, with the graves of Gorm and Thyra, two immense hills, and between them one of the most peculiar runic monuments in the world—an enormous granite boulder with runic letters and a picture of Christ. It is supposed to have been erected there about 980, and those who read runic tell us that the inscription asserts that "Harald, King, commanded the erection of this memorial to Gorm his father and Thyra his mother, the Harald who united under him the whole of Denmark and Norway and ordained Christianity for the Danes." Gorm was the first historic King of Denmark, toward the end of the ninth century, and Thyra Danebod was his queen. Thyra

is a name still used in the Danish royal family; the present king's sister bears it to-day.

On the west the coast of Jutland meets the sea in an incessant battle in which the land is constantly losing. So wild and thundering, so violent in their pressure are the waves of the North Sea when they hurl themselves against the steep slopes of Bovbjerg, that whole fields with rich crops rush down into the ocean, to be seen no more. It is a stirring sight, this battle, sad as it is from an economic standpoint. The State has paid considerable sums to protect the land against the violent attacks of the sea; mile after mile of breakwaters can be seen close to each other all along the coast from Bovbjerg to Lodbjerg, protecting not only the fertile parts but also the long narrow tongues of land that separate the Limfjord from the North Sea. But still that mammoth dragon the sea takes its toll; the population is continually threatened by its savage neighbor. Villages have been completely washed away; twice, before the building of dikes and breakwaters began, it was found necessary to move the Lodbjerg church.

But the hardy and enterprising fisher-people of West Jutland do not easily surrender. Numerous monuments in the churchyards bear witness that they are often sacrifices to as well as heroes of the sea. They are distinguished for the number of drowning crews they have rescued from vessels stranded on the sand-banks. In fact, Danish life-saving arrangements on the west coast of Jutland have been copied elsewhere in Europe.

Beyond the main line from Copenhagen to Esbjerg, Denmark's youngest town, built up from nothing in a single generation by the trade with England, there is Ribe, which must not be passed by. Once one of the principal towns of Denmark, the little Ribe of to-day seems still to be dream-

ing of the Middle Ages when it was in its prime. Old burgher types of both sexes still tread its streets, the women in long black gowns tucked in at the waist, kerchiefs on their heads, the men in caps, old-fashioned shirts, and dark suits that were in style before the nineteenth century passed into the limbo of things that are gone. Clumping along in clog shoes, a big German-silver chain across the stomach, the men are more likely than not to be sucking at a porcelain or other huge pipe. There are many women in hats and costumes of 1900 or earlier in Denmark, but survival of the ancient probably reaches its zenith in Ribe. Yet about the only color left in Danish costumes is the bright-red coat of the postmen. There is little bobbing of hair among the women, take the country as a whole. Few Danish grandmothers turn flappers, though many of them ride bicycles.

Crooked streets, some of them very narrow, in Ribe. A semi-medieval architecture has survived to a considerable extent—but not medieval prices. New Fords range alongside queer old horse-drawn vehicles, two-wheeled carts with a door at the back. Many interesting details, if nothing very striking. Ribe lost its importance when the German frontier was moved southward again in 1920, though it has kept much of its old atmosphere. In its deliberation, mental and physical, its quiet, despite the constant clumping of wooden-soled boots on the cobblestones, there is a delightful suggestion of the good old days.

The cathedral, quintuple-naved—begun in the twelfth century, of stone from the Rhine that looks like white brick, and recently restored with stone brought from the same quarry, the rest built of red brick—is interesting especially for its big cupola, resembling the dome of St. Sophia in Constantinople. From the top of either of its massive towers you can see the ocean and most of southern Jutland.

Jacob A. Riis was born in Ribe, where his father was a high-up school-teacher. His sister still lives there. One of his books, "The Old Town," is descriptive of the place. On the site of the former moated castle of Ribe is the bronze statue, in the prow of a boat, of the Bulgarian princess Dagmar, who married a Danish king or crown-prince but died young, and about whom many Danish ballads have been written.

At Ribe people begin to understand a little German, an ability (if not a willingness) which increases as one pushes on toward the present border. German letters are still used in parts of the newspapers, though these are entirely in the Danish language, as if the publishers had a lot of type left from the days when they were permitted to print only in German, and could not afford to throw it away until it is worn out. And by the way, every little town in Denmark has several newspapers, rather better than most of ours in places of similar size, since they carry more world news and no so-called "comics."

It is a flat, fat land of many towns, that strip of Jutland, twenty or so miles long (and about that distance from sea to sea in this narrowest part of the peninsula) which was given back to Denmark as a result of the Versailles Treaty and a plebiscite, with only a church tower and a windmill standing here and there above the monotonous level. No signs left of the long German occupation, visible to the casual observer, though the very trains may once have been German, and some of them go on down into lower Schleswig, where Danish children are still compelled to take most of their schooling in German. Yet the Danes like uniforms, too, possibly a bit more in this part than elsewhere, which would perhaps be an evidence of surviving German influence.

The station-master salutes like the field-marshal he outwardly resembles; some farmers hang a uniform cap on their scarecrows, which no doubt has its effect on the crows.

Sønderborg, where I arrived at dark, was the key to Schleswig, and fought Germany in 1864, but was freed only in 1920. If the fight had been in your backyard you'd probably still find it very real, as these people do. And six thousand Danes from this strip of Jutland now recovered from Germany died for the "Vaterland" during the late European war. You will admit that it would make you peevish to die for a kaiser and a fatherland you had always denied and detested. An official of Sønderborg on whose mind all this bygone suffering still preys a little has figured out that forty-eight million people were freed and nine million were put under a foreign yoke by the Versailles and subsequent treaties. Interesting, even heartening, if true. The trouble is to know just what a foreign yoke is; patriotic heroes ready to die to free their people often turn out to be merely self-seeking politicians compared with whom the "liberated" people themselves much prefer the real foreign yoke; and what of the foreign yokes under which New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, only to name a few conspicuous examples, have suffered for decades or generations?

Sønderborg is really not in Jutland but across a pontoon bridge on the little island of Als, with a pretty waterfront overlooked by your private balcony in the delightful Alhambra Hotel at the bridge end of the railway line, on the mainland. Jutland itself came near being an island; just north of Sønderborg a lazy man can walk across it in a short day. In fact, the Kiel Canal does make it an island, though that perhaps is playing with words. In its Jutland environs Sønderborg maintains many mementoes and monuments of

the wars with the Germans, which Sønderborgers show visitors, with great pride and no doubt swelling chests—so hard to thrill to the heroism of warriors who seem to us on both sides so much alike—and over in the city itself there are many places and things worth seeing, for history seems to have disported itself about this spot since ancient days.

CHAPTER VII

HANS ANDERSEN'S ISLAND

DENMARK is the land of slot-machines as well as of bicycles. You can slot for chocolate, cigarettes, cigars, kodak films, all kinds of fruit, assorted biscuits, and, alas! even "tyggegummi," if you are accustomed to masticate for mere exercise . . . anywhere, in any country village, even along many a country road. These speechless venders are a godsend on Sunday, especially in small towns, which rather than break the Sabbath would let a stranger starve to death. So that walk of an hour and a half across pretty Als, past thatched cottages with eyebrow windows still surviving here and there, was pleasant, which it would not have been despite a pleasing landscape and almost perfect weather if I had been forced to fast entirely.

Then a boat for a couple of hours across to Fyn, Denmark's second largest island, and an electric train into the capital thereof. Fyn is rolling and pretty, with clumps of woods full of small white flowers, its rich fields dotted with the dark-red Fyn cattle. All about you is the rather singing language of the islanders—there are a dozen almost different tongues in little Denmark—and at length you come to famous Odense, third city of the realm, in the center of the island.

Kongens Have, or the Royal Garden, outside the main railway station, gives the new-comer a pleasing first impression of Odense. Cities would do well to take more care where their stations are located. There has been a canal

between the capital of Fyn and the open sea, fourteen miles away, since 1803, which brings ships of eight thousand tons and twenty-four-foot draft, and with them prosperity. Odense is at least a thousand years old, perhaps the oldest city in Denmark. Indeed, some say that the "Sanctuary of Odin" was founded in antiquity. The place has an important electric-motor factory; a K.F.U.M., or Y.M.C.A., in a fine old brick monastery (the K.F.U.K., its feminine counterpart, is less happily housed); an old timbered and stuccoed mint in a narrow street; two agricultural schools, one for small farmers, to which peasants come in the winter; and a cathedral in which the notable sights include a wooden altar-back in book form carved by Claus Berg of Lübeck in 1500.

Here, also, are the bones of Denmark's patron saint, who ruled the kingdom as Canute IV—and who, by the way, must not be confused with that other, earlier Canute, successor of Ethelred the Unready and Edmund Ironside as King of England. The bones of Canute IV may still be seen, with a flashlight, though in 1086 he ceased to move them, at the violent instigation of his peasants, for the familiar old reason that he made them pay taxes. Demanded tithes to the State as well as to the Church, in fact; so who so cruel as to blame the peasants? But their justifiable violence redounded to the victim's advantage in the end, as so often happens. Dead, King Canute became a saint, and the church over him grew to be a great place of pilgrimage; still is, for that matter, though the pilgrims of to-day carry a red book that is not a prayer-book.

On Saturdays a big market covers the principal square of Odense, yet leaves it spotless. There the farmers of Fyn sell direct to the people, to some slight disgruntlement of the universally hated middleman. Fyn is called the Garden of Denmark and Odense the Garden City. It has extensive

fields of tulips, hyacinths, and many other bulb plants. Hop-vines climb the walls of the well-kept old framework houses, so in harmony with the landscape, all over the island, which brews an excellent ale. There are many flower gardens, and flowers in pots or boxes in every window of Odense; but certainly I should not call the people "merry," as a tourist-bureau booklet does. I cannot picture any of the Scandinavians as merry, as I understand that abused word. But at least the people of Odense are not gloomy, and that is enough to ask in any land of long winters and cold summers.

But the one thing about Odense that is of real interest to the world at large, though it does not seem to loom so big in the minds of the Odenseses, or whatever they call themselves, is that Hans Christian Andersen, Denmark's Ugly Duckling, was born there on April 2, 1805. He was the son of a dreamy shoemaker and of a schnapps-drinking washerwoman, who did her laborious work in the little river that still wanders through the town.

"Only the son of a shoemaker" is always emphasized when the Danes speak of Andersen, partly because they do not wish you to get the idea that he was one of their best people, a little because in Europe such a beginning is considered a handicap, rather than an advantage and an asset as it is with us. But the washerwoman mother is mentioned as rarely as possible. She was evidently as good a patron of the bootleggers of those unprohibited days as her means permitted, and the inference is that she gave Shoemaker Andersen the dreamer some rather disagreeable half-hours.

The boy dreamed, too. While his mother bent her back at the edge of the little river, he saw many visions in it. The water-hole where the bell was lost is still shown. The modest little shoemaker's house where the writer was born now contains a unique if not exciting collection—furniture,

clothing, manuscripts, splendid editions of his works, translations of them in many languages, letters from all manner and nationality, not to say all ages, of people, pictures and figures drawn and cut by him, decorations and other forms of approval received from important as well as noble persons after he had reached celebrity. The low-ceiled rooms speak intimately about him as a writer and as a man, and few museums give as clear and human a picture of their subject.

When Hans was two or three years old the family moved from his birthplace, the rent of the cottage probably having been boosted beyond the reach of a shoemaker's schnappsbled income, to a building in Monk Mill Street, a few squares away, which is now a furniture shop rebuilt wholly out of its former semblance. Hans wanted to be an actor and haunted the theater around the corner; but after a few attempts at the age of seventeen he was invited to try his talents, if any, elsewhere, as a letter from the manager, now in the collection at his birthplace, testifies. In fact, Hans was nearly always out of luck, in his lifetime. His was a life of hopeless loves. He fell in love with Riborg Voigt, the daughter of a big-business man (as big business went in those days) of Faaborg. But she was already in the arms of another, and a lock of her hair in a leather case was found on Andersen's breast when he died, half a century later, on August 4, 1875. Apparently falling in love was a serious matter in those days.

There was a platonic love-affair also with Jenny Lind, born in Stockholm in 1820, and likewise already married when she swept into Andersen's ken. He seems to have been one of those unlucky wights who are always just a little too late. At any rate, he remained and died a bachelor.

A wife, of the right kind, might have spruced him up a bit, one gathers from a visit to the little museum where he

was born. But that would perhaps have been a pity. No doubt the fact that he was always long overdue at the barber's and usually frayed, even if clean, about the neck and wrists, is in proper keeping with his character. He rather liked to be photographed, for all his misfortunes, which makes it plain that he looked a good bit like Henry Irving, Henry in a play, let us say; for one has a feeling that Hans always felt himself more or less upon a stage. That is why the discharge from the theater probably hurt. His love of things theatrical was obviously so strong that one rather wonders why he was not contented, like many another of us in our stage-struck youth, to be a bill-poster's assistant or a property man, or even a call-boy, with special dressing-room privileges. For one thing, there is more money in it, and sometimes as much applause.

Andersen was always wandering, in Denmark, in Europe. Trying in vain to escape from himself, probably. Lack of funds or initiative, or perhaps of interest, kept him from roaming still farther afield. He stayed with the big and the little alike; now with a peasant, now at some castle for months at a time, a kind of wandering minstrel. He carried with him on his journeys baggage at which the ill-bred couple of a recent advertisement would have violently turned up their noses. It included a leather case for his high hat and a queer covered umbrella. He had corns, which required his father's successor at the last to nail leather pieces on the shoe-trees from which his "boots" were made. He was forever folding a piece of paper and snipping away at it at random, perhaps unconsciously, as he talked, with a clumsy pair of old shears, only to have the paper emerge in remarkable fantasies of airy fairies, dreadful hobgoblins, and amazing caricatures.

All this and more you may see during a visit to the little

museum-birthplace. There is the quaint round-robin letter from Japanese school-children, for instance, inspired by the Tales after they had been translated into Japanese—their fortieth or so language. If Hans Christian Andersen is still conscious, as our theologians graciously insist, he must float in a vast cloud of rosy good wishes carried to him through the ether from children in all parts of the world. But actual life itself, during the living, was a less enjoyable existence.

The statue which his native town has vouchsafed Denmark's Ugly Duckling stands in rather a poor location. The practical business men feel, evidently, that this mere vagrant son of a shoemaker is not worthy of the Raadhus Square, like great King Frederick VII, who did something or other of importance; not even quite fit for the park before the railway station, where stands Tietgen the merchant, in heroic bronze. In the home-made minds of Odense that "only the son of a shoemaker" still sticks, though to-day the pamphlet advertising the attractions of the Fyn metropolis bears the subtitle, "Hans Andersen's Native Town." It is hard to shake off a suspicion that this is done in protest against a verdict of the world which the good burghers of Odense somewhat resent.

In 1930, Odense will erect a building over Hans Christian Andersen's birthplace, completely inclosing it within the walls of a much larger building, to contain a library, statues, and other things. Four houses must be torn down and a corner of a private garden acquired for hard cash—seventy thousand kroner to buy the site and two hundred thousand for the rest of the job. The city will pay for the site; the remainder has been or is to be subscribed, half of it by a local manufacturer. A nuisance, these famous fellows of the unproductive professions. They should take care to get themselves born out in the fields, where real-estate values are not

so painful; or of wealthy parents of standing, so that schnapps-drinking or even dreaming does not matter. It is a reasonable wager that the good merchants and manufacturers of Odense, while digging down into their pockets in accordance with the world's verdict, rather shake their heads in private that all these honors do not come to their fellow-genius, Merchant Tietgen.

CHAPTER VIII

BACK TO ZEALAND

THE main railway line between Copenhagen and England, facing Esbjerg, passes through Odense in its hop, skip, and jump across Zealand, Fyn, and Jutland. Hence travelers eastward from the Garden City are soon delivered to the inevitable railway ferry, and half an hour later Fyn is nothing but a windmill slowly turning on the far horizon.

The islands are more smiling than Jutland, though even here slender haystack piles of short split beech wood tell of hard winters. Southern Zealand is very rolling. Fat women frequently dismount and push their bicycles. There are many birches, clumps of evergreens, good beech woods, some of the trees very large. There is said to be only one oak forest in all Denmark. But people are planting more and more pine forests, because the beech, like ephemeral man, is not much good, as lumber, after sixty years of age. The lindens were not yet green; many cattle in the fields still wore blankets; but the beech trees were in a brand-new dress of soft-green leaves; whole beech forests were turning green before my eyes, in the middle of May; straw hats were beginning to appear. I saw spring born, as it were, in Denmark, during the fortnight I spent there.

Næstved has two churches, each with a fine altar. That of St. Peter's, of the thirteenth century, is backed by an excellent painting by H. Olrik Puix, done about 1880-82, of the Sermon on the Mount; and in the other church, St.

Martin's, constructed only a little later, is a remarkable carved altar by Abel Schroeder, cut in 1664.

Perhaps the most important thing in the quaint little town of Næstved is the Kähler Ceramic Works, a small establishment as modern factories go, nevertheless producing artistic and useful things. Established in 1839, it now has forty workers. Only pine wood is burned at Kähler's, as at Kingtehchen in China. The potter spins his solid wooden wheel by kicking at it with a wooden stave, almost as primitively as the Chinese method, and it is fascinating to see how a vase or a bowl is worked up by hand, deftly, quickly, almost as if by magic. There are real artists here also, as at the Royal Porcelain Works in Copenhagen, with much the same freedom of action and similar rewards for designers and decorators or painters of the ceramics. The paint is kept in ox-horns, from the perforated point of which it emerges as needed.

Some of the best Kähler pieces have only one example, the mold being broken after a single perfect specimen is produced. Næstved makes not only ceramic art figures but ceramic waste-baskets, ash-trays, spittoons. . . . There is an agent of the company on Fifth Avenue, New York; but the one in Los Angeles sells more in the three Pacific coast States than the New York man can dispose of in all the rest of the country—whatever, if anything, that may signify. The factory gets about ten kroner (two dollars and seventy cents) for what costs you ten dollars in New York.

The genial German-speaking manager of the ceramic works left off ceramming long enough to drive me in his sturdy Oakland of right-hand steering-wheel days through lovely sun-flooded country with quaint thatched farm-houses, Dutch windmills, old peasant women in costumes, not to mention luncheon in an old Viking town, down to the end of Zealand

and across the southern horn of it to Stege, on the island of Møen. We stopped at a castle belonging to a boy of eight or nine and being watched over for him by three or four men and as many maids until he shall come of age, when he may or may not choose to live in it. The estate is an island in itself, with splendid woods, delightful walks, and acres of greensward kept as velvet-like as your own front lawn. The castle, which is open to the public six hours a week, has a Murillo, found in the garret about twelve years ago, that is worth a million kroner. Queer things are forgotten in old attics. But that find may have to go to pay the death taxes of the latest deceased owner and may be all that will keep the estate in the land-poor family for another generation or two.

The expresses from Copenhagen to Germany come down to the end of Zealand, hop across to another island, named Falster, run as far out as possible on the sharp snout of that, drop their third-class coaches, like a lizard's tail, to lighten them, and jump from Gjedser to Warnemünde in Germany. Near Falster is the island of Lolland, the Danish "Holland," a wind-blown, sea-lashed land of dikes, locks, and rattling wind-motors which contrast strongly with the otherwise mild, rather lazy atmosphere, the heavy tranquillity of the island.

There was a quaint old church every little while along the way, as anywhere in Denmark, no matter how small the island. Danish churches, particularly in the villages or the open country, not only are ornaments to the landscape but are of many varied forms, within certain prescribed limits, often very different one from the other. Here is one painted red, with a white fence about it; there is another, of quite a different shape, white against the spring-green background; yet another is gray with a dark-red roof. But most of them have the distinctive church towers of Den-

mark, built, as are sometimes the gables, like a series of steps, a kind of stairway from the ground to the top of the tower, on both sides, something not to be found elsewhere as far as I have traveled. The interior of almost any Danish church is worth at least the few minutes a casual view of its excellencies require. Many an otherwise commonplace one is beautified by a delicately and artistically carved wooden altar-back or transept screen, closing on hinges, like a book, and dating from four or five centuries back.

Møen is a busy little island falling into the sea on the east in rather fantastic white chalk cliffs. My pajamas stuffed into a raincoat pocket, I set out on a walk from Stege, the island capital, where the man of ceramics must needs turn homeward before an absent wife returned and discovered his unexcused absence. But, small as the island is, I could barely have walked the twenty kilometers to Møens Klint and back to the ferry I had to take at ten next morning, even by going without sleep entirely. So I was on the point of giving up the cliffs themselves, when a bright idea struck me. I went back to Stege and rented a bicycle from a dealer, until ten the next morning—for thirty-three cents! No security was asked, no references, not even my name; they trust you more on islands, where you can't get away with things so easily as out in the wide, wide world. I rode right off, just as if I were a Dane, though only once before in this century had I bestridden a bicycle. How we remarkable people do keep our remarkableness!

A rolling, pretty island, mostly uphill and with a heavy wind in my face. But I should get the benefit of all that on the return in the morning, I told myself, erroneously. I had to walk some up the higher hills toward the end; and I lost myself in the big beech woods that cover the eastern edge of the island, while the first real rain of my Scandinavian

journey soaked me. Luckily darkness did not fall until well after nine now; and the head waiter in the tourist hotel on the edge of the cliffs spoke fluent English.

It is a resort hotel, at resort prices, but quiet and restful; though parents of small children should be warned against a moment's inattention there. Seen from the beach far below, even through an early-morning fog which half hides the almost sheer path down to it, Møen's cliffs are pretty, even imposing. In the big beech woods right on the edge of the mass of irregular and jagged calcareous precipices—white cliffs, blue sea, verdant forests make a picture—are jack-rabbits and pheasants, which latter, as well as wild ducks, may be shot in Denmark from September to February. But alas! there are also sandy roads that become unbearable in heavy rain. And not only did the wind blow in my face as strongly as ever, during my return trip, but the hills seemed to have risen in the opposite direction in the night.

Denmark includes also the island of Bornholm, far east of the rest of the little kingdom, and geographically a part of Sweden. Geologists find Bornholm of great interest. Its subsoil is composed of chalk, which rises in many places above the surface of the island. Hence cultivated fields, heather-clad moors, and luxuriant forests alternate with granite rocks, while quicksands are a feature of the south-west coast. The most beautiful castle ruins are of Hammershus, and there are several of those old and peculiar churches known as Rundkirker. During the Middle Ages, Bornholm was under the jurisdiction of the archbishops of Lund and was the cause of many a conflict between them and the Danish kings. In 1658 there was a courageous uprising against the Swedes, who had previously conquered the island, and the anniversary of this event is still celebrated there.

Kjøge, on the eastern shore of Zealand, on the way back

to Copenhagen, has the oldest frame house in Denmark (1524), which stands near the restored church out of whose windows Wendish pirates used to be hanged in the good old days. There is a monument on the street corner where the English and the Danes fought a battle in 1807, which reminds one that if there were a monument wherever the English (including as such also the Irish) have fought, there would hardly be standing-room left for the rest of us.

Hans Christian Andersen laid the scene of one of his fairy-tales in the garden on the bank of Kjøge's stream; and played months on end in Gisselfeld Castle near by. His "Ugly Duckling" first saw the light at that old country-seat of Gisselfeld; and Bregentved, not far off, has a splendid garden where the swan was hailed by the children.

Roskilde Cathedral with the remains of thirty-three Danish kings, together with the other buildings on the same central square, makes an imposing mass of architecture. The most unimpressionable visitor cannot, in fact, fail to be struck by Roskilde's Domkirke; yet if St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue stood high above some little town of Iowa, how many thousand travelers yearly would go clear out there to marvel at it?

CHAPTER IX

A LAST LOOK AT THE DANES

ONE evening in May my father and I went to the Royal Opera of Copenhagen. "La Juive" was being given, in Danish of course. Parterre, or ground-floor, seats, halfway back, were only four kroner each; but to this was added one krone five øre in taxes, plus a ten-øre stamp on the envelop in which the tickets were handed out. These surcharges included the cost of checking your hat and coat, which is obligatory, and probably a misfortune in winter.

There must have been at least twenty old ladies, in more or less ancient styles, keeping the half-dozen or more cloak-rooms on the parterre floor alone, and who knows how many more in the four galleries. So at least you can retrieve your garments at once or thereabouts when the opera is over, which you will admit is an advantage even some Americans would be willing to be forced to pay for. During the performance the old ladies were crocheting, knitting, sewing—a spectator got her torn evening gown repaired at once at a cloak-room counter—and selling or trying to sell candy and the like. The obligatory cloak-room fees are a kind of old-age pension or insurance for these superannuated dames. They remind you of wars, though Denmark has not been involved in a war for more than half a century. But some of these upholstered ladies were old enough to have been the young widows of Denmark's last war, with Germany in 1864.

As to the opera itself—well, at least no town in the United States the size of Copenhagen often has so good a performance. The stage settings were excellent; some of the details of stage-management, costumes, properties, showed actual intelligence instead of mere tradition. There were lively youngsters, some not yet in their teens, in the chorus, running in and out of the crowd, rough-and-tumbling one another, and otherwise adding to the verisimilitude of the scene, though during the first act only. There was, indeed, much more life in the chorus than is the rule in New York. But though some of the parts, especially those of the Jew and Rachel, were well sung, some of the other principals were worse than the college tenor at a house party.

Three flashes of a red light instead of the three symbolical knocks on wood of the French stage announced the rising of the curtain; and there was never a breath of applause until the end of the acts, a custom I should like some lobbying body to bring to the attention of our legislative gatherings. The fact is the Danes, all the Scandinavians, abhor unnecessary noise. On the way back to the homelike Turist Hotel, after we had beheld with mixed feelings the delivering of Rachel and her father to the old-fashioned European form of a Georgia lynching party, we had only to pause at a little wheeled stand in the square over which the new Raadhus broods, to get a "hot dog" sandwich, under the less apt name of "varme pølser." But that was about the only place in Denmark where we could eat, except in the unlikely event of being invited out, without paying the Government for the privilege.

Single-taxers contend that Denmark is Henry George's country; that although Henry George never visited them, no American is better known to the Danes to-day; and that it is the single tax which has made Danish farmers prosper-

ous. Now, I may be naïve in assuming that the single tax means just what it says—one kind of taxation. If so, I saw no evidence of it in Denmark, but rather a multiple or multitudinous tax. True, Denmark was the first land to apply the national land-tax, which is perhaps the nearest approach made as yet by any nation as a whole toward the single tax. But this has in no visible way reduced the size or the number of other taxes. I suspect that it is rather single-mindedness than the single tax that has brought the farmers prosperity.

To the traveler the most obvious tax is that upon food. Ten per cent is added to the price of every meal publicly consumed. If you take only a room in a hotel there is no government tax; if room and board, then there is a ten-per-cent tax on one third of the bill up to a certain amount, tending thereafter to creep stealthily back toward a full ten per cent again if you make an extended stay. Your regning, or bill, must be in duplicate. One copy goes to you and you must sign the other copy for the benefit of the tax-collector. This tax has been levied only since 1920 or 1921, and the Government promises that it is soon gradually to decrease. But it still makes serious inroads upon the traveler's funds.

Besides the high restaurant and entertainment taxes, there is of course an income tax, in which is included a capital tax that falls only on individuals and *foreign* companies. Shareholders are taxed on their dividends from corporations already taxed on their earnings, thereby contributing a double tax. Death taxes range from twelve to thirty-two per cent. There is, of course, a high tax on tobacco in all its forms; though before the war even cigars cost next to nothing in Denmark. Stamps are required on every conceivable kind of legal paper; and there are other taxes too numerous to

mention, among them one on beet sugar, on the *sale* of chocolate and confiserie, on scores of other things, not to mention the government lottery. But surely I have said enough to show that Denmark is the land of Henry George only in theory.

Small wonder, then, that living expenses are higher in Denmark to-day than in the United States; whereas before the war it was reputed the cheapest country in Europe. Thus do earthly paradises drop away one by one, like burned-out coals in an ever colder grate. Food, clothing, and almost all necessities are dear. "Herre Lingeri" (the "e" no doubt left off to indicate the masculine) window-tag prices are often breath-taking; I should not blame Danish men, nay, even gentlemen, from going without underwear entirely, after the sane and apparently perfectly safe manner of their, and our, less fussy forefathers.

On the other hand, as is to be expected, all things of the spirit, from opera seats to a university education, are cheap. Books are dirt cheap; the classics in splendid half-morocco bindings average two and a half kroner (sixty-eight cents) a volume! And by the way, in Denmark authors and publishers have an agreement that no book can be sold to a public library until four months after its publication; and the other day a Danish explorer and his publisher signed a contract containing a prohibition against the book's ever being publicly lent out. It remains to be seen whether or not this Magna Charter of authors can be legally enforced. At any rate, the four months' prohibition has been.

While barely seventy thousand Danes belong to a Danish society whose members have sworn not to consume alcoholic beverages, Denmark seems to be bringing about prohibition by taxation. Before the war, wail old topers, a bottle of schnapps cost 37 øre; to-day it costs 7 kroner, of which the

manufacturer gets 1.50 and the Government the rest. The tax on strong drink brings in 30,000,000 kroner a year, that on beer almost as much. There are two hundred and forty breweries in Denmark, but most of them make very light stuff. Moreover, as with stronger drinks, it is the government policy that while the quality of beer must be maintained the alcoholic content is gradually decreased—if you can conceive of quality keeping up in those circumstances. Thus Denmark not only is getting a large revenue from her drinkers but is taxing drinking out of existence, squeezing it more or less painlessly to death, rather than trying to kill it with an ax and finding that it has more lives than a cat, more tentacles than an octopus.

Nearly one fourth of all this money from taxation goes into what may roughly be called social amelioration, mainly old-age and unemployment pensions, sick insurance, in which burial funds are included, and municipal house-building—that is, homes on government land for the incompetent poor. The next largest expenditure, which not so long ago was at the head of the list, is education; and strangely enough little Denmark spends more than fifteen per cent of her income on national defense. One would have supposed that a dollar or two a year would suffice for that.

As far back as 1683 the King Christian of that time made it compulsory for all children in towns to go to school from the age of six until they were grounded in the four Rs—reading, writing, 'rithmetic, and religion—not to mention the history and geography of their own country. In 1814 a royal decree made education, or at least going to school, obligatory for all Danish children from their seventh to their fourteenth years, which is still the law. As a result, Denmark to-day boasts that it has no illiterates except babes and idiots. It has also been said that the Danes have the highest culture in

Scandinavia, to which other Scandinavians reply, "Well, at least they have gone as high as a Dane can go."

There is no doubt, however, that education and the cultural adjuncts to and extensions of it have been given a fair chance in the little Country of the Sea. Briefly, the Danish school system, town or rural, takes no back seat compared with that of any other land, in the matter of buildings and equipment, training of teachers, or modern methods of instruction. Though to us the teachers' salaries seem pitifully low, yet so keen is the competition for teaching posts that many a normal graduate must substitute for at least two and often for as many as ten years before such a post is available.

Moreover, the Danish school system is noted among educators the world over for the fact that it seeks not to draw village and country children away from country life and pursuits. On the principle that in the rural districts schooling must not interfere with the interests of the farmers, school attendance has been fixed as low as eighteen hours a week. Sometimes the children have three hours a day six days a week; sometimes six hours every other day. By this second arrangement one teacher can teach two schools, on alternate days. Sometimes the older children go to school four days a week in winter and two days in summer, while the small children reverse this program. The close coöperation between the teachers and the farming community is a widely praised feature of the Danish system.

All this and more was the case long before the Venstre (Left, though it is not particularly radical) or Farmers' Party acquired the influence on legislation which it has at present. Agricultural schools, of which there are many providing highly efficient teaching, accept no pupil who has not worked for at least three years as a "dirt farmer." But Denmark, where only thirty per cent of the population is

employed in purely agricultural pursuits, and where the land is greatly and increasingly subdivided, cannot possibly absorb all the increasing rural population. There are many more fully trained young agriculturists than can be accommodated with land or employment on farms.

Large estates, like strong drink, are being gradually taxed out of existence. Old manor-houses fall in ruins all over Denmark, as taxes become higher and higher. The big estates that remain are under close government control. An official comes every year, for instance, to mark the trees that may be cut down; and an equal number must be planted at once. Some estates voluntarily give up part of their land in order to be free from government control; but they still have to pay taxes. Small farms are increasing, with government-loan help; but many of them—the pessimists contend as many as eleven out of twelve—go bankrupt, to the loss of the Government, and drift back into large estates again.

Denmark is known the world over for its social reforms or advanced social legislation. Old people's homes, orphan- and insane-asylums, and similar institutions seem to be better, or at least more kindly, run than in most countries. Workmen's houses in colony gardens are to be found in the outskirts of all cities. Each city buys up most of the land about it as it expands, and the Government gives assistance to those who need it, to build upon this. In some places these outskirt colonies are made up of merely little wooden one-room shacks, small but always neat; in others they consist of good brick houses with tiled roofs, two or even three stories high. Once this colony house is built, the occupant can get first and second mortgages privately on it, and if necessary the State will take a third mortgage. But if failure comes and the man gives up, as not infrequently happens, the State is left holding the bag.

The long summer twilight is a godsend to suburban garden-makers. There is no need for "daylight saving" in Denmark, or any other part of Scandinavia. No wonder Danish peasants rarely hurry; in the summer there is no end to the day; in the winter they cannot do much anyway.

Thanks partly to government assistance when it is needed, Danish laborers are better housed on the average than those of the United States. There are no slums in Copenhagen, no real poverty in Denmark, at least in the Oriental or even the British Isles sense. Danes are never ragged and dirty, that is, to the extent of some bums in many other countries. I saw only one person openly appealing to the public in all Denmark, a white-haired old man wearing leather knee-shoes where his lower legs should have been, who was playing an organ in the streets. There is no begging; no girls approach you. In fact, it is asserted that there are no prostitutes in Denmark, though that is rather asking one to believe too much. Certainly it is common knowledge that homes for children of unmarried mothers are full and increasing.

All Danes get public assistance after the age of sixty-five, unless they have five thousand kroner's worth of property, or own a farm. Naturally this old-age pension is a premium on loafing, on not saving, on hiding or giving to one's children whatever one may have above five thousand kroner when the sixty-fifth birthday comes.

"'Let the State support me' is a disease in Denmark," vociferated an energetic and successful Dane. "Seventy-five per cent of the people live on what twenty-five per cent of us produce." (We must allow a fairly liberal wrath discount.) "That is, they either work for the Government or get out-of-work, sickness, old-age, or some other kind of pension. Moreover, if a man or a woman is officially poor

and gets what is often miscalled 'poor insurance,' he cannot vote. So the Socialists now call it 'life rent,' in order that they may get more votes. Even school-teachers, railroad employees, postmen, and all the others on the government pay-rolls are more likely than not to be Socialists; certainly against the Farmers' Party, because it reduces government wages and salaries and pensions.

"The dole kills ambition. Men loaf, and are still independent. And even the workmen who work, do as little as possible. Masons and carpenters and men of that class are as arbitrary and get as absurd wages as in New York City. I am having a floor laid and a chimney built in my factory at fifty kroner a day on contract, because that is cheaper than to pay wages of twelve and a half kroner a day. At day wages a mason or a carpenter must have beer within reach and a cigarette in his mouth, and must stop to look at anything and every one that goes on in the street below him. The masons have little work in winter, yet as soon as spring comes they strike for higher wages. Their union must pay them a dole when they are on strike and the Government must take care of them in their old age.

"If the labor unions would allow us to advance from eight to nine hours a day at the same wages, our factories could increase their output from ten to twelve per cent and we could compete with Germany, Holland, and other lands, and there would be no arbeidsløse, out-of-works, and therefore no need of the cursed dole, in Denmark."

CHAPTER X

FLYING TO FINLAND

SUOMI, the newest republic of Europe, which we call Finland, is only three and a half hours from the heart of Stockholm, if you are willing, and able, to pay $27.00 one way, or $48.60 for the round trip, either of which is well worth the price. From the octagonal Aero Transport booth near the Grand Hotel and one of the quays which welcome Stockholm's suburban steamers, big European automobiles rush you out to the airport, which might more fittingly be called the hydroport. There your passport is quickly stamped, you and your baggage are weighed, and you soon find yourself comfortably stowed away in a three-motored Junker hydro-monoplane, with nine passenger seats much like those in the most comfortable long-distance buses. Children under three go free; as I still had one in that category, I found myself regretting that I had not brought him along. Overweight in baggage, on the other hand, is expensive, though passenger overweight evidently is regarded as merely a personal affliction.

The likeness to a motor-bus persisted. There were the same grumpy passengers, who took their seats just as calmly. The interior was carpeted and electric-lighted, though apparently not capable of being heated, which did not much matter on this last Sunday in May; but what of sunless December? There were ash-trays on the backs of the seats, coat-hangers, net racks, a window for each seat, easily opened or shut or

curtained; there were even straps for strap-hangers, though these were probably intended only for seat passengers in making their way to and fro in bumpy weather.

Behind the nine-seater saloon, beside a baggage space of equal size, was a flushing toilet, with a wash-stand, drinking water, soap, towels. Evidently each passenger uses his own judgment as to soiling the face of earth, though there was a key hanging outside the door which may perhaps be used in passing over cities. Wads of cotton for the ears and paper bags for a less edifying purpose were to be found in the leather pocket on the back of the seat in front of you. The passengers, men only, were all smoking, several of them reading the Sunday-morning papers, when the pilot bade us good morning in Swedish, on his way through, and climbed on out into the glassed-in cockpit, followed by his mechanic. The hum of the propellers increased to a roar; at ten sharp we moved, crawled, taxied half a mile or more at increasing speed along rather a shaky course down a widening blue bay, and almost imperceptibly took to the air, windows a bit open, overcoats off.

Countless islands of all sizes, almost every one of them heavily wooded, and a narrow, rocky, forested ridge, spread out more and more below us. We were soon beyond red-roofed Stockholm proper, but its suburbs persisted. Houses, neat, new, red-tiled, were scattered in larger or smaller groups here and there, far below now, not only on the ridges and promontories of what seemed to be the mainland but on many of the islands. It was cloudy, but the visibility was good. Rather too noisy for conversation; but the uproar was nothing like as bad as on my first flight, ten years before, in a one-seater gaping with war wounds. In fact, it had been worse in the land craft, as large as this hydroplane,

of my only other flight, from what used to be Peking to the Great Wall and back.

For nearly an hour a one-motor monoplane on its way to Reval flew within hand-shake of us—rather perilously close, a sudden gust of wind suggested. The mist driving in from the Baltic half covered the islands below. The Reval plane suddenly turned off northward. The mist cleared. The islands became isles, grew smaller and smaller, more and more dry and rocky, less wooded, until the dots of rock in the sea were literally uncountable, so numerous that the air seemed far safer than a ship.

Monoplanes are apparently more easily driven than an automobile. The pilot's hands were often off the wheel as he explained to his companion the numerous and, to the layman, complicated controls. The mechanic came inside and smoked a cigarette with a passenger friend. It rained a bit. We descended so close to the surface of the water that there could have been no danger, yet kept up our speed. For a time the blue sea only a broom handle below us was entirely free of islands. We crossed the lane of a dozen steamers—coal, evidently from Germany, lumber from Finland, iron ore from Sweden. But at half-past eleven bare rock isles began to appear again, increasing in number and size. At the end of one February an automobile and a motor-cycle drove from Finland to Sweden and return across this island-peppered sea, frozen as never before in modern times.

Even before we sighted the outposts of Finland I should have been glad to be there. Not that the ride was in the least uncomfortable, nor that I felt or saw any inclination to patronize the little paper bags. But the plain truth is that airplane, or at least seaplane, flying is monotonous. Only its speed recommends it, after the first hour as a new experi-

ence. Walking is a king's sport compared with this motionless sitting, on even as cement-highway-smooth a route as this one close along the surface of the Baltic, with the roar of unmuffled motors incessantly in the ears, little protected by the wads of cotton. But we must all fly sooner or later, and as a beginning I can imagine no better trip than this, so close to the water almost all the time that the most timid could hardly conjure up disaster.

The rock isles, almost completely barren on this Finnish side of the gulf, became myriad. They had no trees; moss and bush vegetation was scanty. Only one water ring showed about them, for there is no tide in the Baltic. At noon we passed over the first Finnish town, all wooden buildings, most of them shingled and unpainted, strewn at random among rocks. The air got rather bumpy; we began almost imperceptibly to ascend. Fields, evergreen forests appeared again; then came ten minutes of almost open sea. At a quarter past twelve, Hangö, a railway terminal, with docks, huge piles of lumber, plenty of sandy beaches, fled westward beneath us . . . a scattered town among trees and rocks, a church solidly grounded on a mammoth boulder, a water-tower, an automobile crawling along a road of ticker-tape width, like some not very mobile water-bug. Children playing here and there hardly looked up, so commonplace, evidently, is the daily plane in each direction.

A magnificent view of Helsingfors as we climbed into the now completely blue heavens above it, described an entire circle over it, then slid down an air toboggan into one of its bays with a bump so slight that it would not have dampened the base of a glass of water, and slipped up to a wharf, where passports and baggage were soon disposed of, even on a Sunday afternoon.

The white Finnish flag with its blue cross was much in

evidence in Suomi's capital; conspicuous patriotism is befitting a newly independent country. Sentry-boxes cross-painted in the same colors held soldiers in shoddy gray wool, with fixed bayonets, giving the city a martial air. There was a Russian atmosphere about the place, too, hard to lay your finger on. For only the imposing old Russian Orthodox cathedral, now very little used, on a hill overlooking the inner harbor, openly reminds the traveler of the none too happy days of not so long ago. Nothing else, at first glimpse, gives Helsingfors any real likeness to Russia, any hint of the Orient, from which, nevertheless, the new-comer somehow instantly feels the Finns must originally have come.

But, on second thought, the soldiers in flaring breeches whispered of Russia; so, too, the cowhide boots reaching to the knees of all police and soldiers, many of the latter mere boys. Finland has a Defense Corps of a hundred thousand; holds many civilian rifle meets. The police rather suggest firemen, with a tendency to movie-cowboy hats. A Russian reminder also the two photographs necessary for the now free visa on your passport; the information at the hotel desk that this document must be taken away from you and sent to the police. It is not easy to shake off overnight tyrannical or merely foolish customs of generations, even when they are alien.

There are, to be sure, some Russian shopkeepers and the like left in Helsingfors. But the Russian population of all Finland has greatly decreased; amounts now to only four or five thousand, most of them on the Carelian Isthmus. Many have lost the language, though not the religion. Yet for all that imposing Oriental church on the hill in the capital, only a very small proportion of Finland's population belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church.

Helsinki, as the Finns call their capital, and prefer that

every one else should, is largely cobble-paved, yet is a city of broad boulevards and wide open spaces. The numerous *places* are usually well decorated; the four-seal fountain on the water-front, for instance, has a very naked woman in bronze that is excellent. Tombstones of a century or more ago adorn rather than disfigure what is now a big open grassy square in the heart of the city. The bronze group called "The Shipwreck," in a little hilltop park, stands high among the other modern evidences of an artistic spirit in Helsingfors. There is originality in many of the most recent monuments, too, such as the one "erected by a grateful city" to the Germans who fell about it during the fighting with the Reds in April, 1918.

The city has also much of interest to show from the architectural point of view, notably its railway station, the architect of which has left his mark here and there about the city, in one other such structure, in bits and hints and imitations of his style hither and yon. Eliel Saarinen won world fame with the Helsinki station, from which came commissions that have kept him in the United States for years now. His genius illustrates the spirit, point of view, originality toward art, of the Finnish people. Born in Helsingfors with no advantages (or disadvantages) of wealth or position, Saarinen began just before the World War this station which has raised him to fame.

During the last few decades Helsingfors has grown from a town of seventeen thousand to a city of nearly a quarter of a million. In 1900 it consisted mostly of wooden shacks; now it has many real buildings in even the most modern sense. What a sovereign Finland has accomplished in ten years has won the admiration of as much of the world as knows of it. With absolute independence has come an intense desire for social progress, in which all classes and

every agency have joined hands, with excellent results already.

On May 26 the trees were just budding along the esplanade where many stroll on such a bright Sunday afternoon. In the glass pavilion restaurant opposite the band stand a good beefsteak and onions with fried potatoes, cost thirty cents. But many other things were proportionately much more expensive—bananas, for instance, of which the Finns, like other Far Northern people, seem very fond. There was a kind of fish sandwich that would be expensive at any price. In fact, on the whole the Finns do not rival the French as cooks; are many laps behind Sweden and by no means abreast of their other Scandinavian neighbors.

Solemn flunkies in full dress waited on almost laborer-garbed clients. But the Finns are not to be numbered among the well-dressed nations. Even Helsingfors strikes the newcomer as seedy, run down—and sulky or downcast, compared with the sartorially thoughtful, cheerful Swedes. This was particularly noticeable at the capital's "Tivoli," which, typically, is bare ground among rock hillocks at the back of the town, with tent side-shows, a merry-go-round, and other simple country-fair features, including gambling opportunities for children at a finmark a throw. The monetary unit of Finland, by the way, dating from 1860, has been revalorized at $.025185—so that with almost forty finmarks for a dollar Suomi is one of the few countries left in Europe where the rate of exchange makes prices still seem cheap to the visitor.

The army band concert on the esplanade at seven o'clock in the evening bore out the impression of a poorly dressed, cheerless people. Four persons to a park bench, without exception; some of the others strolled, most of them just stood still. It is obvious that the Finns take life very seriously.

Easily amused, perhaps; but they suppress their emotions, if they have any, ruthlessly. Even the gambling children are good losers, with poker faces.

There are little steamers to many places from Helsingfors. Bicycles are plentiful, but by no means so common as in Denmark. A few droshkies remain to carry the mind back to Russian days, but the streets are filled with expensive new automobiles, almost all American, of the Buick grade or better, even as taxicabs. There are said to be more automobiles in Helsingfors alone than in all Soviet Russia.

Helsinki taxi-drivers, by the way, expect no tips; "wouldn't understand if you gave them one," a Finn assured me. Two of them did, however, before I discovered that it isn't done. There are plenty of buses from the capital to near-by towns; electric street-cars in the city, with men or women conductors in natty black uniforms. The roads are not good from our point of view, though they are quite "automobilable" at all seasons except the two or three months of very deep snow. Even then the main roads are soon cleared. But in Finland both trains and automobiles are rather bumpy.

An island in the outskirts of Helsingfors contains her open-air museum, founded ten years ago. There are peasant houses of all types, a 1685 church (in which services are still held), and the other usual features of this familiar and typically Scandinavian exhibit. Here is proof that farmers in olden days used a double-decked wooden bed, with high wooden sides like a baby's crib, and completely shut in with heavy curtains which should effectively have kept the draft out and the tuberculosis in. There was—happy thought—always a small tub of beer on the table near the bed.

About the church are stables, each built by a different family, since the parish was very large and many of the

worshipers came by horse and buggy or sleigh on Saturday and did not go home until Sunday afternoon. To-day, roads and Fords and autobuses have done away with this romantic custom. In 1800 even plates and spoons were made of wood in Finland; china came in later, and then only among the "rich." One exhibit consists of a dozen sixteenth-century small houses of logs, within an inclosure, still smelling of tar, and said to be a typical farmer establishment of those days—days not yet vanished from many parts of Finland. The family old maid, unmarried uncle, and other collateral members without homes of their own had each his little log storehouse for the implements with which he helped to earn the family living. And there is a bath-house, quite apart from the other buildings; but the Finnish bath merits a chapter to itself.

Helsingfors's Atheneum has many fine paintings, and some modernist daubs I would not allow in my garret. Sallinen, for instance, gets big prizes and prices for wantonly wasting good paint and canvas. Edelfelt painted many of the best. Eero Järnefelt's "Pioneers" is justly world famous; but his version of the apple-eating episode, brought up to date, would be too outspoken for most museums. The Finns, however, have no false modesty about the secrets of the human form. Gallen-Kallela has several splendid works in the Atheneum; and in the center of the largest hall is a larger than life-size bronze nude of Paavo Nurmi, by Väinö Aaltonen, supported entirely by the toe of the right foot. In this immortalizing so soon of Finland's national hero of the sporting field there is a hint of the honor in which the athletes of ancient Greece were held. Some people do not like what they consider the crudity of modern Finnish art, the frankness of many of the pictures; but it is to an unusual degree true to the straightforward character of the Finnish people.

In the restaurants of Helsingfors the bill of fare is in Finnish—and in Swedish for outsiders! There are many Swedes in the capital. Forty per cent of its population, and ten per cent of that of all Finland, mostly along the southern coast, is Swedish in race, though Finnish in nationality. Most signs are in the two languages; even the money is in both, and printed in Sweden. President Relander is a Finn with a Swedish wife, who sends his girls to a Swedish and his boys to a Finnish school, and uses Swedish as the language of his home. Over in Finland I not only got along with a few words of Swedish, but often passed for a Swede.

The most casual visitor has no difficulty in distinguishing between the two main races in Finland. They are as different as the Arab and the Bulgarian. You can recognize the Swedes in the population of Helsingfors by their color, the shape of the head, their more jaunty manner, a score of characteristics. The Finns are not merely darker, they have no red cheeks; the face is likely to be concave; the Lord gave an extra fillip to the Finnish nose, which would make its possessor look saucy or cute were it not for his ultra-solemn demeanor. The Swedish men have a self-indulgent air, and many of them at the age of thirty-five or forty resemble toy balloons. The Finns are hard and ungraceful—lank and sinewy compared with the Swedes.

One sees plenty of pretty girls in the streets of Helsingfors, but most of them are Swedes, with complexions to be proud of, and graceful even if over-sturdy bodies. They have a roundness of contour, an inviting, yielding appearance; while beneath the often smooth plumpness and almost universal blooming health of Finnish girls one seems to sense a bit of iron.

The difference is as great in character as in appearance. The Finns are more bashful, or at least less graceful in

showing their bashfulness, more naïve than the Swedes. They consider effervescent people crazy. They cannot understand our enthusiasms, our excitements, our pleasures in anything outside the daily routine. Their closest neighbors, the Swedes, especially, astound them in this matter. Even an animated conversation between foreigners on a train brings first looks of surprise, then of tolerance or indifference, finally almost of resentment. The Finns strike one as better at work than at play, and happier then, like most Americans. They take life as it comes—and goes. Whether this is due to race or climate or environment is hard to say; probably to an inseparable mixture of all three.

For all their location, the Finns are not Nordics; they are more nearly Asiatics. Fired by liquor, the Finn wants to fight, to cut some one with a knife, whereas the Swede becomes more and more mellow as he drinks. The soothing influence of the gentler race has had its effect on the Finns, especially along the coast, but even in the capital they are not a sociable people. There are no aristocratic Finns, says an American resident; all the upper class in Helsingfors society is Swedish; there is little social intercourse between the two races. On the other hand, several Finns assured me that the two are completely amalgamated.

Any evening Helsingfors is overrun with clean-looking shop-girls and the like, not pretty of face in the mass, if carefully appraised, but almost always noticeable for their smooth, healthy, unpainted faces; cheaply dressed, yet at a little distance or in passing promenade looking very attractive. When, after a day of rain, Old Sol comes out, swarms of these girls go to the band concert on the esplanade. But if unkind Jupe Pluve wins the skirmish again, as seems only too likely to be the case, at least in early summer, you see the poor things trying to sneak home along the edges

of the buildings and from tree to tree, without ruining their cheap yet becoming dresses and coats and new straw hats.

While Finnish women are not exactly puritanical in their point of view, they are harder, more resistive, than the women of Scandinavia proper. During the war many of the girls of Finland, especially between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, succumbed to the blandishments (not to mention the trickery or violence) of Russian soldiers, but to-day they have the reputation of being much less acquiescent than the Swedes and other true Scandinavians. Yet observant American residents assert that even in Helsingfors there are no prostitutes at all, because private and mainly gratuitous competition would soon drive them out of business.

CHAPTER XI

THE MYSTERIOUS FINNS

NO one knows exactly and indisputably where the Finns came from. On that point they themselves have various theories but no certainty. Mainly from linguistic evidence and philological research it is most generally accepted that the original home of the Finno-Ugric peoples was in the regions between the head-waters of the Dnieper and the western slope of the Ural Mountains. The territory around the Oka, the bend of the Volga, was probably occupied by Finno-Ugrians as early as 2500 B.C., as to some extent it still is. The first conjecture of philologists and anthropologists, that the original home of the Finnish peoples must have been in the Altai region of southern Siberia is no longer entertained.

The forefathers of the Baltic Finns seem to have migrated from central Russia to the southern coast of the Baltic. Contact with the Balts did not raise the level of civilization to which the new-comers had already attained, but they improved in the management of cattle, learned the use of new plants, and became initiated into a seafaring life.

A few centuries later, contact with the Teutons, the Goths, and the Lithuanians brought them still more of the arts of civilization, especially in the use of metals and progress in the art of weaving. Their knowledge of seamanship spurred them on to make more and more extended expeditions, and many of them began to find new homes on the northern side

of the Gulf of Finland, in regions already inhabited by a Scandinavian population. The southwestern coast of what is now Finland was probably thinly populated by a Scandinavian race even earlier than the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era, when the first Finnish tribes seem to have appeared there. These tribes amalgamated with their Scandinavian forerunners and finally became the Finns of to-day.

The people of modern Finland show clearly the effect of admixture with the Teutons, in that their height increases and long-headedness becomes more marked as one moves from the northeast to the southwest. The fact that their stature is comparatively short in northern Ostrobothnia is due to admixture with the Lapps. Full-blooded Lapps, who are found only in the north, number to-day in Finland only about sixteen hundred. By the time Finland was finally brought under Swedish rule, in 1249, the Finns had reached a stage of development comparable to that of their conquerors.

Although the Finns resent being lumped with the Scandinavians, their geographic situation and to an extent their history make it natural to do so, if only for convenience's sake. Finland formed a part of Sweden for seven hundred years. Then after the war of 1808-9 between Sweden and Russia, it was ceded to Russia, but managed to retain its autonomy and Swedish laws, under its own constitution, so that it was virtually independent except in military matters and foreign affairs.

For some time the rights of the Finns were respected by the czars. But Russians cannot permanently let those in their power enjoy life in their own way. Not long after the accession of Alexander III, in 1881, trouble began over the efforts to Russify the grand duchy of Finland. In 1899, Russia grew even more aggressive and trampled underfoot the laws and constitutional rights which every czar had guar-

anteed to maintain. The Finns, always independent and hard-headed, were ready for the new struggle. Though forced to study it in their schools, they refused to learn Russian. Finnish functionaries would not submit to anticonstitutional measures; the young men did not present themselves for conscription—Finland had long had her own army until it was suppressed at the beginning of the present century. Everywhere the Russians brought up against a stone wall of passive but obstinate resistance, and when the first Russian revolution broke out in 1905 the czar found himself forced to restore Finland's constitutional rights.

It is from this epoch that the single representative body of Finland, elected by universal suffrage, dates. After the Russian revolutionary Government had acknowledged the political autonomy of Finland, the Finnish Diet, on December 6, 1917, proclaimed Finland a sovereign state. The Germans had to help them fight off the Reds the next year, but the decision finally held. To-day Finland is a republic, its president elected for a term of six years. All persons over twenty-four have the vote. The legislature, or Diet, consists of a single chamber of two hundred members. In other words, Finland has no senate. How she managed to avoid having one is something it might be worth our while to find out.

There is no suffrage question in Finland. It is settled, so much taken for granted that men and women are equal in all respects that women have lost interest in the matter; so complete equality exists that no one even stops to think which sex is entitled to certain jobs. At railway stations there are at least as many women employees as men. In offices and many business houses women seem to do the real work, while the men sit around and take the honors, as in some other parts of the world. On the few trains which carry dining-cars a pretty girl comes through to announce the first call

to dinner. A girl in a red sweater and a bright swagger skirt handles mail-bags at the stations. As in much of Europe, the station-master in a red-banded cap must give the signal for departure. But in Finland he may depute this authority, and as often as not a woman from his office puts on the staff cap, badly fitting and unbecoming though it is to most of them, and comes out and salutes the train crew, which departs perfectly satisfied. Without this badge of authority she would not get the slightest attention; with it her sex is apparently not even noticed.

Legislation relating to workers, child labor, industrial insurance, education, and social welfare is modern, liberal, and humane. The general standard of life in Finland compares very favorably with that in the other countries of northeastern Europe. Never a hovel or a sign of real poverty; there is no pauper class and the vast majority of the people live comfortably. The Finns are quick to adopt modern methods of eliminating unnecessary manual labor. There is no prejudice against any proper means of improving the state of the nation, nor any disposition to abide by traditions when reason points to the wisdom of their abandonment.

One half the adult population can read and write; nearly all the others can read. Only five per cent have an education beyond the elementary public schools, but only one per cent are illiterate. In theory an illiterate person cannot marry. Every home has good books; even factory girls are voracious readers of things worth reading. There is a library in every town, indeed in many country places, and books may be kept for a month. Reading is done mainly at night, but in winter this means almost the whole twenty-four hours.

The Protestant and the Greek Orthodox churches long vied with each other for the religious possession of Finland. The social order as well as the political systems of East and

West have their meeting-place there. But after a protracted struggle between Orient and Occident, Western civilization has emerged victorious. To-day, of the 3,558,220 inhabitants of Finland, 97.54 per cent are Protestants—Lutherans, one might almost say. Most of the others are Greek Orthodox. There is one Jew to each two hundred persons, one Roman Catholic to every five hundred.

The main part of Finland lies, like Alaska, between the latitudes of 60 and 70 north. Her climate, however, is moderated to some extent by winds from the southwest which are warmed as they pass over the Gulf Stream and other waters affected by it. Finland is approximately the same size as California and of rather similar shape; has, in fact, about the same number of inhabitants; but there the analogy ceases. Her surface is low, if hilly, the mean elevation being only about six hundred feet.

Only six per cent of this territory is cultivated. Three per cent is pasture; lakes take up eleven per cent; forests cover all the rest of it. Yet sixty-five per cent of the population is engaged in agriculture. Hay, potatoes, oats, turnips, rye, barley are the principal agricultural products, in the order named. Wheat, peas, and beans, mixed grains, and a bit of flax about complete the list. Not many things grow gladly in an Alaskan latitude, even with the warmed air of the Gulf Stream blowing over it. But more land is being brought under cultivation, and it is expected that eventually the country will come somewhere near supplying all her grain needs. The Government makes it possible for any industrious farmer to own his farm. There are many cattle and other live stock, and the country exports 13,212 metric tons of butter and 2,887 of cheese annually. Almost all dairying is coöperative.

Since she won her complete independence, Finland has gone more and more into manufactories. Even before that,

handicrafts were not lacking; they rarely are, in a land where long winter nights must be lived through. Among the more artistic products of this home labor are Rauma lace, Carelian embroidery, and, most characteristic of all, rya, woolen rugs of a long loose pile. Originally used as bed-covers, these rugs now do duty also as wall hangings, sledge rugs, and even as horse-blankets.

But when all is said and done, Finland's vast forests are her economic mainstay. There are no minerals, no coal; and Finnish pessimists say that the country will be pauperized when the forests are gone. But these are endless and the laws are very strict now about planting as many trees as are cut down. The predominant tree is the pine, the next most widely distributed the spruce and the fir.

Excepting mammoth Russia, Finland has the greatest forest wealth in absolute area of any country of Europe, a little more than Sweden, nearly twice as much as Germany. And in proportion to its size it has more than Russia; in proportion to its population nearly twice as much as Sweden and about three time as much as Norway.

Approximately one fifth of the population draws its subsistence wholly or mainly from the forest. Finland competes with Canada for first place among all countries as an exporter of sawed lumber. Even before the war she had some of the biggest sawmills in existence, and now she has also the most modern ones. To-day she has the most important wood-pulp industry in Europe, if not in the world, all except one mill being in a price-fixing combine. She is especially successful in making veneer and layer boards of birch. Tarso veneer, a Finnish invention, has become an important item among ornamental coverings. It is a veneer of wooden mosaics made from native woods, the mosaic de-

signs being placed on the veneer by a photographic process which retains the original colors.

After gaining her independence Finland had to face an absolutely new economic situation. Russia, hitherto an easily reached outlet for her timber exports, became virtually negligible, and she had to seek new markets. Her exports are almost entirely wood products—lumber, paper, and paper pulp, mainly. By far the largest part of her imports are food products, with manufactured goods second.

On the esplanade of Helsingfors is a statue of the famous Finnish poet, Johan Ludvig Runeberg, by his son. Sibelius was a famed Finnish musician and composer. Elias Lönnrot collected folk-songs as he wandered about in the northern and eastern parts of the country and wove them into the national epic, the Kalevala. It may not be news to you that Hiawatha was largely taken from old Finnish poems and legends. There is still an unexhausted treasury in the "weeping songs" which form a part of the marriage celebrations and funeral dirges of farewell or of affection, which create a special emotional atmosphere on the occasions when they are sung. The kantele, a Finnish musical instrument in the shape of a long triangular box with twenty-eight strings, and a sweet tone, is in keeping with their rather mournful music.

The Reformation, which laid the foundations of popular education in Finland, as in so many other countries of Europe, also raised the Finnish tongue to the dignity of a written language. It was evidently once monosyllabic, but has since became agglutinative, wherefore it has words a yard long, and few foreigners have ever had the patience and the ability to learn it. The result, of course, is that those Finns who have any dealings with the outside world have to

learn another language—Swedish being the most common, English perhaps the next. The Reformer of Finland, Michael Agricola, a pupil of Luther, was also the creator of literary Finnish. The first book printed in that language was issued (in Stockholm) in 1548. A hymn-book of 1825 is in German type, but the Finns now use Roman letters, though they have some with queer curlicues such as we also used a few centuries ago. There is no relationship between Finnish and the Scandinavian languages, no similarity to the Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic, or Latin tongues of western Europe. For example, to the Finns Sweden is Ruotsi; Germany is Saksa; Austria is Itävalta; Russia is Venäjä; and our United States is Yhdys Wallat.

CHAPTER XII

BEYOND HELSINGFORS

THERE are numerous trains out of the far-famed Helsinki station. The railways of Finland are almost entirely owned by the State, and even the dining-rooms in the principal stations are well run. But while the cars are all very well, the road-bed is not the smoothest in Europe, and despite the wide Russian gauge the cars sway considerably. Therefore, though sleeping-car berths in cabin compartments cost only twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred finmarks, according to class, candidness requires the statement that unless you sleep easily you will probably not sleep at all on a Finnish train. Railroad men's widows and other female dependents do up the berths, as in Sweden, and will take a tip, if you insist.

There is first-class only on a few trains, such as the so-called expresses to Åbo, Viborg, Tammerfors, Kuopio—this last, two hundred and ninety-five miles in thirteen hours, was so slow during a large part of the journey that Paavo Nurmi could easily have outrun us. But when one has made these few unkind remarks there is nothing more to complain of in the railways of Finland. After all, about the only American efficiency the Finns lack is speed; and as they are calm and nerveless, train speeds which would fill our insane-asylums to overflowing make no serious impression upon them.

Barely seventeen per cent of the Finns live in cities. Åbo (pronounced Oh Boo), Finland's second city, is neater

than Helsingfors. Its big brick buildings are very modern and European, while its wooden houses give it a western-American air. Wide cobbled streets flanked with gravel sidewalks of smooth stone curbs only wide enough for one pair of feet are the general rule. Old women and boys sweep the streets with brush-brooms. A few iron-tired wagons still bang over the cobbles, but there are far more automobiles, expensive ones. Moreover, almost everybody has his private motor-boat, though there are only about a dozen pleasant week-ends a year, so that looking along Åbo's principal canal is like attending a motor-boat exhibition.

Åbo, by the way, forbids the use of automobile horns within the city limits. The city fathers contend that in town every one should drive so carefully that he can avoid accidents without making a rumpus; and some other cities of noise-disliking Scandinavia are studying the problem with a view to adopting the same rule. May I live to see it universal.

The second city has good hotels, pay-as-you-enter street-cars, a Finnish and a Swedish Academy, an imposing old church on a splendid site. One sect only, and that supported by the Government, makes for big churches, if not for very ardent church-goers. Two old paintings and one stained-glass window are especially good. Out toward the end of the fjord-canal to the harbor, whence steamers sail daily for Stockholm, stands a twelfth-century castle, now a museum, containing many things used in olden days, among which only a pair of twin beds and a rocking-chair with a foot-rest awakened any covetousness within me.

There was a band concert by soldiers in the oyster-shell shaped pavilion at the foot of a rocky hillside park along the fjord-canal. But only the hardy would care to sit outside in Åbo, even in the early evening of a sunny June third.

Calm unluxurious comfort is perhaps the prevailing atmosphere of Finland's second city, as it is of most of Suomi.

Tampere or Tammerfors, is an important manufacturing center. It has very wide and well-paved, albeit cobbled streets, roomy modern apartment-houses, more and better parks than any American city of several times its size, as far as I know them. The wide and artistic esplanade is crowded on holiday afternoons and pleasant evenings with reticent but obviously contented people. Tampere was the center of the anti-Russian fighting in 1918, when eighteen school-boys were shot there as rebels, by the Reds. Most of the city has a new look; but above all one is surprised at the big modern stone, brick, and stuccoed buildings, the huge and artistic, even though very modern, gray-stone church, the vast parks, the provision for the favorite sport—skiing—and perhaps most of all at the many big and almost model factories of a city whose position on the map suggests a hamlet of frontier shacks in a little clearing of the mighty forests.

The offices of Tampere's factories would hardly be recognized as non-American, except for the sense of unlimited leisure hanging over them, and the much better pictures, often paintings worthy of any museum, on the walls. The factories themselves are if anything cleaner than ours, and have every modern convenience and up-to-date method; but even in the workrooms time is not at a premium. There are linen, cotton, paper, and shoe factories; turbine engines and cotton-weaving machinery and all the locomotives used in Finland are now produced in this city.

The seven hundred workers in the largest locomotive and machinery factory are all men except the crane-drivers! Women, said the manager, are more careful manipulators of those mammoth and potentially dangerous contrivances. One hundred families live in company houses, at one third the

rental in the town itself. Special autobuses carry most of the workers home for lunch; there are electric heaters for the dinner-pails and bottles of the others. All the men I saw were drinking milk only. There is a swimming-place for the workmen, and light and airy wash-rooms. "Safety First" films and American "Safety Council" signs are frequently shown.

Three fourths of the thousand employees in the linen factory, founded in 1857, are women. Their hours are from seven to eleven and from twelve to four. An excellent suction system carries off the harmful dust; there are glass rooms and all conceivable workers' conveniences. But wages average only about $5.00 a week. In the shoe factory four hundred women and two hundred men average twenty-five hundred pairs of shoes a day, all made with American machinery. For the women $8.75 and for the men $15.00 a week is the average wage. The men pay 8½ cents a week, the women less than half that, to the trades union. There is much gossiping, and even at piece-work the pace is slow. But as to air, light, spaciousness, and general working conditions, I doubt whether any American shoe factory equals that in this unknown Finnish city.

Viborg is more Russian in atmosphere, being not many miles from the Soviet boundary. The ancient Russian type of droshky or bewhiskered carriage still thrives there, ribby horse and unwashed medieval driver and all. The milkman, who in most cases happens to be a woman, makes his slow rounds with a horse-drawn vehicle which would not have excited astonishment for its modernity even in the Middle Ages. The every-morning market in the largest public square in the city has an almost Oriental atmosphere about it.

My day in Viborg was a brilliant one; the only summer

day, outside Helsingfors, I had in all Finland. Whole classes from the schools were out on the rocks in the sunshine, some reading, most of them merely reveling in the rare bit of summer. Preferable, certainly, to anything they might have gained by remaining in the classrooms. Small girls were playing a game apparently adapted from our baseball, or vice versa.

Two hours of slow and bumpy train-riding from Viborg brings the traveler to the end of Finland, in one direction, and to the end of freedom. For at Rajajoki, about two hundred and sixty miles west of Helsingfors and barely twenty from the mass of ruins that was once proud St. Petersburg (Pietari to the Finns), is the Russian frontier. The crossing of that boundary, however, is more than a twenty-mile job, and from this bucolic place among young forests, mainly of birch, now in their brand-new late-May dress, trains take nearly three hours to reach what used to be the haughty capital of the Russian Empire.

Russian diplomats to Scandinavian countries often come by this route; and always, say those who see them, they have with them a score of secretaries, relatives, and hangers-on. It is the only way these people can escape from Russia, even to buy new clothes and get a square meal. All intelligent travelers from the eastward who have been interviewed on their way through Viborg admit, if they dare talk freely, that conditions in Russia are very low indeed, even lower than the general reports and rumors leaking out indicate; a seething cesspool of miserable humanity compared with free, enterprising, progressive, republican Finland.

There are Bolshevists or Communists even in Finland; but the country is too near Russia geographically and historically for many of the population to be fascinated by the Soviet scheme of things. The Government lets those few Finns

who profess admiration for the Bolshevist régime run along undisturbed, until they do something which gives the authorities ample excuse quietly to put them in a place where they will do no particular harm for some time to come.

Three or four hours by rail northeast of Viborg is Sortavala, on the northern shore of the largest inland sea of Europe, Lake Ladoga. From there two or three hours by steamer brings one to Valamo, the general name of a group of about forty large and small islands well out in the lake, which belong to the Greek Orthodox monastery on the main island.

Since the separation of Finland from Russia, Lake Ladoga has been divided between those two countries, its southern end only a little way east of Leningrad; and fortunately for the monks the islands are well within the Finnish part of it. Hence Valamo did not suffer nearly as much during the European war as other Russian monasteries, and under Finnish protection it has been preserved from the fate which Bolshevism brought those of Russia. Yet its roots lay in Russia, and now that these have been severed the number of monks has diminished from about two thousand to a few hundred.

But the great monastery buildings on the main island, the retreats, hermitages, and other branch establishments on many of the others, the well-managed gardens and orchards, the scenic beauty of the islands, make a trip to Valamo worth while even for those with no pilgrim's feeling for the long-haired and bearded and black-robed holy fathers who dwell there. The orchards are magnificent, producing about sixty different varieties of apples, and in a good year thousands of bushels of them.

Monk porters meet the steamer at the end of its trip up a long and picturesque fjord and carry off one's baggage in a

cart. The mammoth monk-run hotel, on a high eminence beside the principal monastery, not to mention other guest-houses at Valamo, has two hundred rooms (none of them with bath), but only about thirty of these are more than monks' cells for pilgrims, whose piety makes them enjoy discomfort. Unlike most monasteries, this one has a fixed tariff of prices for the visitor's accommodation, though this does not hinder him from giving more if he wishes. The monks are friendly to a stranger and are pleased to have him see and admire the many monastery treasures. But he is of course expected to accommodate himself to the rules and customs of the islands, which for the inhabitants are inviolable rules of conduct in the name of religion.

Consumption of alcoholic beverages or smoking in public places is forbidden at Valamo. The monks never eat meat, and during their fasts not even fish, nothing but vegetables, washed down perhaps with some vegetable oil, and bread, fruit, and water. The visitor who cannot be satisfied with this plain and not over-plentiful fare should bring his own supplies, and perhaps his cook, with him. Nor need he expect to sleep late and soundly. The first service in the principal church begins at three o'clock in the morning and lasts nearly three hours, with the customary uproar of bells. Other services, broken by periods of meditation (which to the ordinary visitor will probably be cat-naps), continue until nine at night.

The tower of the main church contains fifteen bells, the largest of which, weighing 36,860 pounds, can be heard twenty-five miles away. A smaller tower stands at each of the four corners of this church, the blue-and-green domes of which shimmer with a semi-barbarous, half-Oriental splendor. The monastery of Valamo is said to have been founded nearly a thousand years ago, and the principal church is

built over and around an earlier one dedicated to the two founders, Saints Sergaj and Herman, which now forms the lower story. So there are really two churches, one above the other.

The monks assemble twice a day in the huge refectory for their humble food. A home-made wooden spoon and a piece of coarse but nutritious bread lies at each place. The senior monks sit in the middle and on the right, in order of rank and superiority, probationers and any guests on the left. A novice cannot take vows as a monk until he has been at the monastery for three years, nor before the age of thirty, unless he has taken a high degree at a theological university. Only a few monks attain the dignity of the "greater scheme," and that usually late in life, which gives them the right to wear a skull and cross-bones embroidered in white on their black gowns.

A day at Valamo leaves the unpious visitor with a sense of having shaken hands with pre-war Russia, peeped in upon the Middle Ages, and beheld the terror of the religious classes in the land of the Bolshevists, as exemplified by the grateful thanks to their God which these bearded monks seem perpetually to give in their every movement and manner at being free from Soviet tyranny.

On the platform at Imatra, when I arrived as dusk was at last turning to darkness, stood its short, stocky, instantly likable station-master, awaiting me. The cabinet minister in charge of Finland's state railways, eager for me to get as complete and correct a knowledge of his country as possible in the limited time at my disposal, had relieved the Imatra chief by wire and instructed him to travel with me wherever and as long as I wished. And here he was, all rarin' to go, already in mufti, his red-banded cap turned

over to an assistant, no doubt feminine, until further orders. I had the feeling of posing as the Prince of Wales.

No more competent or delightful companion, at least of my own sex, could have been chosen for a tour of Finland. But at the moment the big Government-owned tourist hotel on the brink of Finland's Niagara was more enticing. Some of its seventy-six rooms were veritable kings' sleeping-places; and all of them, with the rushing waters alongside quickly lulling one to sleep, were fit at least for a prince.

At Imatra all the lakes of eastern Finland drain down into Lake Ladoga through a gorge which carries the greatest volume of water in Europe. Formerly it carried still more; but its roar has been a little abated recently by the erection of a huge government power-station that is to supply electricity to all southeastern Finland. On the day that the plant was opened, the might of the new dam was tested by closing its sluiceways completely, and for the first time probably since the ice age the rocky bottom of Imatra's gorge was uncovered, even trodden by men, one of whom reached safety not a second too soon when the sluices were opened again.

Not only is the power-plant itself the latest and most efficient type in every particular, but the homes the Government provides beside it for the workmen and their families are the last word in comfort. Suffice it to mention the big radio antennæ across this private town, by means of which the inhabitants may listen in their leisure hours to any broadcasting station in Europe. Nowhere about the place is there a suggestion of factory atmosphere, and but for the hum of the big power-plant one might take this for a summer retreat for the wealthy, with birds singing above the muffled roar of the rapids.

Any map of Finland looks as if some naughty boy had thrown ink at it by the spoonful. There are thirty-five thousand lakes on the most nearly perfect chart of Suomi. Most of the larger lakes are navigable. The Saimaa waters alone, without any canalization, form a navigable lake nearly two hundred miles long, and are united by canals with other stretches of lakes almost as long. Back in 1856 this water route through Finland was connected with the sea at Viborg by the Saimaa Canal, with twenty-eight locks. There are in Finland sixty-five hundred miles of principal waterways for floating timber.

Summer, unfortunately, had merely made a preliminary call and gone off into the South again for an extended stay. Moreover, the automobile that had been sentenced to carry us to Punkaharju was an open car, such as has no reasonable right ever to come to Finland at all. But I shall pass over the utterly miserable trip this fact made of what might have been and often is a most pleasant excursion, with merely the bit of timely advice implied.

Outside its few cities Finland is a frontier country of little wooden towns, rail fences surrounding patches of primitive cultivation lost in an immensity of lake-dotted forests. Hence there is a beautiful lake-and-forest view from almost anywhere, lovely when the sun shines in summer, miserable—at least to one who has wandered long in the tropics—at other times. Trees everywhere; the only unsightly things are man's constructions.

The wooden houses of interior Finland are just like those in the pioneer sections of the United States, made of the trees removed from the little clearings in which they stand. It requires people of a Finnish, or utterly nerveless, temperament, to endure life year after year, and, worse still, winter after winter, amid such surroundings. Yet in their undemon-

strative way the country people gave evidence of enjoying life much like the rest of us.

A white or colored kerchief about the head is the chief national article of clothing of the Finnish country woman to-day. There are some picturesque old-fashioned costumes, but they are rarely seen now except as a masquerade for tourist-serving hotel servants. Women and children, many of them planting potatoes, were barefoot even on this cold day. They seemed to revel in bare feet—as proof, no doubt, that the long winter was behind them. The children were clean, for pioneer country children, and with all the primitive conditions of life there was no suggestion of real poverty. One felt that as far as they want them these woods-framed pioneers have all the comforts as well as the necessities of life, and to spare.

Many Finns, especially from the interior of the country, have been in the United States. Not only are there those who come to settle among us, and do not always remain, but many Finnish young men consider a trip to America a necessary part of their business training. Then there are those who, like my station-master companion, made our shores a political refuge in the days when the knout of the Cossack cracked over Finland. Hence there is some knowledge, there, of Americans, as well as a great friendliness toward us and our land.

The old couple, for instance, who keep the village shop at which we halted for afternoon tea, as the only possible escape from shivering our timbers—or mine, at least—into the grave, had lived for many years in one of the Dakotas. They failed to mention that perhaps irrelevant fact until some time after we arrived, not only out of Finnish reticence but because they evidently preferred to let me unsuspectingly spread my character on the records before they decided

whether or not I was a worthy example of the people they had left a decade before with deep regret.

Nor did they trust me fully even after they had volunteered the information. Though I am ordinarily perfectly neutral on the question of a drink or no drink, I would at that particular moment have broken even the sacred constitution of my own land to stop the chill which was racking me. But though you are freezing to death you may not have a glass of schnapps in Finland, unless you are known or have a doctor's prescription. For as a last resort you can of course feel sick and call upon a physician. In Finland there is, in fact, the same pose with regard to strong drink as in the United States, the same apologetic question, the same furtive air, the same regretful admission by the proprietor of such a place as this that he hasn't a single drop of schnapps on the premises—followed a moment later by the opening of a door at the back of the shop, through which issue several local men contentedly licking their chops.

When Finland declared her independence, all resolutions passed in former years by the Finnish Diet but vetoed by the czar automatically came into force! One trembles to contemplate the result if an American congress should suddenly decree the legality of all vetoed bills in bulk. Among these czar-choked resolutions was one decreeing prohibition for Finland. Later more was added to this law, but it remains only a law, repealable by simple vote of the Diet.

Two per cent alcoholic content being allowed, Finland serves openly some harmless and hopeless beer. It also serves, not quite so openly, the strongest liquors. Schnapps is brought to you in almost any hotel or restaurant in the capital and the larger cities, in a bottle marked "soda water" or under some equally inane camouflage. Moreover, good strong liquor is comparatively cheap. English whisky, free

A Finnish woodsman

Dining-cars are served by atttractive girls in Finland

In Åbo, second city of Finland, he is a poor man who has no motor-boat

Finland

of tax, sells for less in Helsingfors than in London. But there are none of the fine French and southern European wines which are to be had in Sweden. For it does not pay to smuggle in these bulkier kinds of liquor.

Even if you are a stranger you have merely to ask your waiter or some other well-informed individual for an address or a number, and telephone, asking that such and such liquor be sent you at this or that place, and you always get it, promptly, surely, and not over-expensively. Bootleggers flourish, get rich, own big automobiles and motor-boats. As with us, there is much less day drinking than night drinking, and comparatively little done by the laboring-class, because it costs too much. In short, there is the same attitude toward prohibition among most classes of the Finns as in many parts of the United States—that there is nothing wrong in breaking this particular law.

The main difference is that the Finns do not make a religion of prohibition. It is not decreed by their constitution; what is more, they do not consider the constitution a Bible, as not a few Americans do. They take a more calm and reasonable view of the matter. If a hotel or a restaurant goes wild in the dispensing of liquor, the law steps in with adequate punishment, which from the Finnish point of view does not mean punishment as for a major crime. Otherwise, infringement of the prohibition law is overlooked, or treated as a mere misdemeanor, about like rowdyism, committing a nuisance, or spitting on the sidewalk, with which crimes it is really akin, instead of like something corresponding to murder or treason. The result is that there is little or no corrupting of public officials, but rather an agreed tolerance; and therefore nothing like the publicity for liquor which with us makes it so universal a topic of conversation and its consumption so fashionable. There is an occasional killing

by revenue men, but only of smugglers, as contrasted with the smugglers of one particular commodity. There are no vicious bootlegging gangs, since the man who furnishes you liquor does not consider himself, and is not considered, one of the criminal element. Earlier, some Finns died or were blinded from drinking bad brandy; but to-day there is no poisoning and no fear of it.

With ten thousand islands varying in size from a dime to Delaware, off the coast of Finland, complete enforcement is absolutely impossible. Fishermen know every corner of this archipelago; but as only the large main channels are marked, the customs officials do not dare go to one hundredth of the places known to fishermen—or, rather, to ex-fishermen. For few of them fish any longer; liquor-smuggling is more profitable. An old couple living at the best fishing-grounds of Finland now run up to Helsingfors in their luxurious motor-boat to buy their fish.

The keepers of hotels in Finland assert that they are hampered by prohibition and the eight-hour law (which in the dining-room and in most other parts of the hotel calls for two and even three shifts). Yet in the main, Finnish hotels in the larger towns are good, modern, and almost as attentive to little details for the traveler's comfort as those of Sweden; and they are cheaper. As for country lodgings, Finland is still in the delightful primitive stage which is so rapidly disappearing from the earth. Reach any country house at any hour of the night, and you have only to go in and lie down on the extra bed—usually a plank platform covered with blankets. In the morning your hosts shake hands with you and welcome you with coffee, but show no surprise at your presence. In olden days Finnish doors were never locked; but now thieves are not unknown in the cities.

CHAPTER XIII

AMID LAKES AND FORESTS

PUNKAHARJU is reached by an automobile road running for miles along a very narrow natural ridge or land bridge, lined with walks, seats, beautiful evergreens. These characteristic hogbacks of Finland, called "åsar," between two lakes are of glacial formation and are particularly numerous in eastern and central Finland. The train also now reaches Punkaharju, but it goes far around one of the two lakes between which the natural bridge runs.

Once there, the traveler finds himself in a delightful spot in which to commune with nature, forest and lake nature only. But the main attraction of Punkaharju is the land bridge by which he comes to it. Yet many Finns summer there. It is amusing to see how the people of Finnish cities, even of bucolic towns of twenty thousand, where what we call heat is unknown, where big parks and calm, clean, rustic atmosphere and surroundings give the place as peaceful and quiet an air as the average man could endure, think that they "simply must go to the country" every summer.

Savonlinna, far more minutes than miles beyond, is as completely wooden and almost as unsightly a town as any on our Western prairies. Hence one's astonishment to find an imposing old stone castle amid such new and flimsily built surroundings. Erik Axelsson, viceroy in Finland of some Swedish king, built Olavin Castle in 1475, and much history has passed over it. Among other marks left upon

it by the passing is the razing of one of the towers which once stood at the four corners. But though it is no longer symmetrical, Olavin Castle is worth coming to see, if only for its situation, on an island of little more than its own size in a deep-blue lake. There many prisoners of past centuries languished and died in stone dungeons which no prisoner of to-day would consider adequate; but for that matter neither would any American working family consider adequate or even possible lodgings the apartments, just above the dungeons, once adorned by ladies of noble birth. The crudities of life four centuries ago were crude indeed.

Students wearing the white cap which distinguishes the successful school-boy or school-girl in Finland as well as in Sweden are numerous in the streets of Savonlinna—especially the cap, with a black tassel hanging from it over the right shoulder, which adorns engineering students. Otherwise her costumes are as commonplace as those of Glasgow.

Major Stenberg, who alleges that he lived through the Russo-Japanese War because he is too small to hit, teaches music and drawing in the Savonlinna upper school. To judge by the exhibition of his pupils' work adorning the walls on this last day of May and of the school year, Finnish children evidently have much of what the French call "fantaisie." The imagination as well as the industry displayed in this exhibit explains Saarinen, Finland's master architect. There were architectural drawings by a boy of twelve of which no professional architect need have been ashamed, and many other indications that there is more genius beneath the blank-looking Finnish exterior than one would ever suspect. The major plays to his pupils and they write their impressions of the music into drawings and paintings that verge upon real art, as well as upon the madness of some modern impressionistic works.

Savonlinna is a center for lake steamers running in every direction. A dozen of them start from an exact row along the stone breakwater of the town, early in the afternoon, one after another, like birds off a telephone wire. They are spick and span little two-story steamers. The *Heinävesi II* was commanded by Captain Rantala, who spent fifteen years in British forecastles and speaks fluent English. Scores of the captains of these little steamers on Finnish lakes know English, some of them German, one or two French. The fare for an eighteen-hour trip, including a small but comfortable cabin, was eighty-five finmarks—two dollars and twelve cents.

Beyond the close view of the imposing old castle, floating in its blue lake, came huge rafts of logs hauled by tugs, steamer-loads of posts, poles, and other forms of Finland's principal product. There were locks between some of the lakes, narrow passages through rock densely covered with forest, inimitably reflected in the glass-clear water. The lake steamers do not dump their ashes and garbage in the lakes but leave all refuse with the farmers, in groups of primitive little shacks along the way. One farm consists of three hundred islands; another peasant's compact holding covers completely a single island. But the joys of traveling through interior Finland are less in the scanty population scattered among its vast lakes and endless forests, in ugly little clearings, than in the peace and quiet, the all but unbroken primitive nature, of the lakes and forests themselves.

It was nearing midnight, though still broad daylight, when we tied up for a few hours at the town of Heinävesi. A mammoth—in proportion to all other structures in this region—wooden church topped a near-by hill. Gravestones of real artistic merit in their rough simplicity stood at the head of a few of the graves in the grassy churchyard. An

iron ladder ran up to and clear over one leg of the Greek cross which is the fixed form of Finnish churches. Finnish law as well as common sense requires a permanently fastened ladder to the roof-tree of all large buildings; for Finland is a very wooden country.

Kuopio, typical city of northern Finland, though still well within the southern half of the country, prides itself on its modern comforts and imposing architecture, for such surroundings. There is a big modern coöperative apartment building owned by local school-teachers. From the seven-hundred-foot hill, unusual for Finland, behind the town, and topped by a seventy-foot tower, the view not only of reddish Kuopio itself but of the lakes and forests of central Finland for thirty miles roundabout makes a picture that would bring delight and despair to any painter. Though the colors vary with the seasons, from winter's endless white pricked with green to the turning hues of matronly summer, Kuopio's popular hilltop is always a place to fill the lungs and the soul with uncorrupted refreshment.

The local branch of Finland's tourist association maintains on the hilltop a cross between a baronial banqueting hall and a country lodge, with serving-girls, chosen by some expert in feminine attractiveness, in the old-fashioned costume which has, unfortunately, almost disappeared. In the winter there is a run of a mile and a half in as many minutes on bob-sleds for two or three persons each—four are never allowed—from the top of the hill to the town below. The many sharp turns are banked with planks and timbers like those of an automobile racing-track, but despite all precautions a rider is now and then killed as by lightning when a sled strikes a tree on the winding way down the forested hillside. To say that there is adequate provision for ski running and jumping is merely to repeat that Kuopio is in Finland.

In the open-air market, in Kuopio's cobble-paved central square, prices were lower and vegetables and fruits more numerous than one might expect in this far-northern region. There were currants—at the end of May. Milk cost four cents a quart; eggs two and a half cents each; pork twenty cents a pound, beef eighteen; and these were not the only prices which almost any other part of the civilized world would welcome with shrieks of joy. In the clothing stalls a heavy suit of clothes of workman's Sunday cut cost eighteen dollars.

Tables in this big city-owned market are free to farmers and others who bring in produce to sell direct. In winter the farmers use their own sleighs as market stalls. Most of them carry rucksacks on their backs for the odds and ends which would overflow their pockets; otherwise they and their feminine counterparts look like frontiersmen of European stock anywhere.

Northward from Kuopio stretch lakes and forests and more lakes and forests, interminable, delightful in their way but endlessly alike. The Finnish State Railways climb much farther north, yet even they attain little beyond the geographical center of the country; and for hour after hour, all through a summer day which barely has an end before another begins, those ceaseless forests and lakes hurry slowly by on both sides of the track, broken only at welcome intervals by frontier towns, and patches of clearing with a wooden shack or two that are like unsightly eruptions on the fair face of the forest.

The northern third of Finland lies within the arctic circle. Petsamo, capital of the new province of that name, on the very narrow strip of land in which Finland reaches the arctic seas (Norway wrapping itself across most of it, as of all Sweden, in the north) falls just short of the seventieth

parallel; yet considers itself an attractive dwelling-place. The arctic coast of Finland is a direct continuation of the typical Norwegian coast-line of fjords, without the sign of an archipelago. Yet it is neither so cold nor so dark in winter as you might think. The long and narrow Petsamo Fjord, most prominent of the few indentations at the northern end of Finland, is never ice-bound. For it is influenced by the North Cape Stream, a Nordic relative of the Gulf Stream, which not only keeps the harbors ice-free but also gives the northern heights a milder climate than they would otherwise have. Even the seaports of the south are blocked with ice for some weeks in the middle of winter, though the ice is seldom too thick to be crushed by the powerful government ice-breakers.

Within the confines of Finnish Lapland, however, there may be 60° or even 70° Celsius of cold for weeks at a time. Yet to the hardy Finns the endless winter night is not so dreary or so lazy a time as one would expect. Even on the south coast the day is very short in midwinter; but light rather than darkness is the dominant characteristic. From October to March there is little sunshine, but thanks to the reflective power of the snow-covered ground, it is seldom dismal.

Besides, the summer season, with days so long that even at midnight there is a strong suggestion of light down in Helsingfors itself and no darkness for weeks at Petsamo, makes up for whatever may be disagreeable in the long winter night. The untiring sun never sinks to rest below the horizon. The unquenchable, transparent luminance of the Northern summer night reveals aspects of nature's mysteries and grandeur which the human eye would never catch in any less fantastic light. The eternal dualism of light and darkness is resolved into a unity; there is no more light or shade;

both give place to an omnipresent gleaming twilight, as the sun casts its rays along the surface of the earth.

The people pay little attention to the clock in summer or winter. Any work they have to do in the winter-time is most likely to be done during what, farther south, is the night, since the moon, the aurora borealis, the stars, the reflective snow make a half-light, except at what would be midday were there any day. Then the Northern night is at its darkest. The radio—and every one in the North has a radio—tells every few hours the date as well as the correct time; otherwise few would know where one day leaves off and another begins. And as in winter many Finns sleep or at least spend most of their time in bed, in summer they often go several days without sleeping at all, without even lying down. They are quite impervious to sleepiness or fatigue during the endless summer days; so that you can get workmen to come at ten o'clock at night and work all night at some odd job, from which they go back to their regular tasks during the day. It was hard to convince even as intelligent and traveled a Finn as my companion from Imatra that we ordinary mortals must have our night's rest, whether darkness comes to soothe it or not.

The Finns are by no means satisfied with what they have taken from the former Russian Empire. They contend that Finland should embrace not merely the western half but all the peninsula to the northwest of Russia proper; that Finns are in a majority in the population of the eastern half of that peninsula—three Finns to every Russian, some of them insist—and that this majority is sometimes tyrannically treated by the Russian Government. Finland tried, indeed, to free this region also, but was unable to drive the Reds out of Karelia, in 1918. In theory, East Finland is autonomous, just as all Finland was as a grand duchy under a Russian

grand duke. But, although they feel that this region should belong to them, and the region itself—looking westward to the peace and prosperity, the progress and happiness of Finland as compared with the horror of life to the east—agrees with them, the Finns have too much sound common sense to wager the fortune they have already won in any mad attempt to double it.

CHAPTER XIV

MY COMPANION

TO look at his modest face, with its smile as naïvely ingratiating as a good-all-through child, a child whose goodness you worry about for fear it will never be able to cope with the hard-boiled world when it grows up, you would never dream that my companion in Finland had been or could go through intolerable hardships and escape death a score of times by his steady nerves and his ready wits. All this side of him, anything beyond the fact that he is a station-master who knows his English well and is the best companion the authorities could thrust upon a visitor to Finland, would have been lost if one had depended upon the man himself to tell the story of his life. Only a kindly hint from the companion of some of his adventures, that other delightful Finn now at the head of Finland's official tourist bureau in Helsingfors, gave me a chance to be on the lookout for words that would betray the romantic past of one of Finland's chief patriots.

Briefly, as much of the story as I could pump out of him or pick up from less modest sources is this: He was one of a number of young men who were willing to risk their lives to shake off the hated Russian yoke. One day he was arrested. His modest way of putting it was, "Well, you see, I had too many rifles in a certain place, so the Russian soldiers came." Besides the rifles, it transpired, he had a cache of revolvers; and when he walked one evening into the house where they

were stored he heard the order "Hands up!" He pulled his revolver, but seeing ten or twelve Russian soldiers about him, he recognized the futility of trying to kill them all, and gave up.

The soldiers marched him back to his own house, where his room-mate (now the tourist bureau head) was hastily trying to hide many evidences of treason. Luckily the room-mate was young and handsome, with rather long, lustrous black hair; and when he popped into the one bed in the room and turned his face to the wall and made his hips as prominent as possible, the soldiers looked in and smiled, but respected what they thought were the prisoner's amours, and did not disturb the pseudo-sleeper; though the bed beneath him was full of incriminating papers. The colonel in charge of the soldiers was a true Russian officer, however; he stole everything in the suite which appealed to him, including the curtains and a stamp collection of which the prisoner was justly proud.

Later the putative sweetheart was caught under other circumstances and sent to Siberia; from which he escaped a few months later over the same route, by bribery. The only explanation of this episode was a cryptic "You could buy your way out of anywhere or anything in Russia." My companion himself was sent to the prison of St. Peter and St. Paul in erstwhile St. Petersburg, and housed down in its unheated dungeons. So bitter cold were they that ice covered an entire wall of his cell all winter; yet prisoners had only underwear and a cotton blouse and trousers.

Around the new prisoner's bed was a groove worn in the stone floor by centuries of other prisoners, and try as he would he found that after a few determined rounds it was impossible to pace the room in any other way, so invariable is human habit. Once in a while he was allowed a Russian

bath, but not until it had gone cold during use by better-favored Russian prisoners. He had been amusing himself by making cats, dogs, and the like of the miserable prison bread, when one day a prisoner with a pipe passed and made a sign toward him with it (talking being strictly forbidden). He fell at once to making a bread pipe. He dried it for weeks between the iron bars of his tiny window. A guard was at length induced to bring him a reed as a stem, and he finally achieved a pipe, in which he could smoke but little during the first few weeks, until the bowl was well dried and caked.

At length friends got money to some one and he was brought before a high official, who in admitting him to bail remarked casually, "I think you had better leave our country." So he went to New York and became a hospital masseur, remaining for seven years.

Though he looked in the best of health when he left prison, being one of those rare men whose nerves are so well under control that they pass outwardly unscathed through experiences that drive many another man to madness or suicide, a dentist picked out nearly all his teeth with his fingers. He had never been to a dentist before; but St. Peter and St. Paul prison and scurvy are synonymous.

Later, after the New York interlude, with its very intimate contacts with men and women whose names are always worth a head-line, he was arrested on the Swedish-Finnish border by Bolshevist soldiers. He demanded to see the officer in charge; showed him a clipping of that earlier arrest, in which he was credited with ten thousand rifles and a million rounds of ammunition, and said: "I've been revoluting for ten years; you for a few days. Lenin and Trotsky are my best friends; they will hang you."

Few men on earth are less inclined toward what Lenin and Trotsky stood for, but the bluff worked. The officer

quickly had all his things, already dispersed among the Red soldiers, collected; ordered the passengers on a crowded train to Helsingfors to make room for him, and bade him a courteous farewell. The Finn passengers took him for a Russian Red-régime spy, until some people who knew him boarded the train.

Later still, while the Reds were in possession of Helsinki, he was arrested and dragged aboard a train that was to carry him to St. Petersburg and almost certain sudden death. He called for a telegraph blank, wrote a message on it to Lenin and Trotsky, and demanded that a soldier send it. Not in vain had he learned, during those years in prison, the childish character as well as the speech of the masses of Russia. The soldier, blanching at the thought of sending the message, turned him loose. But he demanded a closed car so that his friends should not see him leave the casern, and within a few minutes he was rolling homeward in a limousine worthy of the czar of a few weeks before.

The barest broken outline, this, of the life of the fascinating and genuinely modest little man who wears the red-banded cap at Imatra station; superhuman genius would be needed to get the whole story of ten years of bitter but always smiling struggle against the tyranny of Russian rule in Finland, now happily at an end. To be favored with even a hint of it is to realize that there is far more beneath the stolid surface of the Finns than a mere seeing ever suggests.

CHAPTER XV

LAST DAYS IN FINLAND

ONE Sunday we halted for services at a village church on a broad but muddy highway. Though it was now June, the world about was cold, and dreary with rain. But inside the immense brick church it was even colder. The dozen high windows on each side of the four arms of the Greek-cross shaped building were double, as are those of almost every structure, even the railway cars, of Finland. But what good are these when there is no heat to keep in, or cold to keep out? There seemed to be no provision for heating the great barracks-like building and the temperature inside the church was lower than that outdoors.

The prosperous country town probably housed two thousand people; barely a hundred of them were scattered about on the hard wooden benches of the church. A crude wooden Klapsitz at the end of each pew suggested that there might sometimes be more congregation than the long pews themselves, with their high wooden walls, would hold. Besides the little wooden shelf on the back of each pew, there was a wooden peg for the garments of each worshiper.

No one, however, had removed a garment, the hats or caps of the males excepted. All wore overcoats or other heavy wraps. The scattered congregation was about equally divided as to sex, no longer separated as was the Oriental custom not so long ago. Half the women wore cloths, nearly all black, over their heads; the others had straw hats, though fur caps

would have been more appropriate. There were barely half a dozen children—thanks, perhaps, to the weather. What church-attending means in midwinter in Finland is more easily imagined than enjoyed.

The church was evidently of recent construction, for the only evidences of age were quaint paintings here and there on the plaster walls. Ships given by rescued sailors hung from the ceiling, some of them real works of love, if not of art. Just above the heads of the scattered congregation were five chandeliers for electric lights, more elaborate than their surroundings. A furnace would probably have cost less. The altar was quite Catholic, backed with a painting of Christ and an angel; there were several huge silver candlesticks, a table covered with a white cloth and holding a big silver pitcher. Prosperity, yet no softening comforts, was suggested throughout the edifice, as by the Finnish character.

If this country church was much larger than any church in an American town of several times the size of this village, it should be remembered that there is virtually only one sect in Finland. There, as in Scandinavia proper, the Lutheran state religion is little more than perfunctory, especially in the cities. People are baptized, married, sent off on their final journey, in a church, because the Church holds a monopoly of those civil functions, just as a police station is the proper place for other legal formalities. But an American resident of Helsingfors reported that not a single one of his many Finnish acquaintances ever went to church.

Five or six hymns were sung before anything else happened. A young assistant minister, in a black garment that was a cross between a gown and a frock-coat, with full-dress tie and collar, stood before the altar, with his back to the congregation, during one long mournful hymn. All Finnish music is rather gloomy, almost monotonous—and no wonder,

lost as the Finns are in the cold, dark immensity of their endless lakes and forests. At the end of that hymn the assistant said a few sad words and disappeared, while another hymn was sung.

Then at last a not unkindly-faced but rather grim-looking older man with gray hair and a long beard mounted the pulpit. His prayer was not so long as one might have feared; then he read several pages from the Scriptures, before the preaching finally began. Louder and louder the powerful voice of the long-bearded preacher resounded in the vast church, reverberating from its huge central dome, until he suggested one of the ancient prophets. But for all his booming voice and manner, his discourse was obviously more an exhortation than the Catholic-like commanding that would have seemed natural in such surroundings.

There was a huge thermometer on the wall near the entrance to the pulpit; but the closest inspection disclosed no means of making its mercury rise. When physical endurance simply could not bear the cold any longer we fled, an hour after our arrival, with the sermon apparently only well begun. We softer people from better-heated lands cannot get warm anywhere in hardy Finland; there is no heat, at least on bitter May and June mornings, in its hotels, churches, trains, houses.

But yes, there was a blazing fireplace in the big general room of the old farm-house at which we stopped a few miles farther on. Though apparently, from the size of the building, there were several other large rooms below, and as many above, in the typical dwelling of a farmer wealthy by Finnish country standards, the general room served as kitchen, sitting-room, and dining-room, and it had half a dozen home-made beds about the walls. Even in the genial glow of my companion's delightful personality the bearded head of the

family, in shirt-sleeves, was taciturn to a truly Finnish degree, after he had apologized for not being Sunday-dressed. His ponderous, horny-handed wife was even more so. The only articulate remark pumped up from the depths of her Finnish reticence was an admission that America must be far away; and her husband hardly improved upon this burst of insight.

It was, to say the least, a one-sided conversation; and after a wedge of black bread with coffee had been consumed, there was nothing left but to take the silence at its face-value and make our exit. But at least there was warmth and primitive comfort enough within that big building, even the floors of which were made of huge hand-sawed planks that bore evidences of generations of use, to explain why Finland's churches do not overflow with congregation.

It would of course have been the greatest oversight to leave Finland without having had the experience of a Finnish bath. Every Finn country family has a bath-house, separate from the dwelling. We entered that of a wayside host late one Saturday afternoon. Not that Saturday is especially sacred to the bath in Finland; most Finns bathe twice a week in winter and daily in summer. The house near by was modern in comfort, even had steam-heat; was sumptuous, for rural Finland, in all its appointments. But the bath-house was still just what it had been built, a generation or more before.

In a cold outer room resembling a woodshed equipped with a pair of crude wooden benches we stripped, much as we might have slipped out of overcoats. The point of view on nudity is much the same among the Finns as in Japan. In the country a family may be seen making its way to the bath-house completely naked and perfectly at ease. Husband and wife and children bathe together as naturally as they

eat together. The result is that nudity in art is as conventional in Finland as it is abominable in Arkansas.

But our own prudery is hard to shake off. As a special concession to me, the woman who had prepared the bath did not remain to bathe and scrub us, to turn us over and over on a bench. Often the bath-house servant is an elderly woman; but not infrequently she is disconcertingly young, as in this instance. There was something in this girl's manner as she reluctantly withdrew which suggested hurt feelings at having her no doubt efficient services scorned; a look as if she were cudgeling her stolid brain to remember how she had been at fault on some earlier occasion.

The chamber she vacated for my benefit was as crude as the hut of an Indian of the Andes. But it was delightfully warm. In one corner was a huge brick-covered pile of cobble-sized stones, now heated almost red-hot by a wood fire beneath them. There was a big masonry-held kettle of hot water, and several tubs of cold water on the floor, with a big dipper beside them. With this dipper, all exits having been closed, our host slowly threw a bucketful of water on the stone-pile, filling the room with steam. Beside the stone-pile were four long plank seats like those of a circus tent, rising to the unceiled roof. On these we stretched ourselves, first lying on the lower one, then gradually moving higher as the body adjusted itself to endure the heat above. From time to time the host threw more water on the stones, sometimes driving us down to the lower planks as the heat close beneath the roof became unbearable.

Even my experienced companions could not endure more at a time, after the first bucketful, than the contents of a dipper, slowly emptied upon the stones. Yet the circus seats were an innovation which the genuine Finnish countryman would scorn. In most country bath-houses girder-held boards

forming a kind of open platform just beneath the roof take the place of this graduated grand stand. Being sooty from past fires, this platform is usually covered with clean straw before the family mounts to it. But one must have the endurance to extreme steam-heat built up through generations of Finnish living, to be able to rise to such heights on bathing days.

We descended now and then to throw warm water upon our red bodies, then climbed again as high as possible. Then we took to beating ourselves and one another with a handful each of well-leafed branches dipped in water, soaping ourselves between chastisements. In spite of the heat a feeling of complete contentment with life grew up within me.

Tyros in a Finnish bath are often inclined to overdo it. My companions at length called a halt, and we took turns in pouring first warm then cold water over one another. Your true Finn ends his bath by jumping into an ice-cold river or lake, or in winter by rolling in the snow. But the bucketfuls were cold enough for the inexperienced, and when we retired to the woodshed dressing-room the sensation of glowing health and well-being which pervaded every part of the body—nay, of the mind—explained why the Finns cling to their peculiar form of bathing even where they have adopted commonplace ways with regard to the other comforts of life.

The natural conclusion of a tour of Finland consists of a day spent in shooting the rapids of the Oulunjoki from Warla to Oulo (which the Swedes call Uleaborg) at the upper end of the gulf between Finland and Sweden; whence there are trains to Helsingfors and, for that matter, Stockholm. However many rapids you may have shot before, this ride will be filled with thrills. The Finnish love of sport, of a match of strength and skill, the delight in pitting themselves

against one another which intrudes into the daily life of the Finns, stands out even in shooting rapids.

A kind of wrestling in which the combatants hold each other tightly embraced, one hand under an arm of the adversary and the other above his other arm, is the most ancient form of Finnish sport known. But any kind of contest will do. At harvest-time each worker tries to lay down more grain than his fellows; in winter the chopping of wood becomes a competition. The Finns are as proud of their exploits in these utilitarian contests as of those on the athletic field.

We Americans may inject a hint of patriotic fervor into our sports, especially at the Olympic Games, but we cannot conceive of the ardent patriotism behind the athletes of some countries, such as Finland. There the nationalist note is the outstanding one. Gains in matters of culture and progress are of too abstract a character to exalt and inspire the masses of the people. Thus Finnish athletes, especially by their victories in foreign lands, have rendered a great service to their fatherland, inspiring self-confidence, and national pride which leads on to increased endeavor and new achievements.

At international gatherings Finnish athletes are firmly convinced of their patriotic mission. They have much the same point of view as the athletes of ancient Greece, of patriots on a battle-field; and when their ordinary strength weakens they continue by calling upon what they term their "sisu," that persevering and headstrong will to win which is one of the characteristics of the Finnish race, and which makes a man forget fatigue and pain and even peril to life itself and stretch his energies, every ounce of his energies, to the very end. Hence, absurd as it may seem, Paavo Nurmi has probably done more than many far more important Finns, not only to put Finland on the map but to

convince his own people of their right and ability to compete in all matters of import with other and older nations. It is by no mere passing whim that a heroic bronze statue of Nurmi holds the place of honor in the Atheneum of Helsingfors.

Approaching the capital from the interior one sees a few houses almost as imposing as any in Westchester County, with outlooks across wooded hills and clear lakes and unsullied spaces unattainable by New York suburban millionaires. There are rock hills about and even within Helsingfors which recall the wilds of Canada, the heart of the Adirondacks. There is a large stadium in the outskirts; ski jumps and cross-country ski runs through forests and over hills that should develop new Nurmis.

The Finnish word for ski, "suksi," is found in all the languages of the Finno-Ugrian group since more than three thousand years before Christ. But at least as a sport, skiing had virtually died out, and seems to have been recently reimported from Norway. For it was not until 1886 that the first Finnish ski contest was held in Helsingfors. During that decade, by the way, the most remarkable figure-skater in Finland or vicinity was a Mrs. Franck, but I take no personal credit in that matter. To-day Finnish skiers compete successfully with those of any nation in Europe, though they and the long thin ski which had its origin in Finland are better adapted to racing on flat ground, while the Norwegian with his heavier ski is still king on broken ground and the slopes of swift hills.

The return flight to Stockholm across the Gulf of Finland was in a Finnish plane, identical, except for the flag painted on its flanks, with the Swedish machine in which I had arrived. Though June had come, the weather was decidedly colder. A high wind made the air bumpy; or rather, it gave

us a constant undulation, as if we were riding over rolling hills along a Finnish road.

Whitecaps covered the sea; the myriad rocks and isles were feathered on the western sides with rearing white crests. This time we went farther out; caught no sight of Hangö or the fishing villages; only of two or three very lonely little lighthouses. A few small steamers were seen at some distance; once we passed over the mast of a ship that had lost heart and lain down to die in the labyrinth of sea-washed rocks, like a weary traveler who had lost all hope of ever finding his way.

Less than three hours after taking the air we began to see the red roofs of Sweden among the trees and I was reminded that there are almost no red roofs in Finland. Nearing Stockholm, we climbed high, and saw wooded isles of the queerest shapes, the whole vast archipelago, the blue carpet of Sweden stretching away to where horizon and gray sky met in an indistinct line. One man's farm consisted of an island of incredibly fantastic shape, one end covered with woods, the rest bright-green fields contrasting with the rich dark brown of some newly plowed ones. One island estate was exactly the shape of a shod foot, as if some prehistoric Man Friday, in shoes, or a gigantic Buddha had passed that way many centuries ago. Then, with only a few express-elevator-like drops, we came quickly down from a height overlooking all the skerries of eastern Sweden, and bumped the water with an air of satisfaction; taxied up to the wharf where baggage and passports are examined, and three hours and twenty minutes after leaving the capital of Finland we were set down in the heart of Stockholm.

CHAPTER XVI

SOUTHERN SWEDEN

MALMÖ, Sweden's third city, two hours by ferry from Copenhagen, is modern in every respect, and its well-developed industries include the largest beet-sugar factory in Scandinavia and an extensive foreign trade. From this metropolis of southern Sweden small-cobbled but adequate roads cover all Skåne, the southernmost province. Geologists say that the ice left Skåne eight hundred years before it uncovered the Stockholm district; down there both cultivation and culture are just about that much older. It was the first province, of what is now Sweden, to be settled, but belonged to Denmark until 1658, when Karl X. Gustav boldly crossed the ice with a Swedish army and, taking the Danes by surprise, added Skåne to Sweden.

Skåne produces sugar enough for all Sweden, and to spare. During the summer straight rows of sugar-beets range off to the distant horizon and great fields of wheat are rippled by the mild sea-breezes. Its soil is so rich that many farming villages build two steeples on their churches, for mere swank.

Small as this southern tip of Sweden is, compared with the country as a whole, one soon realizes in traveling about Skåne that the realm of the Gustavs is much larger than little Denmark. Impossible at first to get used to the long distances. The Swedish mile is the longest in the world—ten kilometers—and it is well to be sure you know what kind of miles an English-speaking Swede is talking about before

you set blithely out to walk twenty or thirty of them before supper.

Circles of upright stones on the tops of hillocks show where courts of justice were held in the olden outdoor days. On other hill-crests old burial-mounds guard the ashes of the ancestors of present-day Skånians, men and women who tilled this same rich earth four thousand years ago. As to old castles and great estates of the district, a mere list would fill pages. There is Malmöhus, built in 1537, where Mary Stuart's third husband, the Earl of Bothwell, was a prisoner for more than five years. Or the famous Trolle Ljungby, one of the oldest castles of castle-dotted southern Sweden, built in the form of an open quadrangle and surrounded by canals, containing, besides the current generation of a proud old family, an important picture gallery and valuable manuscripts, on an estate as large as the principality of Lichtenstein.

There are scores of others, merely a passing glimpse of which—for very few of them open their doors to strangers—is a reminder of how old is southern Sweden; castles full of nobles who are prouder than their king, who look down upon the house of Bernadotte as very recent upstarts. They do no work unless poverty ruthlessly stalks them, these Skånian nobles, and most of them are very wealthy, at least in land. They marry only among themselves; come as rarely as possible into social contact with ordinary people. Thus far they have not begun to feel the wrath to come, already well advanced in Denmark, where such as they, and the huge estates they hold, are being taxed out of existence, along with strong drink and other undesirable things.

But there is little resentment as yet, apparently, among the masses of Sweden, toward the assumption of nobility; or they are indifferent to it. Sweden considers herself practi-

cally and socially a democracy; but compared with the Danes the Swedes seem aristocratic, conservative, distinctly undemocratic. Yet the masses seem fully as well off as their contemporaries of Denmark, for instance, and happier than in lands where those who must do the day's labor are forever worrying about their social status. Moreover, the work is better done.

There is caste even in the addressing of a letter or the lettering of a gravestone. For the ordinary married woman or housekeeper "Husfru" is good enough; "Fru" is the next step upward; then comes "Well-born Herre" or "Fru" . . . and so on up the lofty golden stairs to the king himself—who in the eyes of the old nobility is still sitting on a landing far below them. But even in aristocratic Sweden these distinctions are beginning to fray about the edges. To-day you address all spinsters, including waitresses and chambermaids, as "Fröken," an honor not so long ago granted only to young ladies of the nobility.

Lund, the medieval Londinum Gothorum, is the home of one of Sweden's three universities. There Poet Tegnér, author of the famous Fritjof's Saga—later, also a bishop—was once a professor. But more travelers halt at Lund to see its ancient cathedral, whose long-lost clock now adorns the tower again with medieval pageantry at high noon. In its great stone crypt are two columns encircled by the giant and his wife who were turned to stone as a punishment for attempting to destroy the building. It is a pathetic, or at least a pathological, story. Saint Laurentius had hired the giant to erect the church, promising him as a reward the sun and the moon, or in lieu thereof his own eyes. Shall we say they were of unbounded faith, those saints of olden days, or merely the forerunners of high-pressure salesmen?

Saint Laurentius, however, was to be released from his

promise if he could find out the name of the giant. There is usually a catch in it somewhere. Quite by chance he picked up the name—in some old telephone directory or battered "Who's Who," perhaps—and then rubbed it in by having the giant paged so loudly that all who listened, and many others, could hear. Who, then, can blame the cheated builder and his loyal wife for attempting to pull down the temple they had erected with so much unrequited labor?

The cathedral at Lund has a weapon-house, which suggests a possibly wise innovation in some other churches. In olden days the nobles of Skåne came to the cathedral armed, and fought so much that at times no one could get baptized or married or even properly buried. So when something—surely not a falling birth-rate?—made it imperative that the nobles stop hampering the priests, a check-room for weapons was built where they could stack their arms while attending services.

For lunch, always a more important formality in Sweden than mere sight-seeing, we honored the dining-room of an old farm museum, still just as it was in real life a century or two ago, even to old-fashioned cows! In those days farmers clubbed together and provided a farm and a house for the soldier each district must contribute to the king's armies. The soldier served only one month a year in peace-time, and put in eleven months like any other farmer. My army-captain companion that day vouched for the story that once, when a war came on, the farmers asked one another whether it would not be better to kill the soldier from their district than to let the uniform they had to furnish their conscript be ruined in battle. For then, as now, uniforms were more costly than soldiers.

My companion, by the way, does nothing for his yearly captain's salary of 5,500 kronor, except serve for a week or

two every other year. After he is fifty-five he will draw the same amount, as a pension, without even that biannual annoyance. Many officers of Sweden are in the same boat—or luck; for, as in Denmark, the dominant political parties plan gradually to do away with the army.

Down in southern Skåne, in the pleasant little village of Gårdlösa, eighty English miles from Malmö and twenty from Ystad, is the ancestral home of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh. The house, forming with its barns, also of stone, a square about a large cobbled farmyard, and rebuilt in 1871 by Per Bondesson, after a fire in 1869, has changed hands many times since Ola Månsson, "Lindy's" paternal grandfather, left it for America. It is an excellent house, even if rather low and squat, with very large rooms, well furnished and specklessly kept. Ola Månsson was obviously not driven to the United States by poverty. But then, in rich, rolling Skåne it is a rare farmer who is not at least well-to-do.

Ola Månsson's former home suddenly became so famous in 1927 that even French newspapers were trying to spell its name. The many Lindbergh families of Sweden who were searching among family traditions and Bibles and memories for those relatives who had emigrated could have wept when it was discovered that Ola Månsson of Gårdlösa had changed his name to Ola Lindbergh when he got to Minnesota. That was a common practice among our Scandinavian immigrants whose names were difficult for Americans to pronounce.

When the facts were established, there was astonishment as well as sorrow in Skåne. For the memory of Ola Månsson, four times a member of the Swedish parliament between 1847 and 1858, still lived in the minds of the older people down there at the southern tip of Sweden. During most if not all of his four terms Månsson had represented two par-

ishes and had two votes. His peers in the Riksdag made him a member of the finance committee and a representative on the board of the Malmö branch of the Bank of Sweden.

He is described as a man of unusual strength and vigor, a very prosperous farmer with a good deal of education, and a close personal friend of Charles XV. As a Riksdag member he was an eloquent speaker; and although noted for his typical Skånian phlegm, he could also get excited and even choleric. He was a man of decided opinions, rather advanced for that age; but a Swedish encyclopedia asserts that "his never doubted honesty made even his opponents respect him during the hottest debates." He was especially interested in the building of railways, just then the much discussed new means of communication, considered "impossible" and "visionary" by many of Månsson's colleagues and contemporaries.

It is said that none other than his friend Charles XV, while still crown-prince, advised Månsson to cut the Gordian knot of his difficulties by emigrating. For in his relations with others the man was self-conscious and stubborn; and as the years rolled on, his self-confidence grew worse, until at last he lost his seats in the Riksdag. A writer of memoirs said of him, "Ambition and imperiousness have ruined this man's promising attributes." After his defeat it was impossible for a man of Månsson's kidney to remain among old neighbors, and in the summer of 1858 he left Sweden and settled as a farmer in Minnesota. With him he brought a son only a few months old, who afterward became a lawyer and a congressman and the father of "Lindy."

It was noticeable that no pictures of "Lindy" were displayed in Gårdlösa, though at that time his boyish face adorned most windows in the United States, at least in rural parts. But more and more Americans are coming to see the

former Månsson homestead, and Johan Johnsson, the present owner, urged on by more worldly-minded persons, threatens to have post-cards made or to charge admission for letting others see and photograph his historic house.

Ystad, on the southernmost coast, and Falsterbo, capping a little spit of land not far south of Malmö, are Sweden's most popular, and expensive, bathing resorts. There are no sandy beaches, no real beaches at all, on the eastern and Stockholm side of the peninsula, so that those who are not content with bathing in the faintly salt water of the Baltic from rocks that are dangerous to any but good swimmers, and perilous to the soles even of those, spend their summer vacations mainly between Ystad and Båstad, or on the few sandy spots between Båstad and Gothenburg.

As a summering-place Båstad is largely a creation of that engaging man, Engineer Ludwig Nobel, nephew of the inventor of dynamite and giver of prizes. No one, perhaps, has spent more on developing a place with less selfish foresight, as to the likelihood of getting his money back, than Engineer Nobel. Yet at that he will probably be reimbursed in cash as well as in satisfaction, for already Båstad is crowded to capacity in July and August and bids fair to become as popular as it should be.

Mr. Ryan of Ireland was laying out for Engineer Nobel an eighteen-hole golf-course, one of the best golf-courses on earth, according to Mr. Ryan. The Swedes are just beginning to take up golf; so the time is probably not far off when links will combine with the many huge old estates to leave insufficient land to feed the country. But the combination of woods—the beeches in their most delicate green now, the slender birches in new half-leaves, like young girls in underdraperies—and hills to walk among, blue sea to look upon or swim in, hotel accommodations too good to seem public,

above all, Engineer Nobel, are enough of themselves to make Båstad, without mentioning Mr. Ryan's masterpiece.

There are hundreds of stone-age graves in the vicinity of Båstad, some of which Engineer Nobel has explored without disturbing. Inside that of a chief, which filled a big green hillock much like the mounds of our mound-builders, the whole place now a cobble-topped vault, you will find stones laid in the form of a boat. On this the body was burned, then the ashes were washed and placed in jars on the starboard side—the side on which, it might be well to remember the next time you embark, all important persons boarded a ship. Flints like those of our Indians; weapons, once well forged, now little more than lumps of rust; varied forms of proof that even in those far-off days the ladies loved to decorate themselves to the limit of their carrying capacity. . . . But why go farther into mementos of the Vikings' ancestors? Scandinavian museums are full of them.

CHAPTER XVII

MATCH-LAND AND THE GÖTA CANAL

I JOURNEYED all one cold, bright May Sunday across south-central Sweden, by six trains. The district of Småland is mainly rocks and woods, evergreens and birches, with lakes and swamps and rather frequent wooden towns with a distinctive church or two. Acres of logs, stone as well as rail fences, here and there a little meadow or field, littered with large and small boulders—a hopelessly stony and infertile land compared with Skåne. But there is a Swedish saying to the effect that if you put a Smålander on a rock in the sea, he will make a living.

Angelstad church, near one changing-place, has the grave of Ebbe Skammelson, who as a punishment—how our juries of to-day would weep for him!—for killing his sweetheart and her mother was put in chains and made to lie one night on each of Lake Bolmen's three hundred and sixty-five islands. At Värend, near Växjö, another junction, women have had equal rights with men since pagan times, rights not conferred upon other Swedish women until 1845, because they defeated a contingent of Danish soldiers. Somewhere about there, too, is the ruin of Kronoberg Castle, once the government seat of Klas Bjelke, a political opponent of King Charles IX, who dropped him a line worthy of any king's secretary:

Know this, Klas Bjelke, that we would have you pardoned in such a way that immediately upon receipt of this letter you shall

betake yourself with wife and children on board a ship and sail to the Pope in Rome, the Devil in Hell, or to Sigismund in Poland [just then considered the most diabolical of the three], whichever you please. Should We find you within Our and the country's borders after such a time, you shall have to run headless thence. Act accordingly and get out!

CAROLUS

For all the changes, the day was not unpleasant. I have seldom seen a cinder from a Swedish locomotive. Station waiting-rooms are veritable parlors, with upholstered easy-chairs, tables on which to lunch or write or otherwise combat the boredom of waiting for a train, steam-heated and spotless in even the smallest towns. Nor can the most stupid traveler go astray at a Swedish junction. A time-table for the entire country may be had for half a krona; and train schedules are of course on the twenty-four-hour system, which only a few backward people, such as ourselves and the English, have not yet adopted. Each platform shows plainly the name of the station, with no wilderness of advertisements concealing it, and also the time the next train departs from that platform. The sides of every car bear the names of the terminal and the principal stations on the way; in every waiting-room is a big wall time-table, in letters an inch high; in the waiting-room restaurant, with a bell to call attention to it, a large illuminated sign flashes out incessantly during the last ten minutes before its departure the names of the principal stations to which a given train is about to go. Thus only an imbecile or a genius in carelessness could possibly go astray or miss a train in Sweden.

The usual Swedish ticket-window, too, not only recalls by contrast the maelstrom and hubbub of beginning a railway journey in many less orderly lands, but it is so Swedishly ingenious as to be worthy a second glance. The ticket-seller

is as completely shut in as if he were a museum exhibit or a contagious case, though till-robbing bandits are very rare in Sweden. Two screened slits are his only means of communication with the outside world, so that the voices on both sides are muffled to a musical pianissimo. A long pane of glass in the center gives him a hint of the character and intentions of the prospective traveler, and vice versa. Another glass makes visible to both parties to the transaction the money and tickets respectively. You shout your wishes through the screens, drop your available cash into a little drawer where the seller can count it before he places the ticket and the change, if any, in another little drawer and with a flip of the fingers causes the drawers to change places.

At length my fifth or sixth train broke out of the forest upon the more fertile and less thinly populated east coast. Still the land was very stony, and there were more woods than fields all the way into Kalmar. Its imposing ninth-century castle, long known as the key to Sweden but now a museum, like many another Swedish castle, is noted for interesting panels of inlaid wood, dating from the sixteenth century. The floor and walls of the bedroom of Erik, son of Gustav Vasa, are covered with the pictures of several other castles, all made of inlaid wood, while a boar-hunt and other queerly colored hunting scenes ramp around the tops of the walls below an elaborately carved ceiling.

The ruins of an ancient castle also draw visitors to the long, narrow island of Öland, an hour by small steamer east of Kalmar. Made of limestone and almost as flat as a floor, with endless limestone fences and many houses of the same material, Öland does not strike the passing visitor as the world's most delightful dwelling-place. Yet thousands of prosperous Swedes seem to consider it so, as did many Vikings before them. For though the limestone is only a few

inches beneath the soil, flowers and grass and no doubt crops grow well upon it. Öland's windmills, mere shanties with wings, are still numerous, though once they were much more so. Many have lost all or part of their sails, so that they resemble home-made shacks that once long ago had an ambition to fly.

Orrefors, a little town in the woods on the way from Kalmar to Nässjö, and Kosta across country near by, have made Sweden known the world over for its glass-cutting and glass-engraving. The process here seems to the visitor commonplace and uninteresting; yet the cut glass of Sweden is one of her chief claims to fame.

Jönköping is a pretty town of thirty thousand inhabitants, delightfully situated at the southern end of long Lake Vättern. Knowing its importance as the world's match capital, one is surprised at the quietness of its principal streets, for pedestrians and vehicles are fewer than in most cities of that size; impressed by its tidiness, for notwithstanding its many industrial activities Jönköping is in no wise marred by dirt, smoke, or noise. An equally important factory town in the United States or England would be grimy and noisy, dirty-aired; Jönköping is clean even in atmosphere.

Unfortunately, the principal attraction is no longer available to visitors. No one is admitted to the match factories. A Japanese once was, and since the day that Swedish matches from Japan began to appear on the market, all strangers have been Japanese to the match-makers of Sweden. In 1860 a cloister at Jönköping dating back to 900 A.D., which had lain idle since 1521, was transformed into a paper and cardboard factory. Dr. Lundström, owner of this factory, is credited with the invention of the safety-match; to-day his statue adorns Jönköping. One match-making machine alone turns out forty thousand filled boxes an hour, and the Swedish

match trust is one of the wealthiest organizations on earth, owning many industries, many properties, not only in Sweden but in Europe, Asia, even the United States. It controls twenty factories in Sweden and a hundred and thirty outside that country. It has the match monopoly in a dozen countries, large match interests in the United States, Belgium, China, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, India, Japan, Norway, Switzerland, Poland.

The match trust operates lumber and wood-pulp and paper mills, engineering, printing, chemical works, and the largest iron-ore company in Europe. It owns 120,000 acres of timber lands, is the greatest owner of real estate in Sweden, one of the largest in Germany and France, and has an interest in the biggest banking company in Sweden and large banking interests in several other countries. It has recently loaned Germany $125,000,000 at six per cent interest—the largest amount ever loaned to a Government by a private organization—in exchange for the exclusive privilege of selling matches to the German people, who are to pay in tribute to the Swedish giant made of little sticks a cent on each ten-box package of matches they consume during at least the next half-century. The superstition which forbids the lighting of three cigarettes from the same match may not have been manufactured in Jönköping, but it alone has no doubt already put millions of kronor into the match-trust treasury.

Jönköping's Stadspark is an almost virgin woodland of more than two hundred acres, noted among other things for its collection of birds. As usual, there is a fully furnished old peasant house as an outdoor museum. Originally it had a window only in the roof. When the management cut one in the side to give the museum visitor light, a peasant of the old school remonstrated. Such a thing would never have done

in a real peasant house, he said, because the women would have done nothing but sit looking out the window. Women evidently were women even in those days—and men were men; there was, for instance, a convenient arrangement in such a house for having a drink of schnapps without rising from bed.

The Taberg, not far away, is forty per cent iron and was the pride of Sweden from about 1200 to 1800 A.D. But since more nearly solid-iron mountains have been found farther north, Taberg is too poor in iron to make it, at least for the present, worth working! It remains only a useless black mass which many climb for the broad view it gives of south-central Sweden, twenty miles or more, in every direction, of lakes, woods, red-roofed towns.

Huskvarna, almost a suburb of Jönköping, at the end of the fifteenth century was already the home of Sweden's greatest arms factory. To-day it makes hunting weapons, sewing-machines, motor-cycles, bicycles, central heating-plants, radiators, kitchen ranges, meat-grinders, and who knows what else. The working members of Huskvarna's eight thousand inhabitants all serve in this old yet very modern factory. There are only three women in the whole plant. The men work forty-eight hours a week, so divided as to give them a Saturday half-holiday, at from thirty to forty cents an hour. The company maintains many workmen's houses, provides excellent working conditions.

The town takes its power in huge pipes from a gorge beside the road high up in the hills over which our route lay; but on Sundays the great stream pours down unused and gives back to the region the scenic beauty it had for untold centuries. The winding country roads from Jönköping inland were delightful. White anemones carpeted the ground beneath the pines and birches, for scores of miles. Farmers

plowing with oxen, quaint old churches, some of them bright red, alternated with forests.

Wandering all day amid such surroundings, we came at length to the idyllic little town of Gränna, which basks against the foot of sheer rock cliffs topped by a great pine forest, on the western side of Vättern, with velvety fields running down to the shore of the lake, abounding in fruit-trees and well-kept gardens, the ruins of Brahehus Castle perched high on a headland beyond. Jönköping, just around the corner to the south, is habitually ten degrees colder by actual thermometer than Gränna, nestled at the foot of its cliff. From the top of this the setting sun makes a double "golden bridge" across the lake, with Visingsö, a long and very narrow island, forming the central pillar. You can see Mount Omberg to the north, and the province west of Lake Vättern, and sometimes even its northern shore, twelve Swedish miles away. That evening the western horizon was a blue-gray, shading to lilac, which no mere words can paint. But the view is never twice the same, insist the proud sons of Gränna.

Yet for all its delights, some of Gränna's inhabitants leave it, to seek something more in the wide world. The most famous of them is Andrée, the polar explorer, born in 1854 in the little white two-story wooden house on a corner of the main street and the principal highway through Gränna. The building, in which his father dispensed pills by day and slept by night, is still an apotek (drug-store) below and a dwelling above. Somehow it is a relief to hear that his parents died before Andrée left on his ill-fated expedition.

A giant carrying a girl wished to cross Lake Vättern, no doubt in a hurry. As he could not swim with his fair burden, he threw some stones and earth out into the middle of the lake as stepping-stones, which are now the island of Visingsö.

It must have been long ago, for Sweden was governed from Visingsö before Stockholm existed; and the next kidnapping giant will probably have the work to do all over again. Already only nine miles long and barely two at its widest, Visingsö is wearing away at the rate of several feet a year, so that the time is soon coming when only the high center, covered since 1852 with a royal forest, will remain.

Men plowing with oxen were followed by sturdy women with manly bare arms, dropping seed potatoes behind them, all up and down the island that sunny May day. Apple and cherry blossoms were just coming out; larks were singing. The remmalag, a kind of two-horse jaunting-car on four wheels, is Visingsö's chief means of conveyance. It was, they say, brought there by Russian prisoners during the wars of the eighteenth century. On this busy day few of the vehicles were in sight, but on Sundays the one trunk road and its centipede branches bear a procession of them, filled with firm-lipped peasants wearing Sabbath-day heirlooms. One notes with regret that not only the bicycle but even the motor-car has now come to disturb this remmalag paradise.

Visingsö has so many Viking graves that corpses were evidently brought there from the mainland; for even now the island supports but thirteen hundred inhabitants. Splendid farms and old country churches line the one long road. Down at the southern end the late Madame Tingley, Theosophist, built a Greek temple of wood, white-painted, imposing —from a distance. She spent much money on Visingsö; won gratitude if not converts among the square-mouthed peasants; took some of their children back to her other headquarters, at Point Loma, California. A charming view, with your back to the temple: rippling wheat-fields slowly descending to the very edge of the land. As far out from the shore as the eye can follow in the very clear water the lake

is paved with huge flagstones as evenly as if laid by man, which slope gently away to blue depths. Many röding, delicious red fish which often adorn Swedish banquets, are caught in Lake Vättern.

A good road along the edge of Lake Vättern, through rocky wilderness, brought us into the next province, with fertile farms—even their gravestones are enough to prove that the peasants are rich. It was the same, evidently, in olden days, for at Rök is the largest rune-stone in the world. Omberg, rising leisurely from the plain, on the edge of the lake, and covered with one of Sweden's best forestry plantations, resembles the Schwarzwald, and affords magnificent views of the province, the lake, southern Sweden, as far away as Värmland.

At Vadstena the convent church of St. Bridget rivals in bulk and interest the huge Renaissance castle built and inhabited by Gustav Vasa. With a noble gateway and striking gable-ends, a water-fronted façade and formidable bastions at the four corners, the castle is outwardly inspiring, but is only empty wooden-floored memories within. Magnus, Gustav's third son, jumped into the lake from an upper window of the castle; but repented in time to swim ashore.

Cecilia, wilful daughter of Gustav and his second wife, and a heartbreaking beauty at nineteen, also required watching. A young German noble who had seen her in Stockholm came to the castle, then directly on the lake, and got into her room by climbing the side wall from a boat. Such a feat should have been properly rewarded, but some one saw him, and her brother Erik, then crown-prince, rushed up all too soon with soldiers. Nobleman Wall-Climber inhabited one of the castle towers for nine months before his German relatives found a means of getting him out. Cecilia indulged in other escapades, but her story ends sadly, as is so often the

case even with the most promising beginnings; for she was forced to accept the suit of another German prince who did not suit at all; and so they were married and lived unhappily ever after.

Vadstena is one of the principal stations on the Göta Canal. Hence time found me there again, a whole family strong. For three early-June days we glided placidly across Sweden, from Gothenburg to Stockholm. There are those who profess to find the Göta Canal trip monotonous. We did not. Trollhättan, with its famous falls and one of the largest power-houses in the world, was the first of a dozen chances to get off and walk while the steamer passed through a series of locks built a century ago. Higher and higher it mounted, until on little Lake Viken we were nearly three hundred feet above sea-level.

But not so fast! Even before you leave Vänersborg at the top of the Trollhättan locks for what sometimes proves almost a sea voyage across Lake Vänern, Sweden's greatest body of fresh water, you are glad you pilfered the time to scorn the six-hour express to the capital. Pied wagtails fly out from the banks and dart along the placid surface of the narrow canal. Baby salmon flutter about under the landings, as if in nursery school. Cowslips, violets, and the lighter lavender wood-violets, big yellow flowers that look like the offspring of a buttercup and a poppy, adorn the near-by banks. The glass-surfaced canal mirrors trees, farm-houses, grazing cattle nodding lazily at us—scenes worthy of Corot or Rosa Bonheur.

In places, especially after Motala, site of Sweden's greatest broadcasting station, the canal is higher than the fields. In others steep wooded hills slide down to the very sides of the boat. There are miles of birch forests, through which the narrow steamer slips silently along like some cautious pre-

historic forest monster. Trees reach out and kiss you on deck; apple blossoms can be picked almost from your deck-chair. In some sections the steamer sends great waves along the stone-faced shores, like messengers despatched to announce its coming; in others the soil has been washed back by such waves until the trees hang out over the water like a drop-curtain supported in the unseen flies.

There is no lovelier way of traveling, so quietly as not even to disturb the birds, slowly enough to see every patch of grass, yet never boringly slow; uncanny yet delightful to sit on a deck sliding along on a level with the fields, through broad stretches of Arcadian country, past bucolic unexcited villages. Jump off anywhere and walk, if you like, for a good pace will keep you up with the boat, and anyway the next lock will hold it for you. Children wave; Sunday crowds leisurely stroll in parks along the edge of the canal. Ruined or whole castles, famous before America was discovered, mark many a historic spot; the spire of St. Bridget's and of a few other churches carry the mind back to Cambodia.

There was hardly darkness enough to be called night, and the solicitous captain advised us to sit up all the three days in order not to miss any of the gradations of light. But we have no Scandinavian immunity to sleep. Once my romantic wife slipped out surreptitiously at two in the morning, in a winter coat, to see the sunrise, leaning, in the penetrating chill of a Swedish early-June morning, against the hot funnel. But it served her right, that although the sky deigned to lighten a bit, the sun remained heavily draped in clouds. Early birds almost made it worth while, she insists; but the rhapsodic sex seldom openly admits complete fiasco.

Sunday evening, the children asleep for what should have been the night, we walked on ahead to where the boat comes down fifteen locks at one stretch, with the slow and dignified

tread of an elephant or a cautious old lady. At the bottom of that giant staircase several hundred country boys and girls were dancing on a big wet open-air floor, surrounded by a high plaited-wire fence. The night was cold and gray; but why wait for a good evening where it may mean waiting in vain all summer? The dances were very old-fashioned, said my dancing spouse, and after each every one left the wet-floored inclosure, so that every dance seemed to be the last. For a few minutes, then, the country-fair booths outside did a rushing business. But as soon as the rural orchestra struck up again, dancers poured in once more, paying twenty-five öre a couple, apparently, for the privilege; and the colored lights were still glowing, the music still pulsating, when we pushed off across Lake Roxen at the foot of those fifteen great steps, with dawn already tingeing the sky ahead.

When all was said and done, we liked the canal best in its narrowest parts, not on the lakes or among the skerries of the Baltic. For the steamer trip acrôss Sweden includes a sea voyage of more than half the third day among the countless wooded rock isles of the Stockholm archipelago. Myriad dark rocks of every size and shape, covered with evergreen and birch and other trees, many of them with summer cottages, a few with villages or towns, line that part of the Göta Canal journey. Then we dodged inland again through a short canal and one lock to Lake Mälaren and up to the dock across from Stockholm's beautiful Stadshus, the sun still gleaming on the Moslem crescent above it that seems so out of place in this far northern country.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN STOCKHOLM

STOCKHOLM has been called the Queen of the Baltic, the Venice of Scandinavia, the Paris of the North, a poem in stone. Epithets aside, were I sentenced to spend my life somewhere in Scandinavia I should certainly choose the Swedish capital. Birger Jarl founded it first on an island at the mouth of Lake Mälaren, nearly seven hundred years ago; to-day it covers a dozen islands and is spreading farther and farther along the adjacent mainland. Indeed, it may almost truthfully be said to lie on hundreds of islands; for about that number of skerries, the rocky isles large and small, of the Stockholm archipelago, are the homes, at least in the summer, of a considerable percentage of the population.

Sweden's capital is the center of a very highly developed old-world culture. This shows itself not only in the gentle deportment of the inhabitants, but in architecture, a widespread artistic sense, in museums and exhibits unequaled in any city of her size on earth. There what used to be called the joy of living still reigns; food is still not merely a means of avoiding starvation. With a population about equal to that of New Orleans, smaller than that other Swedish capital, Minneapolis, Stockholm is not only up-to-date in material matters but successfully challenges Paris or Rome in the higher realms of urbane living; and in addition she outdoes all the other capitals of Europe, at least outside Scandinavia, in cleanliness.

Her architectural activity alone proves Stockholm one of the most prosperous as well as cultured cities of Europe. Perhaps there is nothing in the architecture of to-day to compare to Stockholm's successful forsaking of recognized customs in building, except the sky-scrapers of America. The Swedish capital will have none of these; though she more or less proudly points out two identical eighteen-story structures, standing like mammoth gate-posts in the middle of Kungsgatan, as the highest office buildings in Europe. To be sure, the Swedes had the example and incentive of a glorious old architecture, not only in the capital but among the castles all over her countryside, built from the thirteenth century onward. But the Swedish builders of to-day have struck out into new fields and have been rewarded.

Engelbrekt Church represents real architectural thinking in modern church-building. Not even in its vaulting, openly suggesting the cave-dwellers, in the studiously crude lettering on the walls, has its architect missed a single toe-hold in his climb to new heights. Original, yet nowhere crossing the line between the suitable and the bizarre, Engelbrekt is one of Stockholm's new architectural masterpieces. Högalid Church, the Polytechnic High School, the beautiful new law courts, the older Riksdagshus, or House of Parliament, completed in 1905, are all testimonials to something approaching genius in architecture. The warehouse of the liquor monopoly, at the top of a high rock not far from the center of town, realizes that it must be seen as well as used. Even the new gas-works is no eyesore—though the gas-house top of the new city library is rather startling at first sight.

But it is particularly her Stadshus which architects come from all over the world to see. A few years ago Stockholm built herself this new town-hall on the site of an old windmill that had long monopolized one of the island city's most

striking situations. It is imposing, suitable, original, something quite new; yet its originality is combined with a subtle adherence to tradition. Some Swedes and many others have criticized the cost of it; sumptuous, almost ostentatious, is its no-expense-spared atmosphere. The courtyards, the garden front along the stream which, though not exactly a river, rushes through the heart of Stockholm, the high tower with its modern medieval clock and parading figures at noonday, the palatial interiors, staircases, statuary, reliefs, frescoes, furniture, silken hangings, ceilings, faiences, floors, cabinet-work, Prince Eugen's murals, all have style, artistic worth, and all are unlike anything ever before seen in a town-hall.

The climax of the place is the enormous banqueting-room, loftily arched at the sides, covered everywhere with gold-and-glass mosaic. That huge central chamber cost a million kronor; and many do not like it at that, especially the immense symbolic figure of Mälar Queen. Spendthrifts that we are, our taxpayers would throw a conniption fit and three back somersaults if any American city as small as Stockholm were to spend $270,000 on such a room, used perhaps ten times a year. But at least it gives the visitor the feeling of having looked in upon the feast of Belshazzar—who probably never had a banqueting-room one fourth as imposing.

But the mediocrity of the oil paintings of the city fathers is desolating in as artistic a land as Sweden; though perhaps it serves them right. There has been bitter criticism, too, of the naked statues in the garden, of men whom many Stockholmers still living knew in life, some of them so modest that they would not patronize a Swedish bath; and the conspicuous elaborate fake tomb of Birger Jarl at the street end of the building has raised such an uproar that it may eventually be taken away.

In view of the Louis XIV magnificence of the chamber in which it meets, it is a bit startling to hear that Stockholm's city council has a Socialist majority; that nine Communists sit in what is called the "stormy corner" of this more than royal meeting-place. But the high-backed throne-like chairs in which the Lord Mayor, flanked by two other chairmen—one of them the personal representative of the king, in the person of the överståthållaren, or governor, of Stockholm, whose duties include being chief of police and of the tax-collecting office—presides over the monthly meetings here, and over smaller weekly gatherings in an equally sumptuous committee room, offset this proletarian atmosphere.

Besides, the Socialists of Sweden are "very nice people," even in the eyes of their political opponents. They do not wish to divide the land or do any of those other dreadful things which the more nearly genuine Socialists of Denmark, England, and some other lands advocate. Having twice been the party in power, they have felt the responsibility of government and have become moderate. In fact, Sweden has had three Socialist cabinets. The grand old man of the party was Hjalmar Branting, son of a professor of Swedish gymnastics, who studied astronomy but gave up gazing at the astral void to become leader of the Socialists, whom he made the most powerful party in Sweden. During the World War he was a stanch supporter of the Allied powers. In 1918 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs in a Socialistic-Liberal coalition cabinet and later was twice Premier of Socialist cabinets.

After Branting's death Richard Sandler headed a third Socialist cabinet. Thorsson, an ex-shoemaker, was considered the best Minister of Finance in at least a century. Stockholm's Lord Mayor, who is also a member of the Senate, was elected on the Socialist ticket, but is really a party of his

own, a militant champion of peace and international goodwill, who coöperated with Henry Ford in his endeavor to get the boys out of the trenches in time for Christmas dinner. Incidentally, he lives in a country-gentleman house among pine woods, with a magnificent view over Lake Mälaren, about half an hour by electric train or Rolls-Royce from the city hall.

Two elevators and finally your own thighs bring you first beneath the huge bells, then to the top of the solid square tower itself, with only a kind of permanent canopy over you. Directly below is the City between the Bridges, the original island, weighted down by the immense hollow-squared royal palace of Nicodemus Tessin the Younger, a perfect example, say those who should know, of seventeenth-century Italian—and always defaced with scaffolding during the summer, when the king is away. Many things are to be seen in the palace; the royal stables still house real horses, and in the harness and carriage rooms are rich collections of gala saddlery and historical old carriages that look haughtily down upon the Lincoln car presented in Detroit to the crown-prince by one who is interested in its fame.

Here, almost below us, too, is the Storkyrka, the Great Church, founded in 1264, barely ten years after Birger Jarl chose this island for its strategical advantages, and entirely rebuilt in the eighteenth century. Swedish kings have long worshiped there. It contains a wooden carving of Saint George and the Dragon that is reputed to be one of the finest works of art of the Middle Ages. That other spire is of Riddarholm Church, the Swedish Pantheon, filled with tombs of the once illustrious, its interior walls covered with thousands of tin plaques, the coats of arms and brief biographical details of nobles of many lands, including the Japanese. There Charles XIV, the first Bernadotte, is buried in a

porphyry coffin weighing fifteen tons, as if he feared he might after all be carried back to France.

Architecturally, perhaps the Riddarhus is king of the many old buildings on the island "between the bridges." In this former House of Lords the nobles of Sweden come together every year or two and weep on one another's shoulders, thinking of their lost glories. Otherwise it is merely an antiquity house, and not, as I had fancied, a kind of Explorers Club where a few members live and all gather once or twice a week to pull one another's escutcheons, or whatever is the favorite sport of nobility. When the Riddarhus was finished, in 1670, after thirty-three years of construction, there were 2,893 noble families in Sweden; to-day there are 700.

The last man permitted to hang his tin plaque in the former House of Lords and in the corresponding church is "No. 2344, HEDIN, Sven Anders, ennobled July 1, 1902, and introduced March 26, 1904." His motto is, "Voluntate et Labore," and his coat of arms a head armor and a crown surmounted by some kind of bird. Surely it is high time to drop this ennobling business when even an explorer can be weighted down with a crest and a motto! When Hedin was royally honored, the Radical press congratulated him on the fact that he could henceforth make his maid-servant do his bidding with impunity—Hedin's impunity, of course. For the only special privilege left the nobles of Sweden is that they can legally chastise their servants, which alone should reconcile them to their other slight losses. Slavery was abolished in Sweden in 1352, but this one feudal prerogative has never been taken away from those supposed to be wise enough not to abuse it, which to-day of course means not to use it at all.

Far more than its one little original island can be seen of Stockholm from the top of her new Stadshus tower; most of

the water-patched city and its environs, well-wooded hills on the one hand, the beginning of the archipelago on the other. Everywhere the eye is caught by some structure worth looking upon. The public buildings of Stockholm suggest that Sweden is so rich that she hardly knows just how to spend all her money, though her artistic sense saves her from coming any newly-rich croppers. The general result is an eyeful for the tourist, even if taxpayers grumble. Nor is good building confined to the wealthy and the politically powerful. There is not a slum in Stockholm, not the equal of our tenements in unsightliness and wretched living conditions, nothing in all Sweden as unhomelike as the homes of our Pennsylvania miners, our Southern cotton-mill hands. Even public institutions for the unfortunate are splendid buildings. There runs a yarn that the King of Italy, come to visit his Swedish fellow-monarch, cried out as they were coming up the harbor:

"Madonna mía, Cousin Gustav! What a beautiful palace you have there, on that hillside high above the water. We certainly can't build anything like that down our way, what with Mussolini and the foot-and-mouth disease and all that."

King Gustav rose to his full height, ducking his head by force of habit, peered through his pince-nez at the magnificent building on a charming flower- and tree-grown site, with a wonderful view across the southern environs of his capital, then sat down again to bring his lips nearer the ear of Victor Emmanuel, standing at his side, and replied:

"Why, Cousin Victor, that is not a palace, at least not one of my palaces. That is the poorhouse."

CHAPTER XIX

SPYING UPON THE SWEDISH CAPITAL

ON JUNE 6, I found Stockholm celebrating Flag Day. This comes at the end of the school year; and before school begins again in the autumn there is a somewhat similar celebration of Children's Day. From the dawn of her history until 1809, when she lost Finland, the story of Sweden was war, war, war. But since then it has been peace, peace, peace; so that prosperity and perhaps a little softness are the keynote of the nation. For a long time history has skipped over Sweden. She admits that she was more or less pro-German during the World War; excuses it on the score of her inherited dread of Russia. At least her army officers, many government officials, and the conservative papers favored Germany, but the workingmen, most of the middle class, and many intellectuals, headed by Hjalmar Branting, pulled the other way, and the numerical majority wished Sweden to remain strictly neutral. But by remaining neutral she lost a chance of regaining a place of importance—politically, instead of merely industrially—perhaps even of great influence, in Europe. These new national holidays suggest that she is trying to regain some of this lost ground, would like to increase national fervor in her people, impress them with a keener national consciousness; for who knows what the future may bring forth?

To-day's "King of Sweden, of the Goths and the Wends," had less body-guard than any American governor. Though

they are very formal, even to their wives, the Swedes are rather simple and democratic about their king, and the king reciprocates. There were children from all over the country that day at the stadium built for the Olympic Games. The Swedes are almost as wise as the Germans or the Japanese at sending school-children about, mainly at government-railway expense, to see their own country. But perhaps our hitch-hiking methods develop more initiative.

The whole field was massed with uniformed children, soldiers, clubs, and other organizations. The oldest regiment in Europe, with five hundred years of unbroken existence, was there. Only a member of the nobility can join it as a commissioned officer. There was a corps of women who cook, nurse, and otherwise attend the soldiers in the field—or would if Sweden should ever again go to war. There was, of course, the Salvation Army, all dressed up and waiting its turn also to receive a banner from the hands of the king.

An imposing spectacle; yet it must be a great bore to be a king and have to preside over such shows when you would much rather be playing tennis or bridge. Lean and sinewy in all his six and a half feet, the King Gustav of to-day is obviously much more devoted to his favorite outdoor pastime than to the joys of the Swedish table. He returned innumerable salutes from his place in the center of the stands, flanked by the crown-prince and the prince's second British consort. He sang the national anthem as lustily as the others; he waved a hand at passing groups of waving school-girls until it grew so weary that only a faint flicker remained for the last score of platoons. Something in his face and manner, too, suggested that his thoughts wandered frequently to the weight of tennis racquets, the best flies for a certain fishing-place he knew—for, after all, the real rulers of Sweden are Ivar Kreuger, head of the match trust, and the Swedish Fed-

eration of Labor. How different, too, are the Scandinavians from the southern Europeans—no informality, no impetuosity; they do everything well, thoroughly, conscientiously, even their choral singing, but conventionally, never spontaneously. True, we Americans are much like them, compared with the naturally playful peoples of southern Europe; but we have such a mixture of races that we are not all the same.

There was only a scattering congregation even in Engelbrekt Church on the fine Sunday morning when we attended it, half a dozen strong. It is queer, until you think the matter through, that Stockholm is still building big and beautiful churches when religion seems so small a part in Swedish daily life, especially in the capital. There are fewer people, especially men, at church on Sundays than in the Protestant strata of our own land. In country churches it is no uncommon thing for the minister to face a congregation of one. There certainly was no warmth in this skeleton gathering at Engelbrekt, not even in their hymns.

Gustav Vasa probably accepted the Reformation less from religious conviction than because he needed the money to be had by taking over the big monasteries and churches and other Catholic institutions. His people may have lost some of their fervor with the sudden change of faith. True, the high standard of Swedish education was originally due to the work of the clergy. But the Church has rather lost its hold—some think partly, if not largely, because it is a state institution. The Government pays the ministers, allows fixed sums for the upkeep of churches, helps to build new ones. Collections are taken at most services, but they are for specific purposes, such as foreign missions, sending theological students to Upsala, the building or improving of churches beyond what can be done with the money granted each

congregation by the State. The minister does not have to beg for himself every Sunday—which adds to his dignity.

The king himself is the head of the Church in Sweden, with one archbishop (at Upsala) and twelve bishops as his immediate representatives. While complete freedom of worship prevails, every one in Lutheran Sweden pays church tithes when he pays his taxes. Hence there are many who advocate separation of Church and State, especially the Socialists and many of the "working class," so that they will not have to pay so much in taxes, contribute to something they do not all believe in. Others, the pious among them, think that the Church would be stronger if it had to stand on its own feet; that ministers paid by the State, whether they accomplish anything or not, lose their ardor and ambition, become like many government functionaries with assured jobs.

The lilacs were in luxuriant bloom in Humlegården, one of Stockholm's hilly parks, not far below the stadium and Engelbrekt Church, where our children played beneath stately trees and picked up their first words of Swedish. Masses of lilacs, veritable lilac forests, great hummocks of other flowers, surrounded the library at the lower end of the park. Yet the people staidly, decorously lining the park benches in exact rows seemed to be enjoying the first real summer warmth. Children played almost noiselessly in the sand-piles around the statue of Linnæus; quietly awaited their turns on the swings and flying rings. Now and then an old lady walked sedately by; types we never see now in the United States, people who seem to have stepped out of a last-century novel. Old ladies have not gone completely out of style in Scandinavia. They have frankly remained old ladies. How long since you have seen on American streets dignified old ladies who have refused to strip with the times,

serenely parading the costume in vogue thirty years ago, topped by a 1900 hat set high above a piled-up mass of hair, like a knob on a post?

The maid we inherited with our Swedish apartment did most of the marketing. But we too sometimes drifted through the market square near Humlegården. Even in June not many vegetables had made their spring début. Sweden, indeed, is rather short on vegetables. But there were flowers in profusion. The little temporary tables were masses of sweet peas, marvelous blue pansies, bunches of what our three-year-old would persist in calling, apparently in honor of her younger brother, "lallies of the billies." On the whole, food prices were fully as high as in the United States; meat and fish a little less, vegetables more. Fruit was a luxury. Small apples, from America, cost sixty cents a dozen; the banana trust, which fills the shop windows of Scandinavia with very lifelike papier-mâché hands of bananas, was exacting seventy cents a dozen for real ones.

Stockholm's very modern apartments rent at about a thousand kronor a room per year, kitchen and bathroom not counted. Nothing you would expect in a New York apartment is missing—except, Dieu soit loué, the elevator boy. Electric buttons serve in his stead, as in most of Europe. But from June to September hot water is furnished only one day a week! No great hardship on gloved and spatted bachelors, but with four garden-rooting children . . . All persons of importance go to the country, to the beaches on the south and west, or to the skerries of the archipelago for the summer, and a weekly bath is ample, no doubt, for the others. As summer advances, the better dwelling-places take on an abandoned, almost a tramp-rendezvous air; for it is the Stockholm custom to cover the windows of temporarily unoccupied homes with newspapers.

Swedish law requires that any apartment or dwelling-house vacated must be left spotless, ready for the next tenant to move in on the instant. Hence house-cleaning reaches its zenith at packing-time. But whatever the season, a Swedish maid or maidless housewife seems never so happy as when she has a bucket and a scrubbing-brush in her hands. Swedish Annies at home, by the way, get about fifty kronor a month in Stockholm, much less in other parts, cooking and washing included. There is so much cleaning that you are more likely than not to be waked up very early by the beating of carpets or some other form of the national pastime.

But though they are perhaps the cleanest people in the world, many Swedes still have only four wash-days a year. The poorest bride is expected to have sixty sheets. A whole room is filled with soiled clothes before the boilers are lighted. Modern apartment dwelling has of course modified this custom, but it remains one of the characteristics of housekeeping in Sweden.

We saw no poor or dirty people, no soiled and patched garments, no real poverty, no one to pity, in Stockholm. If you eat out of doors, in the Continental manner which even Sweden sometimes ventures to imitate, not only do no beggars come to your table for the scraps of food, as in Greece, for instance, but even if you tried you could not find any one to accept your left-overs. Stockholm is well dressed. The girls were already in summer straw hats when I first reached there, on May Day, with snow still on the ground. Their attractively light-colored summer garments were spotless. It is a mystery how all classes can afford to keep so fresh and clean; for the cost of laundering and dry cleaning is high in the Scandinavian countries. It is almost cheaper to buy a new dress than to get one cleaned. Most Swedes live beyond their means, it is said. Certainly the cost of living in Stock-

holm seemed to us to sum up to about what a similar living would cost us in New York.

All through June one can read by daylight at 1:30 A.M. in Stockholm. And although every window has its potted flowers framed in clean white lace-bordered curtains, there is not a blind or a shutter, sometimes not even a shade—in a country where they would seem much more needed than in more southerly lands, both to induce sleep during the sunny nights of summer and in order not to broadcast domestic secrets in the long electric-lighted days of winter. Nor can I say anything polite of the combination of string-drawn curtains and French windows. Old women are out sweeping the parks at four in the morning; men resetting the paving stones beneath your window come at four, even at three, partly because the streets must be ready for traffic when the real day starts, but also because they wish to go fishing or to another job or otherwise enjoy or occupy themselves the rest of the day.

Stockholm's myriad water-fronts are all curves and bends; her streets swerve and ramble, rise and fall in gentle slopes, now and then break up into the choppy sea of a stairway. The tram-cars, painted in the bright blue of the Swedish flag, are content with fifteen öre, four cents, a ride. The taxicabs have the elegance of private cars, yet are not expensive. In Sweden traffic keeps to the left, however, which to almost any visitor except a native of the British Isles detracts a bit from the pleasures of a Swedish sojourn.

The Swedish capital is continuously besieged by steamers. Each morning whole flocks of suburban boats alight side by side like sea-gulls at the wharf-edge of many an important street or square, then swirl away again one by one, each to its own particular goal, like homing pigeons. Ocean liners from Danzig and other romantic places come right up to the

front door of a principal hotel; sailing vessels from Finland, loaded high with birch firewood, moor along Strandvägen, a broad and favorite city promenade, making a picture in perfect keeping with Stockholm, with Sweden, where the primitive, the elemental forces of nature are juxtaposed with an old and proud culture.

The National Gallery has a day's feast for even the least picture-minded. A little way beyond is the Nordic Museum, a building of which Stockholm might well be proud even if it had nothing in it. There the blood-stained garments of former kings who fell in battle, the very horses that fell under them, ancient coaches and sleighs of kings and queens and nobles, whole series of costumes by epoch, class, and district . . . But why enumerate? A mere list of Stockholm's museums would be lengthy; the wealth of things of the past within them leaves the delighted yet weary sightseer wondering whether an occasional war and looting is not a national advantage, as a fire now and then is to an old family with a strong antipathy against throwing away once useful or treasured things.

Not only has Sweden had no war for a hundred and twenty years, no looting enemies, but three years ago she passed a law forbidding the export of antiques. Thus many towns have been forced to provide shelter for the things of the past, and much splendid old stuff is still where it should be, in the homes of the people, of the descendants of those who made and loved it. Hardly a farm-house so poor that it does not have inherited tapestries, furniture, quaint china, and other genuinely artistic treasures. Among them it is easier to understand why we Americans in the mass are not yet art-conscious, even in judgment. If our ancestors could have brought with them their old furniture and other heirlooms we should have been more so.

But let not a weariness of exhibits cause you to miss, when you come to them, Döderhultaren, those figures crudely carved from any unbarked length of stove wood, yet more teeming with character than all the marbles of the Vatican. Oskar Larsson of Oskarshamn in Småland made them; but he died in 1927, and no one now living can approach him for effective caricaturing in chunks of wood. For one thing, he was not hampered by puritanical restrictions. The frankness of some of his roughly hacked wooden masterpieces will seem worse than indecent to direct descendants of Cotton Mather. But only a man—nay, even a woman—devoid of any sense of the artistic would turn down the most startling of them, hidden within what looks like a harmless box with a handle, without admiring the uncanny skill of the ostensibly rude carver.

Farther on is the entrance to Skansen, acres of wooded hills, with the father of Scandinavia's many outdoor museums scattered among them. Farm and village houses of long ago are set spaciously in surroundings much like those from which they were taken; are all furnished down to the last long-handled bed-warming pan; in fact, probably more fully furnished than any one house was in those far-off days when every stick of furniture had to be made by hand instead of being bought on the instalment plan. Some of the unpainted wooden homes of the past have men and women caretakers dressed as were the original owners—on gala Sundays, shall we say? Of all they contain, nothing symbolizes such exhibits better than that ancient iron chest, with the most elaborate and ingenious of locks completely covering the inside of the lid, but bearing the inscription:

To-day for Money
To-morrow for Nothing

Skansen has an open-air theater which runs all summer; an excellent idea—farther south. But then, we should not have daylight enough to finish the performance by natural light, and a change-over would disturb the illusion. This summer it was a play by Selma Lagerlöf, in the quaint Värmland costumes of 1860, so well done that although the friend who had promised to interpret had failed us, and we understand little Swedish, we were as completely absorbed as ever we have been before a raised curtain—something, of course, not used here.

The action took place in and about a real house. There was a portvakt's (gate-keeper's) lodge, real flowers in profusion, trees, gravel roads, three outdoor and two indoor "stage" entrances. All the action and all the properties were genuine. The butler watered real flowers with actual water; the wandering country circus, whose music came gradually up through the trees, dragged in its paraphernalia on a real cart; villagers flocked from down the road, poured forth from forest paths at the sound of the harlequins' drum, fiddle, and accordion; the horse to which the troupe had achieved by the last act ate real grass greedily—and balked at leaving it, so that the aged soubrette had to have help with the beast from her officially disappeared husband and fellow-clown.

CHAPTER XX

THE CONVIVIAL SWEDES

IT IS hard to leave Stockholm. Her restaurants alone are worth the trip to Sweden. No farther away than the Hotel Anglais on the near-by Stureplan we could dine as in no American city thrice Stockholm's size. The covered terrace of another hotel is famous, and for other seasons it has a winter garden filled with the flowers and the plants of several climes, tropical luxuriance so far north, with an incredibly green and feathery grass that must surely be grown with violet rays. Sweden prepares to enjoy her long dark winters, suffers less from cold or inadequate lighting than many a land that winter barely brushes with a passing wing.

Lucullus would enjoy the Opera Källare, a semicircular retreat for the judicious gourmand, built out like an afterthought, a wasp's nest, from the side of the Royal Opera House overlooking one of Stockholm's many little sea-blue harbors. Den Gyldene Freden, the Golden Peace, is harder to find, as is befitting its name, being hidden in that delightful maze of medieval streets far back on the island "between the bridges." But however long the search, it will be amply rewarded. The haunt of the musician Bellman and contemporary artists, dating from 1572, it was bought by Anders Zorn, presented to the Swedish Academy, and restored to the original. A dinner in its old barrel vault, once no doubt filled with casks and bottles, will not be soon forgotten, even if it does not happen to coincide with the midsummer festivities

that fill its every half-available seat with gay youths of both sexes and all ages in the old-time holiday garb.

But all other memories of good cheer rather fade before that of our busiest day of eating and night-seeing, with Swedish friends and the genial proprietor of Stockholm's greatest collection of restaurants. We began at noon, with Rosenbad. Its many rooms are faultlessly decorated; have priceless period furniture. The Swedish restaurateur is satisfied with nothing less than the best, be it food or surroundings, for that most important of Swedish rites—eating. A wedding party was royally prepared for in this room, a business gathering in that, a special group here and there, tête-à-têtes hither and yon, each in an environment exactly befitting its character. In Sweden eating has not yet degenerated to a mere bodily function.

It was the day when the cabinet lunches together at Rosenbad, so that our table faced all the important members of the Government. But I fear we out-ate them. The most remarkable gastronomic feat within our combined experiences began, however, in still another room, all but filled with a smörgåsbord table completely hidden beneath the myriad spoils of sea and land. I should like to say something worthy of the glorified hors-d'œuvres of Sweden, but, frankly, I am utterly incapable of describing that most conspicuous feature of Swedish life. Yet no picture of Sweden and the Swedes would be even approximately correct until the smörgåsbord was etched indelibly into the foreground.

Any Swedish meal, then, even a breakfast, begins with a free-for-all onslaught upon a long table groaning under an array of mainly cold viands that would make the lips of the Pharaohs and the later Roman emperors water in their graves. There you help yourself, choosing and carrying to a side table or consuming on foot as much of the display as

you simply cannot resist, and returning to replenish as often as your lack of will power makes inevitable.

I have before me the smörgåsbord, or pre-meal portion only, of the bill of fare at a not particularly pretentious Stockholm restaurant. It has a printed list of one hundred and forty-seven kinds of hors-d'œuvres, and spaces for writing in thirty or more specialties of the day and season. Obviously, only a dab here and there is possible, as at such a table in real life; anything approaching a full translation would suggest a hotel-larder inventory or a cruise ship's bill of lading. But a hurried glance picks up: nine kinds of pickled herring, some whole, some sliced, some covered with onions and vinegar, some begrassed with coarsely ground green peppers; anchovies, boiled and pickled eels, five kinds of salmon (of which the smoked variety, in cardboard-thick slices, is to my taste the masterpiece of the Swedish smörgåsbord), lobster, sardines, and half a dozen of their relatives, unknown to America; caviar in several colors, seventeen kinds of cold meat, every type of sausage made in Europe, pickled pigs' feet; salads of potatoes, apples, eggs, beets, lettuce, cucumbers, tomatoes; radishes in profusion, something that looks like a carrot but tastes like a radish; shrimps or crevettes in several sizes, unadorned, in a cream dressing, in vinegar; pâté de foie gras, seven kinds of cheese; pounds of butter on every corner, cut in ornamental curlicues; bread of all conceivable kinds, of which the best in Scandinavia is the knäckebröd, crisp thin rectangles of whole wheat or rye.

But the smörgåsbord, of which I have not even begun to give a complete inventory, is merely a preliminary, an appetizer. After it we faced the luncheon itself, a meal such as even a Frenchman could not surpass, formally served at a regally set and flower-jungled table. Swedish waiters have an air of distinction and a polished insistence unknown in

the United States. Besides, to decline any dish presented is an offense to your host, to the Swedish ritual of service. The secret, then, of more or less holding your own is, as in China, to taste everything but resolutely to refuse a refill, however overwhelming the provocation.

Nowhere else in the world, as far as I know it, do people eat anything like as much as the Swedes, or digest it as well. Their Viking capacity implies a special stomach, developed by centuries of training. Every meal is like a banquet of the old baronial days, resembles the feasts of those Arab chieftains who pride themselves on eating a sheep at a sitting. In Stockholm many a neck, not to say jowl, has a distressingly porcine something about it; and while even the fat-necked, over-nourished men look incredibly healthy, it is hard to shake off an impression that they must die early and often of second helpings.

No Swedish meal is a meal unless it is suitably liquefied, which means at least beer to begin with; usually schnapps, two or three wines to follow, and Swedish punch or a liqueur to end off. The formalities of drinking are as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. You must never taste your liquor, beer excepted, unless you have been invited to or have invited some one else at the table to join you, by raising your glass with stately dignity, catching the eye of the chosen fellow-convive, saying, "Skål" (which is pronounced "skoal" and means "skull"), and releasing his (or preferably, her) eye with a graceful bow only when the toast is drunk. In pre-Viking days, when every visitor was immediately offered a drink of beer, it was served in a special drinking vessel called a "welcome," but as prosperous war-times rolled on, the only fitting goblet for stronger liquor was the top of an enemy skull.

You must under no circumstances "skoal" your hostess—

for obvious reasons. If your wife is of the party you must skoal her at least once during the sitting, on penalty of having to buy her seven pairs of silk stockings! Yet there are wives so base that they absolutely refuse to meet a husband's eye all through dinner. You can never refuse to drink when you are skoaled, nor can you with politeness merely sip; and to answer in water or anything except the liquor of your skoaler is the height of ill-breeding. Only among students and others unable to afford what the Swedes consider real liquor is it permissible to skoal in beer.

Now and again the chairman or host or self-appointed head of the table rises to skoal the whole party; sometimes a private member of it skoals several others at a time. But in the main only individual toasts are passed back and forth. Nevertheless, good breeding forbids you to skoal so often as to make your infatuation conspicuous for the fellow-guest who has set your heart pattering. And no matter how often you are skoaled, you must also skoal others from time to time. The result is that while there is no lone drinking at a Swedish dinner, there is much undesired drinking, which is sometimes particularly hard on attractive young ladies of limited capacity.

A feast, of course, is no proper place to introduce a ghost; but there is no avoiding a comparison of Sweden's handling of the liquor problem with our own. In 1914 a system devised by Dr. Ivan Bratt replaced the "Gothenburg plan," which abolished the saloon and limited the hours when liquor could be sold. Sweden brews three classes of beer, but the third, with a 6 per cent alcoholic content, cannot legally be sold within the country. Only the Wine and Spirit Central, with a hundred and twenty local stores, may manufacture liquor (with more than 3.6 per cent alcohol) or sell it wholesale. An affiliated organization has the exclusive right to

import wines and liquors. These monopolists can sell only to the Systembolag, which in turn supplies individuals provided with a "motbok," secured much as he would get a passport. Only one member of a family is allowed a motbok—except sons over twenty-five. This booklet has detachable slips on which the owner must sign his name every time he buys strong liquor. If you have a motbok—and usually a foreigner's passport serves the same purpose—you can get all the wine you can pay for, but only four liters a month of strong liquor. In some districts the young men, the workingmen, and sometimes every one, are restricted to one or two liters.

Those who abuse liquor may have their motbok taken away from them; and under no circumstances can any one lend his motbok—though thousands do. If you live in a "dry" district, which are fairly numerous, especially in the north, you must go to the nearest "open" town to get your motbok and to buy your liquor. If you are too busy to go, you must either send a personal representative, which sometimes results disastrously, or trust your precious motbok and the money to a registered letter and have the liquor sent back by express, which adds appreciably to the cost. For liquor cannot be sent by post. Thirsty residents of a dry district often club together and send one man down with a dozen motboks, and sometimes the month's supply comes back inside the wrong container.

Hotels and restaurants also get their permits and their liquor from the Systembolag; and apparently the right to serve liquor in such places is largely a matter of "pull," or "push." A licensed restaurant has the right to sell light wines all day, other wines, with food, almost all day; but spirits may be sold only with a real meal, costing not less than a fixed amount, from noon to 3 P.M. and from 7:30 to mid-

night. Since the maximum daily allowance of spirits in any given establishment rarely covers the demand, there is no urging to buy. The shareholders in the two organizations get only five per cent on their investment, the rest going to the Government, which pockets about 110,000,000 kronor a year from this source. In 1922 the Swedes voted by a small majority against prohibition and in favor of continuing the present system. But while bootlegging is comparatively rare, gang wars are unknown, and there is no serious enforcement problem, Sweden still has some liquor troubles, particularly in local-option districts and among thirsty youths. On the other hand she has the most, the best, and the cheapest liquors in Scandinavia; and knows best how to carry them.

Swedish social etiquette is rigorous in many other matters besides skoaling. You must thank both your host and hostess for the meal immediately upon rising from the table, by effusively shaking hands and saying, "Tack för maten" ("Thanks for the meal"). A Swedish servant is expected to accompany every slightest service with a "Var so god" ("Be so good"—Swedish for "please"). But under the stress of circumstances and long usage this phrase has become abbreviated to nothing more on ordinary occasions than the sibilant. So the server hisses at you, at every person, large or small, at the table, with every dish, every empty plate, even an extra fork. To the outsider it would seem that the hardest part of the waiter or waitress job in Scandinavia is this necessity of constantly imitating an angry gander. Nor can the recipient overlook nearly as gracefully as in the United States the incessant repetition of the corresponding thanks, ranging from "Tack," through "Tack-tack," to "Tack så mycket" ("Thanks so much").

From Rosenbad a drive to Drottningholm for a stroll through the royal park and palace, overlooking shining Lake

Mälaren, made at least the Swedish members of our party capable of new gastronomic feats. Back, then, to the Blå Porten, the Blue Gate restaurant, in Italian style, almost a cloister effect, with good music, a perfect atmosphere, for a dinner that should make Paris hide its tawdry head in shame. Fortunately, there is no hint of hurry in a Swedish meal. The clock struck ten before the Swedish punch was served.

Home then and to bed? Not in Stockholm. Under no circumstances would our genial host permit us to escape until we had seen Stockholm through a summer night. A luxurious limousine at the blue door wafted us up to the heights of Mosebacke, which look down upon all the city below. Colored lights twinkled among the tables in a score of dining-rooms and across the long terrace garden beneath our window. Orchestras took turns on the different floors; that one of us capable of doing so rewarded our host with a dance. Between the dances the lights were turned out, leaving couples at the tables weirdly outlined in the almost-dark. The city spread out below us dimmed rather than darkened, for it was the middle of June, and only the most delicate lilac to mauve hues and back again to lilac took the place of the night. The stämning was entrancing. Or perhaps you do not know that Swedish word so exactly fitting such an occasion yet incapable of complete translation; point of view, frame of mind, atmosphere, the mood of a given scene or place or situation, complete contentment with your surroundings are all included in it, and still it means much more.

By the time our succulent red crawfish had been reduced to mammoth heaps of shells on our plates the dawn was upon us, dark blue shading into smoky gray, light gray beginning to show a hint of lavender, of brighter colors, constantly changing with the rays of half-light from the north. . . . But why strive for the impossible? One Henry W. Long-

fellow, who came to Stockholm on a fellowship at twenty-eight, in preparation for his appointment as professor of languages at Harvard, said, "The long white nights are the silver clasp connecting the days," and even that is not adequate. Sunrise a little before two, followed by a ride through the medieval streets "between the bridges," past other streets far too narrow to permit modern vehicles to enter at all, to reach home at half-past two in the morning, the sun blazing in at the bedroom windows.

But no, hold; there was still a visit to Rosengren Källare, a quaint old restaurant in a narrow street, three rooms in the upper story of which were once the home of Euphrosyne Löf, opera singer and mistress of Charles XIII. Before her another royal mistress, Sofie Hagman, lived there, and the Swedish reverence for old things has kept the rooms just as they were. The doors are beautifully decorated with bas-reliefs, the carved panels testify to more than industry among the workmen of past days; Sofie's (or Löf's) piano is still there; the furniture is just as it was. Only candles in the wall sconces and a gorgeous candelabrum of crystals, reflected in the mirror on the dining table, gave light; and apparently candles furnished the only heat also. Royalty still sometimes uses the apartments for parties—basking, no doubt, in the romances of the past.

Extra-marital romances are, apparently, not so dreadful to the Swedes as to some other people. However, there is no open, vulgar licentiousness, no forwardness, no public prostitution, so far as the ordinary traveler sees. Swedish girls never look tough; their peccadilloes being hardly looked down upon, the acquiescent among them do not adopt the furtive or brazen manner; they look as innocent, and in a sense are as innocent, as Gabriel's accompanying angel. If one ever sees a vice-hardened or a painted face in Scandinavia—and I

cannot at the moment recall seeing one during half a year there—it is almost certain to belong to some visitor from Paris or similar parts; and she soon finds that there is little demand for her services, little liking for her professional manner and enameled face.

Engagements, sealed with a gold band ring, are serious matters in Sweden, not so easily broken as in some other lands; and I am informed that not a few of them amount to companionate marriages. Jenny Lind was one of many Swedes whose parents never actually married; or rather, Jenny's admirers coaxed the old folks to complete their union for the gifted daughter's sake when she was fifteen. Somehow it is hard to imagine a Scandinavian, even a Swede, having a "love-affair." Yet official statistics on children of unmarried mothers prove this impression false. Unleashed fathers are no longer so care-free as in Viking days, however, for an unmarried Swedish mother has only to name a man as the responsible party to make him liable for the child's support, whatever common report may say of the uncertainty of the parentage. Another perhaps even more praiseworthy Swedish custom is to wait a year between application for and the granting of a divorce, to see if the contestants will not change their minds.

While the hospitality of the Swedes, especially of the more cultured classes, is delightful for the man properly introduced, the moment you fall back on strangers you have the feeling that your acquaintance is highly undesirable. They all look at you with that, Well-who-let-*you*-in? stare so common in Europe. You are not taken at your face-value, as is still the genial custom in most parts of the United States. The Swedes themselves admit that they rarely speak to strangers. They say they are astonished and delighted when they go abroad—even to Germany!—to find that they can make

acquaintances without a formal introduction. But they protest that their reserve is largely due to shyness; and judging from the frequency with which they blush you can well believe them. Though most of them are naturally ruddy, they can get more so on the slightest provocation. My cabin steward on the *Gripsholm* blushed if I asked him the simplest question. The sometimes disturbingly pretty serving-girl in a Swedish hotel who comes to call you for an early train flushes a vivid red that tempts you to thank her in a more fervent way than with the conventional "Tack så mycket."

To me, Swedes resemble the best Germans, with all the bluster and junkerism and Prussianism purged, or frozen, out of them. Those who should know say they are the most ehrlich, honorable, in business dealings, the most trustworthy of the Scandinavians. Their outward deportment is circumspect, discreet, proper, formal; the girls are not used to being gazed at as are those of Southern lands. At the Rotary Club luncheons in Stockholm there are no nickname-bearing tags, no back-slapping, no use of the first name.

In fact, a Swede always conceals his first name as long as possible. Like the Danes, he must have a title, even on his tombstone. It is no doubt flattering to be so important that your title and your last name are sufficient to identify you in any gathering. A Swede's card will announce him simply as Herr Editor Lundgren, Herr Chemist Svensson, and even if you insist that you must have his Christian name he will disgorge only the first letter of it. Is it a reaction to the days when the son of Hans was merely Somebody Hansson? An undemonstrative, solemn, noise-hating, formal-clothes people, well-mannered and gentle even in their moments of exasperation. "Perhaps you left school too early," is a common Swedish way of saying you are simple, stupid, ignorant, a fool.

Count Keyserling, accustomed to weigh the rest of the

world against his own self-admitted superintelligence, tells us that the Swedes are not one of the highly intelligent people of Europe; but even he admits that "from the point of view of its institutions and the frictionless social life of its inhabitants, Sweden is one of the most civilized countries in Europe." And the Swedes have given the world much more than some of us realize, particularly having in mind that even to-day there are only about six million of them in all Sweden. As a people they have stubbornly held fast to customs of living that are now naïve in their old-fashioned simplicity, but at the same time they have surrounded themselves with a highly refined native luxury. It is not merely in her old churches with cleverly hidden steam radiators, her completely up-to-date industrial methods contrasting with a medieval love of the table, that the sixteenth and the twentieth centuries subsist side by side in Sweden.

CHAPTER XXI

FARTHER AFIELD

ON THOSE rare occasions when Stockholm gets too hot for perfect comfort, or when the children grow restive with the wanderlust of their forebears, nothing is simpler than to go down to one of the wharves in the heart of town and take at random the next little steamer to anywhere at all, for what is sure to be a pleasant excursion.

No capital of Europe, perhaps none in the world, has lovelier outskirts than Stockholm. They are roomy suburbs, massed with trees and flowers, as colorful and wild and free from any urban clamor as the outskirts of Rio de Janeiro. Woods and water are everywhere. Among those myriads of rocky isles of every size and shape which sprinkle the Baltic far and wide about it, Stockholm has every conceivable type of summer home, from populous Saltsjöbaden, with its bronze statues, costly hotels, and uncrowded villas, to little islets with a single house, a tiny haven with a landing-stage, perhaps only a tree or two. Boats are as numerous as gulls among the skerries; every workman seems to own a motor-boat; the white sails of racing-craft dot the blue Baltic everywhere.

Or there is Lake Mälaren, stretching sixty miles inland, with more than twelve hundred islands. Three hours by steamer (or, if you will be so foolish, less than that by train) will bring you to Gripsholm Castle, where in 1544 was solemnized the edict of Västerås by which the crown of Sweden

was made hereditary in the family of Gustav Vasa—until that family petered out, as royal families will, and the honor went to a general of Napoleon. Ask your Swedish friend how it happened that the crown had to go so far afield to find a head fit to sit upon in a land teeming with noble old families occupying imposing old castles, and he will tell you that the mutual jealousies of the Swedish nobility were so keen that it would have been impossible to unite the country under a native family.

To-day Gripsholm is a mammoth portrait gallery, with surely two thousand faces staring down upon you from the walls of room after room, not many of them reasons to perpetuate the name of the artist; nor, indeed, that of the sitter. Yet red, four-towered Gripsholm itself against its green summer background is well worth coming to see; and so is the collection of portraits, if only for the resemblance it has to those temples of "five hundred Buddhas" in China, in which are depicted all the characteristics of the human family, from overweening pride to self-abasement covering itself with a mask of superiority.

Then there is Skokloster, with a luncheon worthy of Stockholm at the Stadshotell in Sigtuna on the way. And you would be foolish to miss the queer little Sigtuna town-hall, with its long pole thief-catcher with a neck-trap at the end and a cell for the evil-doers of early days to which none of them could have longed to return. There, too, is the open-air church, complete to the tops of its walls, but with no other roof than the heavens above, of Sigtuna Stiftelsen, where Manfred Björkquist is doing in a way what Meiklejohn is doing at Madison. Skokloster, with its remarkable Gobelin tapestries depicting the conquests of Alexander, its mottoes or bons mots, in all the important languages of Europe, painted everywhere along the walls of halls and stair-

ways, its collection of weapons covering every step in man-killing devices from the Roman spear down to the Colt (a collection so vast that it keeps three men constantly busy oiling the weapons) bulges with the myriad rich and artistic things which the Wrangels, originally from Esthonia—then within the Swedish realm—gathered about them. The loot those fellows gathered!

But mere mention of all the hoarded things of olden days in the vicinity of the Swedish capital would turn this simple tale into a guide-book, which Allah forbid. Not far beyond Skokloster lies Upsala, home of the oldest and most important university in Sweden, a town of thirty thousand inhabitants and a student body of two thousand, ten per cent of them girls. The university functions from the first of September to the end of May, offers courses in most university subjects, keeps its medical students for nine years, trains the future pastors of Sweden under the august eye of its only archbishop.

The atmosphere of Upsala is quiet and studious, much more restful than that of the average American university, with its raucous accent on athletics. Here, eating, drinking, and love-making may take the place of outdoor sports, even as Fru Grundy smilingly asserts, but as in most of continental Europe students come there to improve their heads rather than their bodies. There are thirteen fraternities, but few students live in the fraternity houses, which are more nearly club-house libraries. To these the student himself applies for membership, paying about twenty kronor as an entrance fee and yearly dues of ten to fifteen. And listen to this one: he is admitted on his scholastic rather than his social standing!

We might advantageously stay for weeks in Upsala's famous library, with its old illuminated manuscripts, its col-

lection of signatures of Swedish kings and celebrities and famous foreigners, not to mention its stories of steel stacks and delivery elevators and other very modern library equipment, which again bring to mind that peculiarly Swedish trait, that the preservation of the old does not turn the mind cold to modern improvements. Upsala Cathedral, just over the way from the university, is the largest church in Sweden, with the tomb of Gustav Vasa in the back chapel, surrounded with splendid paintings from his life. But there are queer people who will consider more important the tomb of Swedenborg, whose bones were placed here in 1908.

Gamla (Old) Upsala, a few miles out of the present university city, has three huge mounds dating from pagan times, and a quaint old church on the site of a heathen temple which was still flourishing about 1000 A.D. One is every now and then brought up with a start to realize that these Northern people continued to worship Thor and Odin for almost half a millennium after Christianity broke out in the Near East. There is a nice view and all that sort of thing from the top of Gamla Upsala's pagan mounds; but it is the sort of place where you must let your imagination play, let your thoughts drift back through the centuries, really to get much out of the visit; and I suspect that there are other travelers who find it hard to do that satisfactorily.

It is easier to transport yourself into the distant past on Gotland, a night's sail from Stockholm or a briefer one from Nynäshamn. For Sweden's most important island, of limestone, almost flat, placid now under the Swedish summer sun, is crowded with visible reminders of its past glories.

If we are to believe the Guta Saga, written in the thirteenth century, the island was so unstable when Thjelvar, the first settler on Gotland, came that it rose above the Baltic only by night and disappeared by day. How Thjelvar sur-

vived the watery daytimes, particularly in summer, is still a mystery—perhaps by the simple method of sitting them out in a boat. But survive them he did, and found time also to burn up the trolls and evil spirits that infested his island, so that never since then have the waters broken over its rocky shores.

By the sixth century before Christ, when the iron age was young, many people were already living on Gotland. During the next nine hundred years the climate of all these northern regions seems to have been colder; crops frequently failed, famine was never far away, so that by the third century of our era the island must have been almost deserted. However, the pendulum swings, and as the weather moderated there came a great migration, which in time made Gotland so populous that the island fathers had to devise some means of cutting down the overpopulation. But Gotland has always had a way of breeding a stubborn patriotism, a love for the island that passeth all outlanders' understanding. The proscribed families betook themselves to Thor's Hill in the south and built a gigantic wall, within which they defied the order of deportation. This wall still stands, though it is giving way to time as it never did before the deportationists; and a lake now completely hides what was once a village on posts within it.

Just how the island fathers solved the familiar problem of overpopulation is one of those many details concerning which there is only a scratchy silence on the disk of history. Perhaps by the panacea of greater energy and initiative; for later, Vikings sailed from Gotland on incredible voyages in their open galley-like boats, bringing back in abundance treasures which the island still yields up. Many graves of these hardy adventurers remain, and some of them have been explored. More than forty thousand Arabic coins have been

unearthed, and at least that number of old European ones. A shell from the Indian Ocean, a cup from China have been found in graves that go back to the iron age. Rune-stones, some of them spherical and carved with concentric circles that had to do with ancient sun-worship, others flat slabs with inscriptions in the runic alphabet, dot the island. The runic alphabet consisted of twenty-four signs and is supposed to have originated about the second century with the Goths in the Black Sea district, who, like many other of the Germanic tribes that fought the Roman Empire, came from Sweden. No doubt it reached Gotland in company with the coins which warriors and merchantmen considered more important spoils.

Visby, Gotland's capital and only large town, grew early to be a powerful place. Its name, meaning the village by the place of sacrifice, recalls the days when Gotland practised bloody heathen rites. Visby's men were fearless sailors and intrepid raiders, and wealth flowed into its coffers. Vessels flying the Visby pennant, which bore the Lamb of God, came and went to and from all the ports of Europe, and Gotland and its capital grew richer and richer. Church-building provided a favorite outlet for this wealth and more than ninety churches were built on the island, fourteen of them, many of cathedral-like proportions, in Visby alone.

The German traders who traveled to Gotland formed themselves into a society for their mutual protection, and this organization became gigantic, a commercial power in all the markets of northern Europe. By 1200, Visby had become a Hanseatic League city with 45,000 inhabitants, within a great crenellated wall with gate towers and extra saddle-towers for defense—the only town wall left in Sweden today. Visby was the seat of a tribunal which settled controversies on foreign markets and laid down laws that were valid

on all the seas from London to Novgorod. By the end of the thirteenth century Gotland and especially its church-crowded capital thought it had the world by the tail for as long as frail, weak, wicked humanity could survive.

But the fourteenth century brought a change. First, Visby was hard hit by fire. Then came fierce winters and dry summers, famines and plagues. Still the vessels sailed, still the place was temptingly rich. Until in 1361 came Waldemar Atterdag, king of the Danes, with a fleet of ships, and by sheiking a burgher's daughter gained entrance to the city. What followed has been vividly portrayed by the Swedish artist Hellquist, in one of the great pictures in the National Gallery of Stockholm, showing Waldemar seated in the market square of Visby, while his soldiers loot and the cringing townsfolk bring him what is left of their treasures.

When the Danish ships sailed away, the tale goes on, they met a gale and were sunk with nearly all on board, the king himself escaping only with his life. Even the glowing red carbuncles wrenched from the west wall of St. Nicholas Church, which had served as beacons to the seamen heading toward Visby, went down with the Danes. To-day's fishermen still claim to see the lurid light of them when the waters are still, lying down there at the bottom of the sea.

From 1361 Visby steadily declined in power. In 1523 the Reformation came to Gotland and changed its church overnight from Catholic to Protestant. Wall paintings were obliterated; the German church of St. Mary sold her ancient altarpiece to a country church—and has since been sorry. Then, within two years of the change, came the Lübeckers, the trade rivals of Visby. Gustav Vasa, King of Sweden and now also of Gotland, owed them money which he did not seem inclined to pay. So they took it out on Visby, incidentally making themselves supreme in the Hanseatic

League. Thus all that had been the glory of Visby in the thirteenth century was swept away, all its cathedral-like churches left in ruins, their gaping roofless walls raised to heaven like mute fingers of despoiled worshipers appealing in vain to their gods—all, that is, except the German church of St. Mary, which is Visby's parish church to-day.

Little has changed in Visby since the day the Lübeckers left. The Swedes like to call it the city of ruins and roses; we found it rather, on that brilliant June day, a city of ruins and lilacs—and horse-chestnut blossoms. The roses would come later. Still encircled by its ancient city wall, bestraddled by ingenious saddle-towers which even to-day are considered an architectural feat, Visby has an atmosphere of the quaint long ago which Scandinavia offers nowhere else in the same degree. Just inside the wall crouch some of the tiniest grown-up houses we had ever seen, even their miniature windows filled with curtain-framed flowers. The ivy stands out feet thick on the southern wall of the former burgomaster's home, whose windows blink through it like the eyes of an octogenarian peering out of the memories of the life behind him upon the dimming life about him. The apothecary's shop, an ungainly tall façade of five stories with the stepped gables of old Denmark, reminds one of some sturdy inhabitant of Visby's golden days who has somehow miraculously survived to taste the very different things of the twentieth century.

English daisies carpet the sides of the path between the wall and the glinting sea, its waves lapping idly on the shore as if they had never heard of Thjelvar. Beyond the squat Powder Tower, probably of the eleventh century and originally standing alone on the shore to defend the harbor, rises the Maiden's Tower in which the burgher's daughter is said to have been imprisoned for her treachery, for, as served her right, Waldemar did not invite her to go away with him.

Then beyond the corner where the wall swings inland at right angles and climbs, are the three gallows-posts still standing stark against the sky. One guiltily wonders how they would look with something swinging gently to and fro on them in the soft sea-breeze; the witch, for instance, who was their last sacrifice.

But Visby is especially noted for her old churches in ruined splendor, which the Visbyans of to-day, with Swedish wisdom, have merely made safe without attempting to restore them. Women caretakers, with knitting as their spare-time occupation, watch over them; flowers and climbing plants are unrestrained in their riotous play upon them. On the market-place St. Catherine's pointed Gothic arches trace themselves against the sky. Over a door is a flower carved in stone as the lasting symbol of the unlawful love of a monk for a nun. From the broken roof of the awesome central vaulting of the octagonal Church of the Holy Ghost we could overlook all Visby. Surrounding us, their still beautiful arches or walls with ghost windows proudly bearing their thirteenth-century stone tracery, rising above the houses and trees of to-day, we could pick out half a dozen once flourishing churches—St. Olaf, St. Clement, and St. Drotten and St. Lars, the twin churches built by the two sisters who quarreled so that they could not go to the same place of worship.

The low doorway of St. Gertrude leads only to a stable now. In one former monastery garden with an obese old mulberry tree, it is easy to imagine the monks turning in their graves at the thought that the Free Masons now own it. Bulking St. Mary's, with German names and German words carved upon it, is far less pleasing than the ruins. It is much more awe-inspiring to look up through tapering arches to Nature's ceiling than upon any man-made roof. Though they now use on Sundays this one remaining cathedral, Visby's

present ten thousand and some inhabitants love best St. Nicholas, a great Gothic framework of stone, within the roofless walls of which are held musical festivals in an inimitable setting.

One never ceases to marvel at the genius of the Swedes in the congruous combination of reverence for the old and adoption of the new. Visby, teeming with ancient and medieval history, has all its telephone wires underground; no ugly poles vie with the ruins in height. Whole pews of its one surviving church are fitted with the latest ear-phones for the deaf; the heating arrangements are well hidden, and the quaint old chandeliers have been transformed into modern electric fixtures without losing their aged charm. On the pulpit is set an hour-glass, so that all may see how long the sermon is to be endured.

Only a year or two ago, when Visby's market-place was being dug up for some ultra-modern reason, an ancient grave was discovered. There some once powerful woman had lain for four thousand years, with two mere men buried at her feet. She lies in state now in the Visby museum, an almost perfect skeleton, and perfect teeth, though the men are not even so well preserved as are the bone fish-hooks and hatchet found beside them. Did the woman's sturdy character preserve her, or is this but another proof that the persistent sex always has the last word? There are many reminders of Gotland's vivid history in that museum: a case of beautiful old crystal jewels, a room from a peasant cottage with its home-made cradle, its fireplace stove, a fish-carved bootjack, narrow cupboard beds, cases of old costumes and furniture; and in the original ancient vaulted cellar a lovely wooden Virgin stands out in simple beauty among many old religious carvings.

In the outskirts is what is known as Waldemar's Grave,

where three thousand Gotlanders killed by the Danish raider were buried hurriedly at once and all together, for it was summer. The city folk, being largely foreigners or Tories and more interested in their shekels than in the island's honor, left its defense to the rural patriots. The place is marked with a stone bearing the terse inscription in Latin: "In the year of our Lord 1361 on the third day after Saint James fell the Gothlanders before the gates of Wisby at the hands of the Danes. Here lie they interred. Pray for them."

The grave has been opened several times, and closely guarded against the loss of any relic. Many of the three thousand were in armor; some still had spears through their skulls, armor and all. It must be annoying to have a spear through your skull for six hundred years. Some of them—last straw of insult!—have been sent to Copenhagen. But the Gotlanders have not forgotten to this day. The captain of a Danish steamer who halted at Visby a few years ago and asked the port authorities whether he should set a guard over his vessel was told that there had not been a thief in Visby since Waldemar left in 1361.

Nowhere is Gotland more than two hundred and fifty feet above the sea. From the belvedere on this highest point you can count the spires of thirty-two parish churches—in charge of but ten or twelve pastors. Stretching out in tree-intersected meadows and low forest land, swept constantly by fresh sea winds, the island easily justifies the stiff-necked refusal of those lot-sentenced superfluous inhabitants to leave it. Wood orchids may be seen along its highways; its ground-pine and moss and rocky cliffs carry the memory back to Maine. Whole hedges of lilacs were lavender-purple blotches against the sky. Apple, peach, and cherry trees were all in bloom; wild flowers dotted the grass everywhere. In many places along the shores the sea-washed limestone cliffs of

Gotland have been wave-carved and wind-blown into fantastic formations. One towering rock is a perfect lady in crinoline; another is a recumbent sphinx.

Sea-gulls were following the plow in some of the fields. The obviously rich soil had as obviously been carefully tended for centuries. Boys, men, and some women were weeding sugar-beets, which had been covered with rotten seaweed. Much asparagus also is grown on Gotland. The Government helps the planters when necessary, but of late there has been some retrenchment because of the cheapness of Cuban sugar. Southern Gotland is the only place in Sweden where sheep can stay out all winter, and the wool of those raised here is excellent. Only ten small horses of the ancient island breed were left at last accounts, but Gotland now raises splendid horses for the Swedish cavalry.

We stopped at a farmer's house where the old home industries still survive. My collecting wife acquired there a piece of hand-spun woolen cloth with an old pattern of red stripes on a gray ground. But the widow made it plain that she sold only as a favor, not because she needed the money. Her house was a comfortably well-to-do-place, boasting a set of very old Swedish furniture in white and gold, with a chandelier in the form of a gold crown set with candles. Her most modern articles of furniture were birch colonial chairs and chests of drawers that would be antique to us.

A murderous hat-pin protruding from her flat straw hat, the widow rode with us to a pair of rune-stones in one of her outlying fields. The figures on them, she said, had become more blurred even since her childhood. What, then, must the stones have been in their prime? We found a Viking grave here and there in pine groves. Some of them were stone piles in the shape of a boat; others were mere heaps of stones, some with runic characters or concentric circles upon

them. A Gotland farmer in need of stone for a wall helped himself from one of these heaps. But underneath he found a boat outline which could not have been thrown there by chance, and reported his find to the authorities. His punishment was to bring back and exactly replace all the stones he had borrowed. Sweden will not have the last resting-places of her ancient seafaring forebears unofficially disturbed.

Father Time himself was scything the grass about the gravestones of the white parish church beside which we picnicked. The building had probably been erected in the thirteenth century, though the interior woodwork was of much later date, with severely simple lines; and there was a peephole through which tramps and wayfarers could look at the crucifix when the church was locked. The musical half of the genial Swedish couple who had come with us sang for us in one of these quaint country churches—Swedish church music with deep throbbing notes and solemn measure. The spell of Gotland that had kept such a voice upon the island, after the world outside had heard it, was not to be denied.

Now and then we passed one of the huge wooden snowplows that are drawn through the drifts of winter by six or seven pairs of horses. The past winter there had been snow cliffs ten feet high along the Gotland roads. We preferred it with its forests of lilacs in full bloom. Two rune-stones were reputed once to have been old women who quarreled on their way to church on Christmas morning. Then the chauffeur pointed out a house where an unmarried mother had brought up her fourteen children by nearly as many fathers without once asking any one for help; not at all as an example of moral laxity but as a model for those who shout for assistance on the slightest provocation.

Then back to Snäckgärdsbaden, one of Sweden's famous summer resorts on the cliffs near Visby, a startling change

from ancient Gotland to the modernities of sea-bathing and dancing and a super-Swedish dinner. The island's languid pace had becharmed the afternoon; women gate-keepers knitted between their more serious duties; farmers and their wives walked comfortably along the country roads as if they had never heard of the mad, hurrying world so near them. They seemed an unspoiled people, these islanders, even those of Visby among its flowers and ruins; though Gotland already welcomes twenty-five thousand tourists a season. We lingered almost too long watching the incredible sunset across the sea on which the ten-o'clock steamer was to carry us back to the mainland.

CHAPTER XXII

VÄRMLAND

TUG-DRAWN rafts as long as an American freight-train hurry through Karlstad, past the very windows of its sumptuous Stadshotell. They look very unwieldy; yet lumbermen, armed with pike-poles and stepping lightly now and then from raft to a water-soaked barrier three logs wide which hems in some of the way, thread them through the old stone bridges, make the right-angled turn in the heart of town, handle them on out into Lake Vänern as deftly as ever Indian did his canoe. The capital of Värmland Province is very urban for its size, and the log trains through it are another of those juxtapositions of the primitive and the very modern that are so common in Sweden as gradually to lose their incongruity.

But we can hardly skip in complete silence over that half-day by the Oslo express from Stockholm to Karlstad. On the way is Västerås, where Bishop Rudbeckius founded in 1623 the first college in Sweden, and which now has the largest electrical plant in Europe; Örebro, where Bernadotte was elected crown-prince in 1810; and who could be content with a mere train-window glimpse of Värmland itself, province of the Ericssons, of the poets Tegnér and Fröding, the historians Geijer and Fryxell, of Selma Lagerlöf? There John Ericsson, inventor of the screw propeller and brother of the no less inventive Nils, who stayed at home and gave his engineering genius to such matters as railway- and canal-

building, was born in 1803. There, too, though he went to the United States in 1839, with what important results any student of history in our Civil War days can tell you, the inventor is buried, beneath a massive block of granite topped by the American eagle. Von Rosen was born and built Sweden's first railway in Värmland; there was invented many a thing almost indispensable now in our everyday life (the cream separator, for instance), things which many of us subconsciously think of as of American origin. It is good for one's national self-complacency to be now and then startled with the discovery of how equally inventive and industrious is some hitherto unknown province in the heart of Sweden.

Most of the products of Värmland, from her wealth of old furniture and local costumes to the latest models from her very modern manufacturies, can be seen to concentrated advantage in the summer exposition grounds in her capital. But there are less tangible matters which only a wandering to and fro in the province will disclose. Fields of rye and oats and potatoes, large enough for modern machinery, lie along the highways of Värmland. For all the artistic old heirlooms within them, the usually red farm-houses are unimaginative; well built and comfortable, but with no evidence of a sense of the æsthetic, only their window-framed flowers hinting at any love of beauty.

Our way lay through Svartsjö, the village of the "Gösta Berling" story. The country roundabout is a more nearly smiling region than the mind pictures during the reading of Miss Lagerlöf's vivid story of Värmland. But no doubt winter there is long and dark and dreary enough to bring the balance down to something far less cheerful than the rolling landscape we saw that rainy Sunday. Ekeby is still an imposing manor-house of evident prosperity, cream-colored,

with white woodwork, sitting in baronial dignity on a grassy hillock among trees. Across the highway and quite separate from the manor-house is the guest-house, the "pensioners' wing" of the story, a smaller building than the one the imagination builds. The Swedish flag flying over the manor-house showed that there still were guests there.

"Gösta Berling" was in real life Emanuel Branzell, who lived from 1805 to 1888; and almost all the characters of the famous story were known persons, recognizable to the people of Värmland. But there is no hint of resentment against Värmland's most gifted daughter for raking up old scandals in fiction form; for was not Pensioner Lillecrona, who played the violin and was always going home, yet never quite got started, Selma Lagerlöf's own father? Finally, you may remember, he did return; and, for all his shortcomings, his family was glad to see him. His Quijote qualities did not much matter any longer, for by this time his daughter Selma had begun to recoup the family fortunes. She bought back Mårbacka, the old family estate, long before—two decades ago now—she won the Nobel prize for literature. It is a typically Swedish country home of the cultured well-to-do, on flat fertile ground among uncrowding hills, the box-shaped house of light stucco overhung by a dark tile roof, a broad veranda looking out upon a garden given half to flowers and half to vegetables. No true Swede, not even a great novelist, would forget the practical in the cultivation of the ornamental, or vice versa.

But alas, Miss Lagerlöf herself was gone to Denmark. She had chosen just the wrong time for her usual summer holiday at the seaside. Her sister, husband and all, was there, however, and a friend-companion of long standing; and they were Swedish in their hospitality, delighted to show us what was to be seen at Mårbacka. But their downcast demeanor

implied that there is really nothing much when the family—lioness, shall we say?—is away. The big living- and dining-rooms are originals from the old Lagerlöf house, the doors especially beautiful examples of Swedish birch woodwork. Charcoal murals of scenes on the family property hung in the dining-room; a striking snow scene by a local artist stood out among the quietly effective things on other walls; the gray goose on which Nils had the wonderful adventures that have thrilled the children of many a land stood proudly in the hallway. The big center table in the living-room study was covered with the latest good books and magazines, in many languages, including not only those of America but those of Japan.

But enough! What right have we to pry into the home-keeping secrets of a writer, or even of a bond salesman, for that matter, especially of a distinguished maiden lady who has passed her three score and ten? Suffice it that the home of Sweden's most famous daughter shows taste and culture and specklessness to the highest Swedish degree, with an atmosphere of wide horizons and of unruffled dignity added. Selma Lagerlöf is said to be famous in Värmland even more for her personality than for her books. On her seventieth birthday her province showered her with remembrances, ranging from the simplest to the expensively magnificent. Stockholm commanded her presence at one of those day-and-night week-long eating, drinking, and speechifying bouts for which Sweden is notorious; and her Swedish strength, or training, carried the Lady of Värmland through that ordeal of gorging and sleeplessness as if she had outrun only half her allotted years. On that birthday the Swedish State Railways had to run a special mail-car for the letters and packages addressed to Mårbacka. A Swedish secretary spent three months, a German assistant as many weeks, in answering the

letters and telegrams of congratulation and good wishes in those two languages alone.

It is an unseemly shift, no doubt, from letters to beds; yet in memory of the Stadshotell of Karlstad, merely as a striking example of the unexpectedly excellent hotels of Sweden, I am moved to proffer a few sage words on the homely subject of accommodations for travelers. The capital of Värmland is a fine little city in a very prosperous province, to be sure; yet, after all, it has only about twenty thousand inhabitants, and I cannot remember any American city of five times that size with a hotel comparable to the Stadshotell. Almost palatial rooms, with everything, in bedrooms and their capacious private bathrooms, which the newest and most meticulously furnished American hotel has to offer; and in addition a dozen or more little comforts or conveniences which have never occurred to the most up-and-coming American hotelkeeper.

In fact, I recommend to the next American building a hotel a trip through Sweden, with a look in on the small as well as the larger towns and hotels. He will find that even a seventy-five-cent room has a sofa, a bright and well-placed reading-light at the head of the bed, double doors which are an incredible blessing to the light sleeper, a score of other inducements to the guest to come again. He will find also that the Swedes do not let their hotels steadily run down from the day of the gala opening until the house-wrecking crew comes to prepare the way for a new building. Plenty of efficient and willing servants help in this matter, of course; but close personal supervision by the owner himself—or, at the worst, by his immediate deputy—has more to do with the pristine perfection of many a Swedish hotel which in the United States would long ago have died of old age or sunk into the gutter.

There is a personal touch, a pleasant family-guest something about your Swedish hostelry, with few exceptions, that disappeared in our own land toward the end of the last century. You cannot, perhaps, expect the manager, much less the owner (if indeed he is a tangible individual), of two thousand rooms to come and shake each guest by the hand and ask him whether anything more can be done to make him feel at home. But at least some of that you're-a-damned-nuisance-but-we-need-your-money atmosphere of too many American hotels, which drives me, for one, whenever opportunity offers, into "Rooms for Tourists" where the sense of personal hospitality still survives, might well be tempered with a little Swedish understanding.

On the other hand, there is one improvement possible even in the hotels of Sweden, particularly the more pretentious of them, and above all in the capital. And that is to tell the truth when a prospective guest asks the rates. Instead, the man who goes to bed in the Grand Hotel of Stockholm, for example, with the assurance that his bed is to cost him eight or nine kronor, is not likely to have the come-again feeling when a bill for eleven or twelve kronor is laid before him in the morning. A thirty per cent "service charge" is rather presuming on good nature—and at that you are expected to tip at least the portier and the porter in addition. It would seem to the simple American more honest and straightforward to tell the inquirer the real cost of a room to begin with, instead of confiding to him, only when it is too late to go elsewhere or to retire to a park bench, a lot of irrelevant details which enter into the total.

One warning might not be amiss in preparing the American traveler for his Swedish journey. The startling sign, for instance, over an inviting door in almost any hotel of Sweden: Bad Rum, should not be taken to mean what it

would, often so justifiably, in an American hotel. There runs a sad story concerning a fundamentalist minister who, in being driven about Stockholm during his hundred-day tour of the world to gather sin for his sermons, saw several imposing façades bearing the words BAD HUS. Happening, strangely enough, to have found out that "hus" is the Scandinavian way of spelling "house," he jumped to a hasty conclusion and jotted down in his note-book something about a modern Gomorrah. But when, a little farther on, a still more imposing façade flashed down upon him the words DAM BAD HUS, he knew that he need investigate Sweden no longer before inclosing it within his roomy corral of horrible examples. For how was he to guess that "dam" is merely the Swedish way of saying lady or ladies'?

And I am not sure that had he stayed long enough to enter one of those public bath-houses of Sweden, filled with mechanics of luxury that would have startled the later Romans, he would not still have considered them dens of iniquity. For to the Swede a bath with womanly attendance is as natural and proper as to have one's meals served by a waitress. Not so long ago some bright young men of Stockholm established a bath-house in which the highest available youth and attractiveness were requisite to admission as bath attendants; but a word from the police soon put a stop to that unusual perversion of a perfectly harmless Swedish custom.

Yet, knowing all this, one finds one's first Swedish bath rather an embarrassing performance. Personally, I put off the experience as long as possible. Still, it would have been grossly neglecting my mission to Sweden to have come away without at least one genuine Swedish bath. Several times I took my courage in my hands; but as often lost it when the maid whose task it would have been to scrub me answered the bell, and like many another modest tourist took refuge

in my foreignness and ordered a bath "English style"—which in Sweden means that just before you disrobe you push the bath-maid outside the BAD RUM door and lock it.

Still, this would never do. Does not the true explorer face even lions and walrus in his quest for truth and experience? Finally, then, on the verge of greeting my family from overseas and after an all-night train ride that made a hot bath under soothing circumstances especially desirable, I tried again . . . quailed at sight of the entrancing creature who wished to know my desires . . . but recovered when the bath-maid herself came to say that all was prepared for my martyrdom.

For the bath-maiden was at least fifty, weighed certainly five times that, and had that motherly yet impersonal something about her which tells you at once that even your reputation would be perfectly safe in her hands. I gritted my teeth, strode down the corridor, and . . . was bathed. Really, after all, why all the fuss? True, she began at my feet and scrubbed upward, instead of following my own usual procedure. But she did the job as casually as if it were the most natural thing in the world, much as if she had been washing the scalded carcass of a pig. Nor did she rub me down or massage and spank me rosy, on the convenient towel-covered divan at one end of the bathroom, or otherwise make the thorough job of it which may be had in any BAD HUS. For this was only a hotel, with perhaps more foreign than Swedish clientèle. She did, however, drop in two or three times while I was doing the toweling myself, once to run a friendly toweled hand over some moist spots on my abdomen, later to help me gently into my bath-robe.

CHAPTER XXIII

MIDSUMMER

OFFHAND, we can think of no other country in Europe where we would have ventured to delegate our domestic duties to strangers for any such length of time. But Sweden and the Swedes are different, somehow—confidence-winning, responsible, cleanly, besides having one of the best long-distance telephone systems in the world. After long inquiry, therefore, we parked our four children in Småttingbo Barnpensionat, a glorified summer orphan-asylum at Östertälje, near Stockholm, with my father in reserve near by, and indulged ourselves for five weeks in a pleasure to which we had hitherto looked forward in vain during the busy decade since we first founded a family. And so well did the children thrive, under the competent yet motherly care of Red Cross Systers Anna and Emma and their assistants, so often do they still speak of the childish joys of Småttingbo among its pine groves, looking down across the ripening wheat-fields and the main railway line across Sweden to a private place for sea bathing, that it is only fair to mention the place for the benefit of any other couples offspring-hampered in their journeyings.

So, light-handed as never before in recent years, to Dalarne we went, for the midsummer festivities. Midsummer! There is an eerie sound to the very word. In our childhood did not animals talk on Midsummer Eve? For some Scandinavian reason Sweden breaks her summer in the middle on the night of June 23-24—mere procrastination perhaps. On the twenty-

second it was cold enough for winter coats, cloudy and chill as early April, reminding us that snow was no farther away than the first of May, might be back again before September could escape its grasp. Yet the vegetation was fresh and clean and almost tropical in its luxuriance. No wonder, where Father Sol rides across the surface of the earth for more than eighteen hours a day.

Above Upsala the express from Stockholm took its way through rich farming country. Heaps of poles on which, later in the summer, hay and grain would be hung to dry, were scattered through the fields. Beautiful flowers, blending together in a well-chosen way, sat on the tops of iron columns even at unimportant stations—in places where we would have a cigarette advertisement, if anything. Some stations had hanging baskets made of birch bark, overflowing with growing flowers and green plants. Everywhere were whole fields yellow with buttercups.

But it is axiomatic that the better sex is never wholly satisfied. "You know," said my lady in the window corner of the compartment, still rather reluctantly watching the landscape slip back toward Småttingbo, "I'd like to see a white house with green blinds."

Queer what simple wants fill the minds of some people! Still, now that I had been reminded of it, I did realize that every farm-house, every barn, outhouse, fence, even the old covered wooden bridges along the way were red, and always the same red, only here and there trimmed with white. For little by little that beet-root hue had fixed itself in my memory like the alleged excellency of a constantly advertised commodity, as the natural, almost the only possible color for Swedish country buildings. And, come to think of it, we were now nearing the reason for that exceeding redness of rural Sweden.

Girls of Dalarne

© *Heurlin, Stockholm*

The non-reindeer-herding part of a Lapp family

The Sunday garb of the older men of Dalarne includes yellow breeches above bright-colored stockings

About seven hundred years ago a goatherd on a mountain of Dalarne found one of his goats dyed red. The surrounding rocks contained copper, which, oxidized by the air and a forest fire, had become ocher. That is, the red of Swedish country houses is but the by-product of the now very old copper-mines at Falun; might, in fact, be called a dye rather than a paint. Being cheap, and also outlasting paint several fold and preserving wood much better, this color has spread all over Sweden.

The Swedes say that the Stora Kopparberg Bergslags A. B. is the oldest existing mining company in the world, that the picturesque old copper-mine at Falun, opened in 1220, has been worked by this same company since 1288—with, of course, a few changes in personnel. There is an endless succession of iron-ore deposits here in southern Dalarne; more than five hundred mines within a small area. The Domnarvets Järnverk at Grängesberg on the Dal River is the largest iron-works in Scandinavia, the greatest charcoal iron-works in the world. The miners' towns along the way, however, had fine parks; flowers and greenery everywhere; no suggestion of the smudge, poverty, and unsightliness of more western mining towns.

At Krylbo the train stopped for sixteen minutes, into which we had to cram the getting, eating, and paying for our evening meal in the station restaurant. Not all Swedish expresses carry dining-cars; and while in many stations you pay less than a dollar for a help-yourself meal from which you go forth feeling like a Viking after a successful raid, you must have time for it.

But with only sixteen minutes, and in a lunch-room crowded to suffocation; for midsummer is a festive occasion in Sweden, something like the Chinese New Year, when all who can do so go home for a week or two, if possible in new

summer clothes and other assertions of prosperity. Luckily, you can reserve a seat in advance, on a Swedish train, for less than seven cents. We at last laid hands on something or other, however, and had irrevocably bitten into them when I realized with a sudden surge of dismay that neither of us had any small money. I proffered a hundred-kronor note in payment.

Now, the Swedes are efficient, but they are not at their best under pressure. A girl took the note, looked dazedly about her, and put it under a saucer. Throngs of midsummer travelers were storming the counter. I protested and the girl called another girl. After a conference and some hesitation she put the note under another saucer. Still more famished travelers were clamoring for food, and the sixteen minutes were rapidly evaporating. I raised a louder protest; after all, the most generous person does not care to squander a twenty-seven-dollar note for two sandwiches and a glass of milk. When the presiding man could ignore me no longer, he made several ineffectual motions—and placed my note under another saucer. Only by blocking any more sales in the vicinity could I get action. The original waitress stepped around the door-jamb, and came back with the change, and I caught the moving train with a sandwich still intact.

Every new view from the car window was a variation of the same themes: forested hills and fertile fields, a river floating logs, a misty falls, a glittering lake half covered with huge rafts of logs, sawmills at the foot of frontier towns. Then May-poles began to appear; at every station families were welcoming some home-comer. There was a Christmas feeling in the air; even the Swedish stranger in our compartment began to talk—while eating grapes with his gloves on. He was an insurance magnate . . . was getting off at Leksand to visit his children in a barnpensionat near there . . . better air than at Östertälje, he was sure. . . . Our

plans carried us on along Lake Siljan to Rättvik, and by motor out through the woods to Siljansborg, to be welcomed in the graceful old Swedish manner by the landlady's charming daughter.

Sunday the twenty-third was the festival day. We were herded into one of several automobiles mainly filled with English tourists, and were off for Rättvik Church. It is a small white building on a point of land jutting out into the lake and quaintly called the "Kneeling Bride." A graveyard nearly surrounds it, and in front are many log huts built long ago by as many families, as shelters for their horses when they used to drive to church in the winter. This Sunday only a motor-cycle came, bearing a family of three, and leaned carelessly against one of the huts. Progress is rarely picturesque; or is the modern commonplace merely through familiarity?

Like sparrow-hawks watching for prey, a score of us stood about the churchyard, gunning for pictures of the Rättvik costumes. The hunt was as well managed as an English shooting-box. The quarry could not possibly escape—except by forfeiting the pleasure of showing themselves at the most important church service of the year. Dalarne is noted for its old-fashioned costumes, especially during the midsummer season. The girls were picturesque and the old ladies inimitable. Far be it from me to try to describe them. The younger men wore ordinary dress, refusing, like younger men the world over, to go in for "circus stuff." But their fathers still dared to appear in the old national costume—wide black hats, black coats of a Georgian cut, occasionally with embroidered figures on the shoulders, yellow chamois-like knee-breeches with red-tasseled garters, red woolly balls jogging from the tops of their long black stockings.

Among them the camera-armed tourists dodged like Afri-

can hunters in a field of quaint tame gazelles. But these country people were charmingly unself-conscious; used, no doubt, to this yearly influx of curiosity; even pleased, perhaps, though their faces did not show it, at the attention their Dalarne attracts every midsummer. The men were all horny-handed; the women also; harder-working, less self-indulgent types than the people of Stockholm. The faces of Dalarne show no craving for more.

Leksand has a larger church, and a greater variety of costumes, if that is what you come for. Indeed, there were seven distinct styles among the women alone. There was a lot of red in most of them; white waists and thick red stockings; a dark skirt with a gay striped apron, the stripes sometimes horizontal, sometimes vertical; a bodice of red or green laced across the front through metal eyelets. An orange apron is a sign of mourning. White caps, occasionally a colored or an embroidered one, topped off the whole, some of them chic and jaunty, some delightfully demure and old-fashioned. A flowered bag usually hung down the right side by long shoulder-straps. There were no earrings or other jewelry, except a brooch on a bodice or silver or tin eyelet ornaments in the lacing of the bodices. A few of the older men had slight gold-wire rings in their ears. There was a comfortable well-to-do-ness about these old Swedish costumes which does not go with knee-length skirts and a felt-constricted bob. One sensed the prosperity of this farmer class, pouring out of the church doors into a battery of camera-holders.

The rain which so often comes to Dalarne with midsummer gave us a good excuse for a lazy Sunday afternoon; but it was decidedly dampening to an evening to which we had long looked forward. A bus-load of us, including Mrs. John Bull in person, drove again to Leksand. A mighty crowd was surging down a narrow muddy street toward the town May-

pole; but before we could get near enough to hear the speech the throng turned to charge us. We swayed back and forth, fought for oozy standing-room, listened in spite of ourselves to a raucous Salvation Army band, and to Mrs. J. B. on her interminable theme of British superiority. Normally there is little rowdyism in Sweden, none of the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude of our young men. But midsummer comes but once a year, and the other end of the calendar is dark and cold and dreary. A few rowdies tried to rush the crowd, and a policeman chose Mrs. J. B., I am happy to report, for a vigorous poke, the first and last instance of active discourtesy I ever saw in Sweden.

Eventually we reached a wicket-inclosed field with a band stand and dancing-floor in the center; succeeded in wresting tickets from a booth-imprisoned seller. Boys and girls had just begun in a gay whirling Swedish dance on the puddly open platform, the orchestra alone protected at all from the driving and streaming rain. But the deluge seemed to dampen no enthusiasm except that of the tourists. Covered with rain-coats, the throng lost all its famed picturesqueness, only a very few girls being good enough sports not to cover their costumes. And only the first dance was Swedish! We hoped in vain for more old-fashioned dresses and less commonplace dances; and when the costume caps of the girls who wore them had become mere limp dripping rags about their fresh faces, and midnight had passed, we took our way sloppily back to the bus. So far as we were concerned, Midsummer Eve had been a failure; and to make matters worse Mrs. J. B. lectured all the way back to Siljansborg on the rowdyism of Sweden, the utter barbarism of all the world beyond the British Isles. After all, animals do talk on Midsummer Eve.

So our Dalarne interlude might have been a disappointment

had we not almost accidentally boarded a local train next morning and run up the lake to Mora. I could not shake off the subconscious expectation—or was it hope?—of seeing its streets filled with Zorn models in the favorite Zorn costume. For Sweden's greatest painter and etcher of the nude was born and spent a fair share of his life in Mora.

Never did a man see more naked women (or show better taste in picking them) than Anders Zorn. But he could, on strong provocation, do something besides females in the nude, and do it well. On the way from Mora station to the town, scattered along the shore of Lake Siljan and up the hilly ground behind it, he has adorned a little park with a very effective bronze statue of Gustav Vasa. Well placed, too; for hereabouts is the heart of Swedish history in the sixteenth, Gustav Vasa's, century; it was the men of Dalarne who first rose with him to free Sweden from Danish rule. Zorn has depicted him in Dalarne costume, leg-tassels and all, broad-hatted, and with *gloves*—no real Dalarne man ever wore them, one feels sure, but there must be something to show that the national hero was not one of the ordinary people, and a cane no doubt would have been a trifle too conspicuous—in his left hand, staring with an eager yet somewhat disillusioned face out across the lake toward where he fought for his life as well as for Swedish freedom. He is supposed to be addressing the peasants of Mora, who, being canny, would not join him until other people confirmed his story about the "blood bath" in Stockholm and of the treacherous and aggressive ways of the Danish king, Christian II, who had also been elected King of Sweden.

Zorn himself is buried in the Mora churchyard. The tomb, bearing only his name and the dates 1860-1920, has almost a Moslem air. He was the son of a brewer, and as a child he carved and painted, using even jam as a medium of ex-

pression—though it is hard to picture any Swedish mother so infrugal as to permit that. A man from Stockholm recognized an unusual talent and raised funds for the boy's education. In the first bloom of success, and probably with some of the naïve bloom of Dalarne still on his cheeks, Zorn met Emma Lamm, of an old and cultured Jewish family of Stockholm, when they were both twenty-five. As his wife she not only brought him wealth and social advantages but posed for many of his pictures; and the walls of Sweden bear many testimonials that at least in the Zorn costume she was a beautiful woman.

But evidently she did not keep him from using other models. Zorn probably became rather woman-dissipated, if not immersed in the other pleasures of Swedish life, in his later years. Like many poor boys in all times and climes who become successful, he developed an increasing love for the fleshpots of life, became a great skoaler and smörgås-border—and died at the early age of sixty. Yet who are we to subject destiny to the third degree? To have lengthened his life might have lessened his talent. To-day his paintings and etchings, glowingly alive studies of the feminine form, beautiful nude women in every pose conceivable to a man of wide experience, and enough other things to prove that it was not merely inability to handle garments effectively which made the nude his favorite medium, are the rightful pride of Sweden.

Mrs. Zorn still spends her summers in Mora, in seclusion, sheltered by fence and hedge and wall and several savage dogs. But there is a space for her name on the rather Oriental gravestone in the churchyard and the lid is loose. In the aged but still sturdy church beside it quaint Biblical illustrations of long ago line the walls of the sacristy—Adam in all his frankness; Susanna at the bath, and apparently not

so horribly embarrassed by her bearded visitors at that; the circumcision of a solemn baby, sitting bolt upright and uncomplaining, by two haughty priests with a butcher's knife; a most graphic proof of the strength of character of that virtuous young man who preferred to lose his coat rather than his chastity; a convincing picture of a score of people going up to heaven on a rainbow, in a country cart. Was this room Zorn's first inspiration? Stranger things have happened. And while we sat in the old church itself, with its atmosphere of medieval piety tinged with present-day indifference, some unknown Jenny Lind, accompanied by pipe-organ and violin, filled it with a voice as strong and fresh and unspoiled as the faces of Dalarne.

In fact, Mora pleased us better than Leksand and Rättvik, though this may merely have been due to our success in shaking off Mrs. John Bull and the rest of her kind. And we had found it in a gala mood. The Young People's Society, whose aim seems to be to retain all that is national in Swedish life and blend it with whatever of the new is worthy, was celebrating the thirteenth anniversary of its birth. The sound of many fiddles drew us up the main road of the town, to meet old Sweden come to life. First was the flag, of course, then the village elders with violins, then pair after pair of young people, all holding hands and keeping step in fast pace, every one in old Dalarne dress. We tagged along, the length of the town and back, like villagers on a holiday. One tall, dignified village fiddler in the fifties stopped every forty paces to retie his tasseled garters, once or twice holding up an uncomplaining automobile, then running ahead and attacking again with gusto the fiddle he had thrust into the willing hands of a fellow-marcher. There was something peculiarly enticing about the simple, almost monotonous music, in the pair after pair of gaily costumed young people,

stretching almost to infinity down the shop-walled highway. We too seemed to have sloughed off a decade or two; felt the urge produced by the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

This time the young men were unabashed in their yellow suède-like flannel breeches, adorned at the knee with red tassels or brass buttons. Some wore red stockings; many had buckles on their shoes, cross-stitching on their white girlish shirts. There were blue and red brass-buttoned vests; and if a coat was worn at all, it was a short blue one piped in red and buttoned in brass. Some wore natural-wool coats and a heavy leather apron over their breeches. But many of those in costume had cameras, took pictures of their friends and companions when opportunity offered, and gave other evidence that Mora is so gaily dressed only on gala occasions.

On and on it went, this flowery procession, faster and faster round and round the town, but ended at last at a May-pole topped with a wooden rooster and prettily wound with young birch twigs, in a field at the edge of the lake. The young people were tireless dancers, but the fiddles were passed around among the men, young and old. For once there were only the old home-made Swedish dances, a kind of lancers or very lively minuet; then a movement reminiscent of our old barn dance, in which you take a few steps and then swing your girl about at dizzy speed, your hands in the small of her back, hers on your shoulders, and so on, over and over again. One dance was an excellent pantomime of a man and the two girls whom he tried to court simultaneously and equally, in vain. Another, consisting of six couples, went through innumerable and intricate gyrations and poses which ended with the girls sitting in a ring on the men's clasped arms. They were all long and complicated dances, especially with no one to shout the moves and with

little variation in tune to prompt the changes; and there was in them a hint of long patient rehearsals, of traditions handed down from generation to generation.

Then a village notable made a speech, amplified in most modern fashion, urging youth to cling jealously to its national and natural virtues, whatever changes modern progress brings. The broad ring of faces of the listening throng were so devoid of answering emotion that they might have been called stolid but for the evidences of thoughtful attention. Then came gymnasts, to show us Swedish drill and bar stunts in the difficult pace of the slow-motion camera. And at length we wandered away, into the inevitable old-village museum, donated, like Mora's higher school, by Zorn, her most famous native son; and farther off to the cellar in which Gustav Vasa was hidden from his pursuers under a wort-tub. There is an excellent picture of this episode, and two others, in the little building; but the cellar below is worth even its slight fee only to those who thrill to Swedish history.

Sun and clouds and forests and lake and a vast landscape strewn with red villages beyond it and the reddish scattered town itself, piling to the clouds up a long slope among green trees, made an unforgettable picture as we left Mora. A cold wind still blew from off Lake Siljan, but sunshine had changed the whole aspect of the country-side, had made the day utterly different from the one before. The Dalarne faces about us looked as if life had not been hard, nor yet easy, as if these good times in their short and not very warm summer carried them through the long, lonely dark winters during which all undue pride or tourist-spoiling is frozen out of them.

CHAPTER XXIV

LAPLAND

AT BODEN, twenty-three hours north of Stockholm, the Lapland express is picked up by the electric line from Luleå on the Baltic to Narvik in Norway on the Atlantic. There is time for breakfast during the change, though at that hour the average American can hardly consume the full smörgåsbord meal he must pay for if he eats at all. Boden is a frontier stronghold, formerly against Russia, now facing much less feared Finland. It has forts built in rock, like Gibraltar; foreign visitors must show passports and get permission to leave the station platform or to stay over even one train, much less overnight.

There, too, we changed back into the same day-coach we had abandoned for the sleeper picked up at Bräcke the evening before. Happily the compartment was free now from the vacationing chambermaids who had incessantly squirmed and wriggled and climbed over our legs all the preceding day. The electric engine snaked the big ultra-modern train along with no apparent effort. But though we were now in the land of the midnight sun, the woods close along the way made it too dark in the car to read.

Now and again we passed acres upon acres of floating logs, clusters of towns entirely made of wood, except for a few tile roofs, some of the houses dyed red, most of them pure Dan Boone. A power-line accompanied the railway. Then, eight hundred miles, twenty-six hours north of Stock-

holm, came the wooden station, resembling an American rural school-house, of Polcirkeln. Yet there was nothing very arctic-looking about the people, or even the landscape, certainly not about the electrified railway of northern Sweden and the train it carries on into the polar zone. True, the trees had been growing smaller and smaller, until now they were mere scrub evergreens and birches, not many of them more than ten feet high. But there was a fresh, almost dense vegetation everywhere, even the rocks covered with reindeer-moss.

At length came Gällivare, a real city, though of only a few thousand inhabitants. That evening we climbed Dundret, as a practice trip for what was ahead of us. It felt strange to be able to set out up a mountain after seven o'clock at night and have no fear of being overtaken by darkness. Beyond the octagonal, almost shed-like Lapp church across the double railway line a well-worn path soon shook itself free from houses and climbed for two hours, just rough enough to give us a sense of achievement, to the red-dyed log shelter at the top. Along the trail were low-growth pussy-willows, anemone-like flowers which the Swedes call "thousand stars," a species of poppy, everlasting pink, and tall cone-shaped ant-hills made of pine needles.

Above the low pine forest followed by scraggly birch, the tree-line ended in a few sporadic patches, though the bare rocky hilltop was still half covered with grass or its hardier allies. But the summit was swept by cold winds that made the lee side of the Falun-red log cabin the most pleasant outlook over lake-strewn country, Gällivare meandering along the railway in the lower foreground, Malmberget's reddish roofs splotching the middle distance. There was a thundery sky, but nothing came of it; no vestige of sunset broke through the heavy clouds to the north, but also there was no

suggestion of darkness even when we had reached the hotel for an after-ten-o'clock supper.

Malmberget, which in English would be Iron Ore Mountain, was already being worked, on a minor scale, in 1780. About 1890 an English company began to exploit it more seriously, but, say the Swedes, could not make it pay, so a Swedish company took it over, half the profits to go to the State. When you get to Norway you will hear another story about those ex-English owners of Malmberget. Norwegians are sure to tell you that after the Englishmen had spent much money and time and former experience in putting the mines on a paying basis, and had built the railway from Gällivare to Luleå, Norway and Sweden ("for we were one country in those days") put so heavy an export tax on ore that the Englishmen had no choice but to sell out to the Swedes very cheaply. Business is business, even in Sweden. But then, perhaps the riches in the veins of Sweden can more justly go to Swedes than to foreigners.

We walked into the iron mountain on the level, as easily as into a parlor, passing little trains on narrow-gauge tracks along the way. Inside that hill the temperature all the year is only a little above freezing, therefore unpleasant in summer but agreeable in winter, compared with the weather outside. The vein of almost pure iron ore is from three to six hundred feet wide; tests show ore fifteen hundred feet below the present second level, which is fifty mefers below the first, so that there should be iron available here for centuries. Thirteen hundred men work at it, in two shifts, for eighteen to twenty, even twenty-two kronor a day. The first shift comes at seven and leaves at two; the other works from two until ten at night. At that, few of the miners see the sun for months at a time, except on Sundays, and very little then. Only two and a half million tons of ore a year

may be taken out under present regulations. The young assistant manager, who had worked in American mines, said they could get several times that; had an almost American scorn for any plan to save something for his grandchildren.

Malmberget town is larger than its better-known young offshoot, Gällivare, a short bus-ride away. Its excellent stores are equipped with cash-registers, telephones, the latest patent scales; are stocked with raisins from California, American canned fruits, almost anything our chain stores offer, and Swedish specialties besides. In Sweden, the polar circle is no barrier to comforts or progress. Malmberget's brick school-house would look imposing in an American city; there are other good public buildings. Some of the houses are large, too, and lack nothing, down to the latest vacuum cleaner; but there is little to boast of in private architecture anywhere in this arctic country.

Next day's Lapland express brought with the hungry flood it pours daily into Gällivare's hotel the best man Stockholm can furnish you as a companion in Lapland; yes, and even the other half of his family. Behold us, then, two pairs strong, leaving the long train at Kalixfors on the 68th parallel about four that afternoon, rucksacks on backs, all trousered and booted, while the remaining passengers leaned out of the windows to wish us luck among the mosquitoes that were already entering the cars.

The mosquitoes were plentiful, to say the least, during that first lap of our Lapland lapse into vagrancy, a seven-mile walk by a fairly good trail, wet in spots and rocky everywhere, though there were no such opaque clouds of them as we had been led to expect. Mountain or dwarf birch soon took the place of small clumps of ground-pine, a birch which clung closer and closer to its mountain the higher we went, until it became a sort of creeper. Beneath the scrub growth

were dandelions, wild geraniums, huge buttercups, and many colors and kinds of flowers we do not have in the United States. A bird flitted past now and then; but there were no signs of other creatures—except the hornless cows of the Far North.

We came out at length, men bravely in advance, upon a little plain soft with reindeer-moss, backed by a large red log house and some smaller unpainted ones, on the edge of a lake, snow-clads gleaming in the distance. It was called Kaalasluspa. The prominent cheek-bones of the man who came to meet us should have been enough to tell me he was a Lapp, even though he wore the uniform cap of the Swedish Tourist Society and spoke Swedish as if it were his mother tongue. He seemed to have a robust sense of humor, too, of the boyish type. As we entered the fenced tun (whence the English word "town") containing the cluster of houses, with flowers and lace curtains in every window even here, he cried:

"Ah, two more men are coming!"

"Oh," said we, "those are only our wives."

"Oho!" returned the Lapp, "so you run away from your wives?" And he laughed loud and long at his own wit; was, in fact, still chuckling when the disguised travelers reached the inclosure.

The humorist took us in a motor-boat several miles down the lake, reflecting the big snow-clads ahead. There were a few mosquito stowaways, but here was the best place in Sweden for water-drinkers; and the Stockholm canned-alcohol stovelet our companions had brought actually cooked.

Two or three sunny night hours brought us to the Lapp summer encampment of Aitejokk. Scattered well apart among the scrub trees were round structures of birch poles set tepee-fashion and covered with bark or dried mud or any-

thing else convenient. No longer, it seems, do the cousins of Santa Claus cover their squat wigwams with reindeer-skins. The hut we entered was about fourteen feet in diameter and six and a half feet high in the center, where only a Hindu yogi could have stood. For there a brisk evening fire was burning, wafting most of its smoke out through a hole above —at least whenever the low door, made of old boards and leaning at an angle of almost forty-five degrees against the hut, was shut; as it always is unless some ignoramus of a foreigner leaves it open.

The center strip of the hut was bare ground; the earth floor on each side of this was completely covered with a thick matting of birch twigs, all laid in one direction and renewed about once a month, so that the top had a suggestion of very coarse velvet. Reindeer-hides, the long soft hair very thick and velvety, were thrown on top of the twigs, and there we were invited to make ourselves at ease. The twig-covered semicircle on each side of the central corridor of bare earth was confined within a log-and-stone border. Firewood is always laid on the strip of ground between the door and the fire, which is also the humble place, for servants and others of low social standing. Opposite the door, behind the fire, is the kitchen, with a dish-water vent behind it. In this case there was a freshly painted green cupboard, nearly three feet high, with food stores in it. Normally there is nothing resembling furniture. Pots hung from the tepee poles; a kettle sits eternally on or beside the fire. The place rather resembled, even as to heat, a Mongol yurt.

This particular hut was the school-house of the fair-weather Lapp encampment of Aitejokk, and that night we were to be the guests of Elisabeth Svonni, Lapp schoolmistress. Like most Lapp huts, it had two very small glass windows about waist-high on each side. Ten rulers hung on

tent-poles around the wall, each on its own nail. There was a blackboard on legs, a map of the district, a hand-bell, an alarm-clock, sight-reading boards for beginners, an abacus for arithmetic, first and second readers bearing the legend "Nomad Skolan." Two little shelves of books sat on the twigged floor; there was a vase of buttercups on top of the tiny green food-closet, which also served as teacher's desk.

Our hostess squatted at the kitchen end of the hut, facing the fire and the door, where she could reach everything without rising. She was obviously quite ready to do the housework, Lapp style, for herself and guests, for all her high social standing and professional duties. We must take coffee. Though they drink much less liquor than the Swedes, the Lapps are great coffee-boozers, like some other prohibitionists. Coffee is served at once to every guest, even when he arrives in the middle of the night. The smallest children are given coffee, very strong coffee. On the trail the Lapp must [illegible]p often to make coffee. Most Lapps drink coffee ten times a day, and oftener if a good excuse offers. Drinking coffee is so formal a ceremony that you can hardly refuse to play your part in it, whatever your usual habits.

The teacher wore a blue skirt with a ruffle, my wife tells me, a colored or flowered apron, a blue blouse with red and yellow bands, a white kerchief about the neck, another on her head—when she was not wearing her pincushiony Lapp bonnet. Her shoes had rubber heels. In fact, an older woman, who soon came in and took her natural place between the fire and the door, had rubber heels even on her high reindeer-calf skin Lapp boots with turned-up toes. This woman had blue-red-yellow tasseled bands on her ankles, a red-and-yellow belt, a red-and-yellow band at the bottom of her almost knee-high skirt. The teacher wore a gold wrist-watch on a flexible metal bracelet. There was poise and courtesy in her

manner, no undue shyness or apology for things as they were. In her presence one got the feeling that if Lapp culture is slight, at least what there is of it is finished.

The reindeer-skins on which we had sat through coffee and supper, mainly of dark bread, cheese, and reindeer meat, and again coffee, were to form the mattress of our beds. We thought that was all, and my wife was thrilled at the thought of enduring a night of explorer's hardships. But Teacher Svonni knew the value of a good night's sleep. Before long she went out to her storehouse, not unlike a Middlewestern corn-crib on stilts, such as every Lapp builds beside his dwelling, and brought in soft thick quilts, two blankets for each pair of us, pillows in fresh pillow-cases! Then with the help of the older woman she hung a thick muslin mosquitero on each side of the hut and crowded inside them the beds she had made for us on the twigs and reindeer-hides.

With two persons inside it, our net had a tendency to slip up and let in ravenous mosquitoes. The twigs beyond the edge of the bed grew harder and harder. The coffee of course did its share. The fire chattered softly to itself, grew sleepy, seemed to wake up for a muttered word now and then. It was brilliantly clear outside all night long, so that one had a guilty feeling of wasting time sleeping in broad daylight, though to say that we slept would be straining the bulwarks of truth. My wife still thrills to the name of Aitejokk. To me that first night in the "wilds" of Lapland was much like many another I have spent on uncomfortable beds under primitive conditions.

Breakfast consisted of saltless bread, butter and cheese, smoked reindeer, even porridge, and of course coffee. Reindeer meat, costing here about one tenth what it does in Stockholm, is not only good but sticks to the ribs during a day of hiking. Guests or no guests, the teacher insisted on

beginning school right on time; though she quickly set back her watch and the school alarm-clock when we assured her they were fast.

Four boys and as many girls, all between six and eight, came to school. They all wore the full Lapp costumes of their respective sexes. Far from being savages, the Lapps are bright and often well educated. All adult Lapps can read and write. They must go to school from the age of six or seven until they are fifteen. The Lapp teachers are just as well trained as Swedish teachers of similar standing. Our unmarried hostess of Aitejokk had spent three years at a normal school in Haparanda. Nearly all Lapps know at least two languages; many speak Swedish, Norwegian, and Finnish in addition to their own tongue; and in almost all matters of culture they are far ahead of our mountain whites.

The Swedes treat the Lapps wisely, more wisely than we have treated our Indians. They have not been massacred or beggared or made oil millionaires. They have not been asked to conform any more than necessary to Swedish civilization. They are encouraged to cling to their own way of living; the authorities take care not to spoil the children with luxury by building them model school-houses. Yet many of the Lapps in Sweden now have permanent homes, some of logs, some much like any modern Swedish country house. Those summering at Aitejokk live during the winter at Jukkasjärvi, a town of some size on a lake near Kiruna, where there are electric lights even in the log tents of the nomad boarding-school, and where many have telephones and radios.

They come up to their summer camp in the middle of June and go down at the end of September. The women and children often set out first during the spring and fall treks between summer encampment and permanent winter settle-

ments, in order to keep up with the reindeer. During the summer the men and the older boys are away among the mountains, largely of Norway, with the reindeer; for the animals follow the retreating snow-line in search of their favorite food, and to get away from the mosquitoes and flies, and from what they no doubt consider uncomfortable heat. Meanwhile the younger children go to school. Vacations are from the middle of April to the middle of June and again in October and November.

In 1910 there were 7,138 Lapps in Sweden. The number remains almost stationary, since the natural increase is offset by the number who turn Swedish or Finnish or move permanently to Norway. One district in Swedish Lapland has only one person to two square miles of territory. Lapland runs clear across Norway, Sweden, and Finland, and for that matter takes in a part of Russia; and by international treaty all Lapps have within certain limits free right of way everywhere in this region; may roam at will, without passports or written permissions; for between these countries there are no national boundaries for Lapps or their reindeer. A Norwegian treaty in force from 1923 until 1952 gives Swedish Lapps the right to move their reindeer to the better summer grazing-grounds in Norway as early as May first. But Norwegian farmers resent the reindeer, and only a limited number are allowed to pass the border; and Norway and Sweden, or at least Norwegians and Swedes, quarrel over the Lapps rather often.

Experience has proved that when Lapps become settlers they grow little if anything, have only a few sheep and a cow or two, live much like our Southern field negroes. For they cannot compete with the more energetic and ambitious (everything is relative in this world of ours) Swede and Finn settlers. So the Government helps promising young

Lapp men to get together a herd of reindeer, and forbids non-Lapp settlers grazing rights or the right to own reindeer within Lapp territory. No one can build a house, but only a hut, within the boundaries of Lappmarken, at the frontier of which cultivation of the soil ends and reindeer pasture begins. The number of animals and the grazing districts are carefully defined; there are legal regulations for the guarding of the reindeer—travel routes, compensations for damages, and all the other features of a military invasion into friendly territory.

Four bailiffs, assisted by several overseers each, supervise the relations between the Lapps and the settlers. Otherwise the Lapps are under the same administration and jurisdiction as the settled population, with the same duties and the same rights. But as long as peace continues in Sweden they are exempt from military service, and their taxes are trifling.

Some of the Lapps are wealthy—in reindeer. Before the war a reindeer was worth about 10 kronor ($2.70); during it the price went up to 30 and even 40 kronor as the Lapps learned the value of money and demanded hard cash. To-day the price is much lower, though still well above the pre-war rate. The Swedish State pays 35 kronor for every reindeer killed by its trains; and it is strongly suspected that some Lapps purposely sacrifice their animals while trekking along the tracks. Normally, reindeer are killed only in the winter. In summer their hides are likely to be perforated with mosquito and fly bites, and anyway the hollow hairs of what is bound to be a much poorer coat fall out much more easily. Renstek, which means a steak of fresh reindeer meat, is common on Swedish bills of fare; and the smoked and salted flesh is justly considered a great smörgåsbord delicacy.

CHAPTER XXV

LAPP TRAILS

THAT morning we saw our first Lapp men in costume. Male styles of the tribes in this part of Sweden include a high cap trimmed with red and yellow lines running up to a huge bright-red pompon or ball of wool worthy a Venezuelan general. These men wore black trousers which were tight about the lower legs; their black but gaily trimmed blouses, much shorter in front than behind, very full about the waists, with red and yellow bands about the bottom and on the cuffs and over the shoulders, gave them a long-tailed rooster look. If the happy day ever comes when the overdressed sex dares to change its present full-dress, I recommend the no less absurd yet far more picturesque and colorful Lapp costume.

Each man or boy wears a broad leather belt outside the whole costume, with holes into which small belongings can be tied, and often heavily studded with brass. The higher the financial or social standing of the wearer, the wider and more studded is the belt, so that Lapp men who own a thousand or more reindeer sport a sole-leather, slug-weighted affair nearly a foot wide.

Some people insist that Santa Claus is dressed in red because that is the favorite color of his reindeer herders; the big red pompon, constantly waving from the top of the caps, is certainly the most conspicuous feature of their dress. But in the real land of the reindeer Santa Claus does not

drive one. There he is called Tomte, and every Swedish farm-house has such a guardian spirit looking after its cattle. He has a long white beard and a red cap, and he gives Christmas gifts to those who deserve them; but he comes pulling his own sled and knocks on the door instead of coming down the chimney; and children write him notes and put milk and bread in the barn for him.

We passed several Lapp and Finnish settlements that sunny second day, a perfect one for pedestrians, during which we walked all day long, from Nikkolatti, up the lake above Aitejokk, except for one short ride in a large edition of the queerly shaped Lapp rowboat, fitted with a motor. Somewhere along the way the mosquitoes disappeared. There were little hand-made bird-houses on lonely trees far from the settlements. Yellow violets survived higher up than the lavender ones. A flowered moss carpet alternated with rocks and snow patches; the fragrance of these tiny stunted flowers was exquisite. Scrub hillsides were reflected in every detail in the usually placid waters of small lakes along the way. Younger, or at least smaller, peaks, heavily streaked with snow filled the horizon ahead, terminating in Kebnekaise, Sweden's loftiest and most nearly famous mountain. It is only seven thousand feet high, but so far north that means glaciers as well as perpetual snow.

At what would have been dusk in a reasonable land our valiant expedition came to a tourist camp-hotel at the foot of Kebnekaise. The Swedish Tourist Society, which in a way resembles our National Geographic, with 125,000 members, almost all Swedish, at five kronor a year each, maintains summer hotels at several important places on the trails through Lapland. Most of them are all a reasonable traveler could ask, though here at Kebnekaise and a few other camps husbands and wives are rent asunder. The large room for

males only had half a dozen four-berth cubicles, a red-hot wood-eating stove, racks for wet boots and garments, which could be raised or lowered, pitcher-and-bowl washing facilities. But for those who must have their daily bath there was only the icy little stream hurrying down from the glacier just above. Two cultured women, beautifully laundered, ran the establishment; veritable Swedish meals were served in the wood-heated parlor-and-dining-room below.

Such places are open only six weeks or two months a year, though one room, with wood for a fire, blankets, and other necessities in it, is available for mountaineers and sportsmen all winter. The society maintains a motor-boat service, brings supplies to its various stations, mostly in winter, since it is easier to transport them on the snow. In fact, we passed one large rowboat abandoned half-way over a rocky ridge between two lakes, awaiting another winter to continue its journey.

The sun shone unbrokenly all the Fourth of July on which we set out from the foot of Kebnekaise, first across a broad field of snow, on a twenty-mile rocky climb and descent. There was a vibrant, primeval feeling in the bright stimulating arctic air, which made tramping, even under a pack, a keen pleasure. But for some reason we had picked up a Lapp carrier; in fact, three and for a time even four of them, all the males of one family. Business or pleasure or curiosity—or could it have been suspicion of our motives?—brought along the father and two younger brothers, one only twelve years old, of the man we had hired, and they helped him with what even without them would not have been a heavy load. The Swedes, at least the tourist Swedes, rather spoil the Lapps, so that they do not carry enough, besides their own camping outfit, to be worth paying for at tourist-camp wages.

We waded across several large snow patches, got good glimpses of the big glacier capping Kebnekaise, which a German at the camp-hotel at its foot was spending weeks in studying, though I cannot tell you why. To the right disappeared the trail to Abisko, still impassable at this time of the year for ordinary travelers, who do not care to wade streams waist-deep and run the risk of being buried in a snowslide, for mere sport.

The old man of the Lapp family we had picked up faced our cameras willingly, but his two grown sons would under no circumstances allow themselves to be photographed —that first day. Across a narrow wire-hung swinging bridge over a swift rocky stream we came in the afternoon upon the first fellow-travelers of the day, a pair of Lapps taking their ease, which means also brewing their inevitable coffee, over a brush fire beside the trail. These unwittingly posed for a picture against a perfect background of their native heath, with no suspicion that the damning camera was being used against their future salvation. But our luck in snapping them was unusual for strangers in Lapland.

Farther south, where they are less picturesque and are almost lost among the Swedish population, the Lapps belong to the Swedish State Church. In northern Lapland most of them are members of the sect invented by Lars Levi Læstadius (1800-61), who burdened them with his sturdy, gloomy, ecstatic religion nearly a century ago. Ancient Lapp paganism, a mixture of arctic shamanistic, ancient Scandinavian, and Christian elements, had nearly died out by 1800. Læstadius broke up the dances, drinking, and other heathen practices left; in other words, took most of the joy out of life, as reformers so often do, and made the Lapps a very pious, solemn sect, with a Quakerish gift of tongues, darky camp-meeting style. He converted also many Finns

and some Swedes, and members of his sect may be found in Finland, in those parts of Sweden and Norway where Finnish is spoken, even in the United States, wherever Finns gather together.

This religion forbids a man to be photographed; not, apparently, because of the fear many wild tribes have that any one in possession of a man's likeness can injure him by injuring it, but merely because to be photographed is vain and worldly, like rouging, using mirrors, and similar sins of vanity. All that first day our chief carrier refused very decidedly to pose. On the second day he still maintained that to do so was a sin, though gradually his rigorous faith softened. His father had smilingly risked eternal damnation; his brothers—Johannes, aged twelve, first—had faced our nefarious invention without visible mishap. So by the third day our man was barely camera-shy—if not, indeed, eager to leave his features to posterity, for all the prohibitions of his religion. Hitherto he had probably expected the fire of heaven to fall upon him as the shutter snapped.

Lapps are timid, or at least very reticent, for all their well-developed sense of humor. But their confidence is soon won; Johannes was as friendly as a collie before the first trail luncheon was over, as full of fun as any unspoiled American boy. But they have their own pride to keep up; hence Lapps never admit surprise or seem impressed by foreign things. Some authorities think them merely a branch of the same family as the Finns; others, that they have lost their original language and long ago adopted a Finno-Ugric tongue. Certainly the Lapps and the Finns seem to the casual observer to have much in common. It is much more difficult to distinguish a Lapp from a Finn in the same garb than to tell a Finn from a Swede. Yet apart from a difference in size, Finns and Lapps differ in many anthropologically important

physical characteristics, especially of the teeth and the skull; and it is the height of insult to a Finn, as to any Scandinavian, to call him a Lapp.

We saw plenty of reindeer that Fourth of July. First there were two some distance away, standing out in silhouette against a lake. Another, evidently lost from the herd, trotted within camera-shot on a broken and stony trail. Here and there an odd one almost ran into us, then scampered off to a safer distance. Two herds came up along the edge of a river far below, and finally swam it. Then at last, as we were resting from a hard climb at the top of a rise, we saw a hundred or more coming straight toward us along the trail. At sight of us they shifted quickly off it; but they were kind enough to pass behind a ridge beside us, and by running to the top of this we got splendid bird's-eye camera-shots at them scampering away across the treeless heights of Lapland, which is rarely the fortune of non-Lapp travelers.

Under his broad platform-like antlers a reindeer on the run is reminiscent of a woman in a late-last-century hat, trying to catch a street-car without visible sign of effort or loss of dignity. The abandoned antlers of all sizes everywhere along the trail suggest that the feat is by no means always successful. In summer Santa Claus's steed is sometimes used as a pack-animal but never as a riding animal, for all his ladylike pace. He often does duty as a draft-animal but in winter only. Then the reindeer pulls a sled rather resembling a boat with its stern cut off and boarded up, with one runner like a keel; and the single leather trace, fastened around the animal's neck, passes back between its legs. Though a Lapp can usually manage him as easily as an Andean Indian can a llama, the draft-reindeer has a habit of now and then going on strike or, worse still, taking charge of his own doings and spilling master and sled into a snow-drift.

We came at length, sometime that sunny evening, to a single hut at Kaitumjaure ("jaure" is Lappish for "lake"). Of the several delights of tramping in Lapland, perhaps the first is the absence of all worry of night overtaking you before you reach shelter. Fatigue, even sleepiness may, but never darkness. There we chopped wood and ate and slept, this time on the bare reindeer-skins spread on the two twig carpets, covered with the blankets that hung carefully folded over a pole across the top of the hut. Such a tourist hut is as open to Lapps as it is to Swedes or foreigners—imagine, if you can, Hindus freely admitted to dak bungalows or our Indians sleeping and eating in the tourist lodges of Yellowstone Park—yet the blankets and reindeer-skins with which they are furnished are never stolen.

Sleep, I said, but not until Johannes had roused us with a cry of "En Lapp! En Lapp!" Fancy living in a land so sparsely populated that the sight of one of your people caused vociferous excitement. The single Lapp the boy had spied down along the shore of the jaure turned out to be three young men and a boy, who had apparently come up to pay us their respects. The several fox-sized black dogs with them each had a front leg in a leather sling, which won great sympathy from my dog-loving wife until we heard that Lapp dogs are thus hampered most of the time so that they cannot run the reindeer.

The visitors of course had to have coffee, and there was much talk, of a slow and reserved nature, in Lappish and Swedish before they took their leave with a certain formality. Then the two Lapp brothers who still remained with us pulled off their reindeer-hide moccasins, disclosing the fact that Lapps wear hay socks. Or rather, they wrap their feet in bunches of marsh-grass with soft, smooth stems as large as wheat straw, which are taken out to dry by the fire at

night and fluffed up before they are packed into the soft boots in the morning. Such socks are said to have the virtues of keeping the feet warm even when they are wet, of never causing blisters, of forming a cushion against the impact of rocky trails, of needing no washing, of being easily dried, cheap, and available without a journey of perhaps several days to a place where things are sold. I have no doubt overlooked several points which the Lapp sales-manager of the future will get into his grass-socks prospectus. But—triumph of civilization!—both Lapps pulled on real woolen socks to sleep in! They also put up a white pup-tent, inside the hut, evidently more for privacy than against mosquitoes, which were scarce as yet, this high up. Certainly they were better prepared for sleep, as well as more modest, than we supposedly less hardy people from a more comfort-loving world.

At midnight we got up, made breakfast, and went on. It was of course broad daylight. Fortunately, the last traveler to cross the long narrow lake below us had left two boats on our side of it. On the trails of Lapland supervised by the Swedish Tourist Society a boat is kept on each side of all such water hazards, and if you cross in one you must bring it or the other back for the next traveler, which ordinarily means three trips each time you cross water. The trail on the other side was as rocky and steep as any the day before. The sun which threw its reflected rays upon us even before we left the hut was so long in really coming up that one had a feeling it had stuck in one of the crevices among the rocky wastes of Lapland all about us, or had been hailed by Joshua or otherwise had its mechanism wantonly interfered with—until we happened to notice that it was only one o'clock in the morning. An eagle was flying over the mountain above us at midnight; flowers had not even closed;

ice thinly covered all the pools and rain-water holes up here on what a South American would have called a puno. In Lapland people often travel by night rather than by day. It is cooler—though certainly we had suffered little from heat even at midday—the snow is harder, the streams, formed by melting snow, smaller. In fact, only foreigners pay much attention to the time of day, in this land where it is all night in winter and all day in summer.

Two or three hours carried us over a ridge to another jaure, on the shore of which was a hut with plenty of hides and blankets and ample room for us all. But the Swede-hearted head of the party must let the dear Lapp carrier (dear in two senses at that) go back home, to help Mother grind the reindeer hash or something, so we were constrained to cross what is sometimes a dangerously windy lake to a Lapp-lager so small that it drove the mere males of the party to the heathered billows outside. The wind was cold, the bunk-sized hollow Hobson's choice had assigned me as a bed was far from downy. But a plentiful breakfast was cooking soon after the two intrepid exploresses emerged from their piano-box sleeping quarters, and half an hour later we were again scattered along a typical Lapland vista, rock-tumbled as a celestial quarry, treeless as a billiard ball. The hardest climb of the trip led over a high ridge streaked with considerable patches of wet snow. The perfect snow-clad cone of a mountain that looks volcanic, for all the opinions of scientists, a fantastically shaped peak, and glacier-strung ranges gave an Alpine, almost an Andean, effect ahead.

Then we came down, down, down at a thigh-straining angle into bushes, scrub growth, almost a forest of what were nearly worthy the name of trees, to the edge of a large lake where mosquitoes held high carnival. Visions of spend-

ing a night, perhaps days—and food, except for the mosquitoes, was in its last throes—at this impasse were taking haggard shape when we espied at last the motor-boat which might have missed entirely the instructions to meet us at this rendezvous two hours earlier. This delay made us too late at Suorva, with its great power-station dam and comfortable tourist hotel, to catch the regular semi-weekly steamer down the next long and now very windy lake beyond, and forced us to risk our lives in a wreck of a rowboat fitted with an outboard motor in order to overtake the somewhat larger steamer for Saltoluokta. But the captain of this turned aside and drove up within good view of Stora Sjöfallet, Sweden's greatest waterfall—not Niagara, to be sure, but quite as beautiful in its more modest way.

All reasonable comforts, even for couples, were to be had at the Tourist Society hotel at Saltoluokta, except for the necessity of being called at five to catch the first of two motor-boats which connect twice a week with the noon train for Porjus. There the greatest electric power-station above the arctic circle is cut back into rock cliffs, furnishing power and light not only for the Luleå-to-Narvik railway but for nearly all of Lapland. There, too, Lapp women of yet another opinion in sartorial matters unwittingly posed on the station platform. Then back to Gällivare, and the comfortable Lapland express on to Kiruna.

CHAPTER XXVI

IRON MOUNTAINS

WE COULD see one of the two great hills of iron ore from the window of our hotel room on the Kiruna station platform. The vein, three miles long by from a hundred and twenty to six hundred feet wide, runs clear under Lake Luossa, connecting the two mountains of iron ore between which Kiruna lies, mountains averaging from fifty-eight to seventy per cent pure iron.

But iron mountains are less astonishing than the high standard of living in Kiruna. The station hotel, we were horrified to hear, furnished no baths; but before we could revise a now almost fixed opinion on the cleanliness of the Swedes the Ericsson-style telephone on the hotel office wall had accommodations booked for us in the city bath-house.

For Kiruna not only has a model bath-house but is almost a model city for any clime: most houses centrally heated, all lighted by electricity; all equipment, including artificial sunshine for those children who need it, free in its three community and four vocational schools; a lending library stocked with more things worth reading than mere printed matter; highly developed coöperative stores; a Folkpark for dancing and community merrymaking. The electric lights are real, not early-Victorian samples of Edison's genius, such as even London still considers adequate, and so plentiful that even the two iron mountains stand out like Broadway night posters, twenty-four hours a day in winter, for several hours

even now during the nightless summer. Electricity is dirt cheap: two and a half öre per kilowatt, ten kronor a month, including cooking and considerable heating. The comforts of life in this arctic mining town make some parts of our own country and most of England reminiscent of the days of the cave-man.

No straining of the complaining faculties could possibly bring to light a fault in that Kiruna community bath-house (in the same building as the library) in which we returned sartorially to our separate sexes. Except too much attention. Somehow I managed to trick or drive or scare the motherly male-side attendant out of my capacious bath-chamber; but upstairs in the female ward my wife had less luck, and she now agrees with me on one point—that being bathed is rather a gruesome experience.

Kiruna's most noteworthy public building is, I suppose, the 1913 parish church, which has big carved pine beams, twelve allegorical gilt statues outside, an altar cross in wood carved by Christian Eriksson, and behind the altar a large painting by Prince Eugen, brother of the Swedish king, a scene in the Holy Land with supernatural light shining through a holy grove.

The church is shaped like a Lapp tent, with most of the light coming down through what would be the smoke-vent in the top-center. Its wood is stained tobacco-brown, inside and out, as if it had long been smoked by Lapp fires. The tower or belfry, in old Scandinavian style and queer shape, is entirely separate from the church, a not uncommon custom in Scandinavia. The wrought-iron hinges, door-latches, almost all the details, are artistically done. Over the main doorway is good low relief wooden sculpturing, also by Christian Eriksson, and the big carved altar-piece shows a group of Lapps studying the Bible, two in the act of going up to

heaven in the garb and manner of their other travels, flanked by Adam and Eve completely dressed in Lapp costume, which is in the nature of a relief, whatever its historical accuracy. Not more than thirty people on the average go to church on Sundays in Kiruna, one of its proud sons tells us, but . . . well, they use the church for voting on election days.

In Kiruna I met a doughty vagabond author, now in his seventies but still pack-and-trail-capable, in the person of the Lapp Johan Tuuri, who has to his credit two or three books concerning his people; dreadful how the scribbling disease breaks out even among supposedly primitive and therefore wise people.

Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm, called the "King of Lapland," started the mining industry about what is now Kiruna in 1900. The old log cabin which was his headquarters while he prospected the mountains roundabout is being repaired as a kind of monument-museum. He began mining at Luossavaara, started Tuolavaara, east of what is now the main town, at the same time as Kirunavaara. This last—for short, Kiruna—has about fourteen thousand inhabitants. Perhaps half the town belongs to the mining company, for which most of the people work either directly or indirectly. There are many stockholders, but the match trust holds much of the stock and the Government holds a full half, and can buy it all in 1947 if it wishes.

Electric street-cars—free for miners and other employees, ten öre a trip for the rest of us—run through the town from one to the other iron mountain. A funicular railway carries you up to the mine, through stout gates in a heavily wired barrier. They are openwork mines, like those of Daiquirí, Cuba, like what Fushun in Manchuria would be if it were dug stairway-wise up the side of a hill instead of being sunk stadium-wise into the ground. There is a con-

siderable resemblance to Culebra Cut at the height of the Panama Canal digging—steam-shovels, huge crushers for breaking up the ore, no women employees. There are two shifts, five to noon and one to nine, with a small night shift for necessary maintenance. Daily, except on Sunday, scores of explosions from both hills rock all the region at 8:30 A.M. and 12:25 and 4 P.M. The company makes its own dynamite, of which it uses 780 tons a year here; took out 7,385,000 tons of ore in 1928; owns mines in southern Sweden, Morocco, elsewhere.

The eleven to twelve hundred workmen are so well off that no difficulty is found in getting good men to work so far above the arctic circle. Blasters and drillers get from 1,000 to 1,200 kronor a month, ore-loaders 700 to 800. Rents are very low, and many of the other necessities and common comforts of life are cheap. The miners own motor-cycles, automobiles, radios; have a union, obligatory sickness and accident insurance. They carry no purses and scorn to bother with small change. All fractions of the krona are thrown away with the pay-envelops, so that poorly paid bankers get appreciable yearly tips. The men bring their own lunches, eat while the shooting is going on, in an excellent lunch-room with electric heaters, which is heavily barricaded with logs against danger at blasting times. Most of Kiruna, by the way, eats no lunch. Breakfast is from seven to ten, dinner from three to six, supper from nine to eleven, even in the station-platform hotel.

Yet all but a few of the older miners are Communists. They seem to confuse Communism with labor unionism. Indeed, far northern Sweden has a Communist majority, being far from Russia and the bitter Russian reality. A delegation of Kiruna miners was given a special train in Russia, saw all the show sights; but as not a man of them

knew a word of Russian or went anywhere on his own, they brought back a most fantastically mistaken impression of Bolshevism.

But these well-paid, well-dressed parlor Bolshevists do not want the "world revolution." They are excellent workmen; and their political beliefs are wisely not taken any more seriously than necessary by the Swedish Government. Yet they all want to serve their term in the army, so that they "will be prepared when the time comes"—which, alas, it may. Like most people, they turn conservative as they grow older and acquire more common sense, responsibility, and property. But the young always outnumber the old.

Formerly miners who had worked twelve years for the company were given a month's vacation with pay, the others two weeks, always in summer. But in 1928 they struck in sympathy with Southern miners, closing the mines for seven months. The strikers got 3,500,000 kronor from Russia, but they would have earned 17,000,000 if they had worked; and when the strike was settled they not only did not get their wages for those seven idle months, as they demanded, but were told that the paid vacation they had hitherto enjoyed was no right but a favor which the company thenceforth withdrew.

We spent Sunday, July 7, in shooting the rapids from the Lapp winter town of Jukkasjärvi, an hour by automobile from Kiruna, for five hours down the river Torne. Three Finnish lumbermen, one of them picturesque, paddled us safely through many miles of rushing waters, though in one spot we had to take to the shore and bare feet while the boatmen inveigled the heavy canoe through a particularly difficult patch of rapids. In the good old times it took days to bring the craft back; now they lash it on a motor trailer and tow it along the road. It was surprising to see our old-

fashioned garden flowers, such as forget-me-nots and Johnny-jump-ups, in the open places bordering the almost incessant forest. Wild ducks and geese with green heads winged their way close along the river, placid except where it narrows and tumbles downhill. There were no mountains here, but unbroken woods for hours along the bank, until we reached the "cultivation boundary."

Not far below Jukkasjärvi and a few typical Finnish homesteads we passed a mixed camp of children in the teens, apparently unchaperoned, the girls as well as the boys largely in overalls, the scythe-and-hammer band of Communism on every arm, who sang the Internationale as we approached. Our boatmen drank bottles of milk, like the lunching workmen at the mines, when we broke the journey at an empty lumbermen's hut. For one thing, no liquor can be sold in this Communist-ruled district. Those who must have it go clear to Luleå for their motbok and the bottles it allows them.

Vittangi, far from the haunts of civilization, in the wilds of northeastern Sweden, was the end of that rapid-shooting Sunday. But there was comfort and prosperity even there. The big village farm-house in which we ate a dinner strangely like that to be had for about the same price in rural Minnesota, had a most livable old kitchen, though the Swedish fireplace had given way to an iron stove. Beside it was a great copper barrel of hot water, with a quaint ladle. Several old settees of antique shapes squatted about the walls. We ate in a bed-sitting-room, where several old-fashioned beds were modestly shoved together, telescope fashion. The big log barn had a fireplace in it for the cows' comfort, and electric lights; and the name of each animal was painted on the wall. Two of the stalls were now fitted up as doll-houses.

Behind it sat a kick-sledge, patiently awaiting the return of winter. It was a small wooden handle-bar fastened to iron

runners, with a raised place for the foot. A man stands grasping the bar in both hands, one foot resting on an iron support, while he pushes himself and perhaps a passenger or some freight along with the other foot, exactly like a child on a scooter. Some kick-sledges are fitted with a chair. Skis hung in the beams of the anteroom of the house. A parish church, imposing only in size, but with features of its own, bulked above the commodious hundred or more houses. Across the lake-river scores of fat cattle grazed on an open space. Reticent as Finns, as indeed most of them were, the inhabitants all had the air of asking nothing more of life than they already had.

There were miles of snow-fences, plenty of automobiles, most of them large new American cars, along the good gravel road on which we returned to Jukkasjärvi, where the three paddlers gave us breathing-space, and on to Kiruna. Numerous buses along the road showed a goodly demand for transportation, with most of the country-side making holiday, as if sunny Sundays came not too often during the short summer. Picnics dotted the bordering forest.

After a few hours of sleep we went walking at midnight to see the unsetting sun. But though you can take a snapshot successfully enough as the bells are tolling midnight and the townspeople are coming back from summer gaieties in the park sprawled up the lower slope of the western iron hill, you cannot actually see the sun rolling along the horizon anywhere in Kiruna, unless it be from the top of one of the iron mountains, and the mining company will not permit that.

Rooms were scarce at the Abisko Tourist Station, mosquitoes and tourists' hoof-prints thick. A whole train of sleeping-cars on a siding was occupied by the less fortunate. The radiators of the tourist station were electrically heated, its meals and their prices were still Swedish. Lapp Porten, a

great U-shaped gouge in the snow-patched range to the southwest, beckoned enticingly. But time is tyrannical and forced us to confine ourselves to the conventional trip across Lake Torneträsk, backed all night by the midnight sun, with a flock of tourists, to pester a poor Lapp camp. Though women and children and babes in arms—or rather, in canoe-like carriers of reindeer-hide—adorned the landing-place as long as the motor-launch remained, offering some of the worst of their simple handicrafts to the visitors, the atmosphere was charged with an evident desire for the summer season to end and leave these nomads to their own devices. The few families we called on did not invite us to advance beyond the humble place between the leaning door and the fire.

Next day there was time for a pleasant walk up along the raging river, in spite of the mosquitoes, and a climb part-way up Mount Nuolja, before the afternoon train carried us on to Narvik. On the electric railway of northern Sweden, ore takes precedence over mere passengers. Ore-trains loaded and empty pass north and south with ceaseless half-hour regularity. From Abisko down to Narvik are endless snow-fences, miles of snow-sheds roofing the track like the rock tunnels they often merge into; whole rows of high fences are set every which way on the sloping cliffs above. There is a constant inspection of the track for fallen boulders. Vassijaure, last station in Sweden, 982 miles from Stockholm and 1,600 feet high, has the heaviest rainfall in the country, and is surrounded by a wilderness of snow-blanketed mountains. But there is plenty of Porjus power in the big electric engines; no matter what the load, they never falter; hills are no bother to such powerful things as these. There was electric heat in the cars, in July, and welcome; lights also, though darkness would not come for weeks, except in the endless tunnels and snow-sheds.

CHAPTER XXVII

NORTHERN NORWAY

THERE is more scenery of the majestic sort in the twenty-five miles from Vassijaure, on the Norwegian border, down to Narvik than in all Sweden. In spite of snow tunnels and real tunnels more often than open vistas, that hour's descent is filled with repeated gasps of amazement. Sweden has many beautiful vistas, a few mountains worthy the name; but all her scenic beauties rolled into one cannot touch the majesty of this first glimpse of Norway. Snow-capped mountains rise in labyrinthian array on every hand. The fjord, our first fjord, high up above which we came out and along which we made our way for some time, very gradually descending to it, looks as if whoever built the world had started to dig a mammoth Panama Canal in solid rock but had finally given it up in despair.

The last station before Narvik is only six miles from it, but it is six hundred feet above sea-level. A great engineering feat, and a costly job, that most northerly bit of railway in the kingdom of Norway. The change from the three crowns to a single crown with a hunting-horn beneath it, on station façades, and from the blue-and-yellow Swedish flag to the red, blue, and white flag of Norway, does more than remind the traveler that he is in a new country. It recalls several high spots of Scandinavian history—how Norway entered into dynastic union with Denmark in 1380, after centuries of independence; how the pushing Danes gradually made it

merely a vassal state; how Denmark, thinking all life had been squeezed out of it, ceded Norway to Sweden in 1814—only to have the ancient land of the Norsemen, the ragged fringe of Europe that for ages had fought off the blustering north Atlantic, assert its right to weave its own destiny, in union with Sweden, under the same king. The union endured nearly a century, until in 1905 the more or less bickering pair split on the comparatively unimportant matter of Norway's demanding her own consuls abroad, and the Norwegians finally regained complete independence.

Since their divorce Sweden and Norway have been much better friends—as not infrequently happens in the case of individuals. Charles, second son of King Frederick VIII of Denmark, younger brother of the present King Christian the Tall, and consort of British King Edward VII's third daughter, was elected King of Norway by the Storthing and became Haakon VII six years before his elder brother came to the throne in Denmark. The red in Norway's flag is symbolical of her greater tendency to radicalism, of much less aristocratic notions than Sweden; the one crown instead of three serves as a reminder that the Norwegians are less royalty loyal than the Swedes. They like their new king, however, who was brought in much like the alien manager of an American city, and they like perhaps even more their Crown-Prince Olav, born in 1903 and now married to a Swedish princess. For one thing, he is a very good ski jumper.

Narvik is surrounded with great snow-capped peaks, sits within hand-shake of several breath-taking fjords. In 1900 it consisted of a few huts; to-day it is a well-built and electric-lighted city, though almost all things Norwegian struck us as just a bit rougher, a little less polished in manner, than things in Sweden. Streets more dusty or muddy; houses more often unpainted, a gen-

erally poorer aspect of almost everything makes Narvik look more like a mining town than Kiruna. The people are more naïve, less "snappy," perhaps even a bit less clean than in Sweden. The only real reason for Narvik, of course, is the constant procession of iron-ore trains that pour into it day and night, year in and year out, running over a trestle and dropping their bottoms out above chutes that empty into freighters of a dozen different nations. Ore-trains are perpetually arriving, waiting, discharging, climbing back up into the hills for more.

Yet in the Norwegian flat in which we took "tea" with a local prospering son and his wife there were sixteenth-century chairs of carved wood and embossed leather in warm colors which would have made any American collector's mouth water. Chinese linen had penetrated even here—and knee-length skirts were universal. There was a pitcher of syrup-thick cream, not only to pour on our shortbread and stewed wild raspberries but to drink, so that even I found the host's bottle less attractive than that of the hostess.

Narvik has its own artist, too, of whom it might be prouder than it is. In the vestibule of our hotel his work did not show to the best advantage. But all the walls of the Kafeestova, meeting-place of the local branch of the Teetotaler's Union and of the Pleasant Youth organization, or Young People's Club, are covered with landscapes by Johan Løvholt. It is all Norwegian scenery, northern-Norway scenery. This part of the coast and the Lofoten Islands outside have given him his subjects. Some of his colors would seem fantastic to those who have not been there and seen that, if anything, they are less than the colorful reality.

Løvholt's best works show sunlight on peaks reflected in water, a fishing-fleet in harbor below snow-clad peaks, arctic vistas with all the atmosphere of the scenes themselves. He

can do other things, too, a visit to his little red frame house overlooking a fjord on the outskirts attested; his hardy, reticent, northern-Norwegian types are as well done, if not quite so striking, as his almost Goyaesque landscapes of the North. But Narvik is still too busy getting itself established as a materially prosperous city to give its artist his full due, too far away to bring him fame and prosperity.

Beside the neat and prosperous Seamen's Home on the water-front stands a monument to the Norwegians killed by U-boats during the World War. Though she was not officially a belligerent, pro-Allies Norway lost 831 vessels and 1,200 men, dropped from fourth to sixth place in mercantile tonnage, during those bitter years. There is a famous ski run far up the more than half-sheer hillside above the town, where championship contests of Norway are often held. A local youth holds the world's record for young men. Once a jump of sixty-eight meters (say two hundred and twenty-five feet) was made on this run high above the town; but nowadays form counts more than distance in ski-record circles.

They will soon tell you of all these things in which northern Norway excels—or thinks it does. There is a violent patriotism for northern Norway as distinguished from the rest of the country; a sort of fierce pride, demanding its share of attention, of improvements, of everything. They contend that southern Norway is painfully ignorant about the north.

The theater was closed; most of Narvik leaves town in the summer for some cooler and more quiet place, huts among the snow-topped hills, simple homes along the fjords! I wonder if Eskimos move farther out on the ice in the summer season, build new igloos, to get away from the rush and hurry and worry of town, the enervating heat of their ice-

cakes. But, then, I suppose any place becomes tiresome if one stays there year in and year out. I know that we, having been driven out of Sweden to make room for clamoring tourists in Abisko, grew tired of waiting for the *Mosken* to sail for the North Cape, though for months we had known its exact hour of departure, and decided to break the ennui by racing overland to its first port of call. But, alas, the fine weather we had been having in Lapland, in almost all Sweden for weeks, broke the moment we crossed the border, and seldom came back during our five weeks in Norway.

There is frequent ferry service across the fjord down which we had come from Sweden; private and public cars at the landing-stage beyond; and a comfortable bus line runs daily-except-Sunday service from Narvik to Finsnes, through imposing woods and mountain scenery. There is a striking Henry Ibsen profile in a mountain on this road to Gratangsbotn, a bucolic summer hotel run by Narvik's tourist association, looking down upon Gratang Fjord and up to a horizon of lofty snow-caps—snow and cultivated fields and an arm of the sea in one picture. Farmsteads of Norwegian Lapps of the non-nomad breed lie down the valley to the head of the fjord, uncostumed Lapps whom it is hard to tell from the Norwegians of the North themselves, in ordinary farm-houses, built largely of turf; big codfish heads hung up to dry on fence-posts or protruding house boards, for cattle feed or fertilizer.

The bus picked us up again next morning; but the sun had been defeated in its struggle with the clouds. Narvik had told us of a school-book written by an Oslo teacher which bore the statement that potatoes never grew above the arctic circle; but proud northern Norway soon got that corrected to read that potatoes grow wherever the Norwegian flag flies —except, I take it, in Spitzbergen. In and around Narvik

we had seen whole fields of buttercups, of red clover, masses of many other flowers. Not only potatoes grow there but strawberries, raspberries, currants, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, cabbage, spinach, lettuce, carrots, radishes, garlic, onions, gooseberries, bushels of tyttebær (which the English seem to call whortleberries) ; it grows even tomatoes, though these in greenhouses. All the others we saw growing out of doors in Narvik and also along this new highway to Finsnes still farther north.

There is no architecture north of Narvik, but there are more modern houses and stout timber barns than we expected to see so near the north pole. Hip-roofed barns disappear and few buildings are red, once you get over the border; white or gradations of it are more in vogue, though even in Narvik white paint costs more than Falun red. In the country districts not a few houses are made entirely of thick chunks of slate, others wholly or mainly of turf, many of logs or rough-hewn slabs. Slate roofs cover mere shacks or fisher-cabins—slate an inch or more thick, so that you wonder the house will support the roof. But sod roofs are more common. Immense moss-grown stones almost lost in the deep grass, in the whole fields of flowers and other vegetation on them, lie on turf roofs all over Norway.

Slate walls and sod roofs and rough-stone chimneys blend in with the Norwegian landscape much better than do the commonplace frame houses that now outnumber them even at the far northern end of the country. Such dwellings are not eyesores; though they are too small for much luxury within. But the uglier modern dwellings no doubt help to overcome that sense of inferiority which generations of isolated living give most people, and prove that they are as up-to-date as you or I—poor things! Personally, we preferred the flower-field turf roofs.

Now and again we passed wagon-loads of birch bark. It is used not only as fuel but as a kind of tar-paper under turf roofs. The birch bark, spread over the roof boards, is covered with clay and this in turn with sod. One would expect the house under such a roof to be very damp, with so much soil to hold the water that falls abundantly in Norway. But this does not seem to be the case; and unless a hole develops in it a turf roof will last for many years.

The largest of several towns along the way was Sætermoen, with a hotel or two of the cross-roads inn type, two rather well-stocked stores; a place evidently considered a great metropolis in those parts. For all the latitude, the people were well dressed and no more rustic in appearance or manners than in similar country districts in the United States. But all the region was more austere and less prosperous-looking than Sweden. The only picturesque touch in Sætermoen was one lone tame Lapp very badly in need of a hair-cut, wearing an even fancier pompon and a much wider and more studded belt than any we had seen in Swedish Lapland; a camera-fearing Lapp, who stood about with his bare hands thrust Napoleon-like into the breast of his embroidered cock-tailed jacket, forever shifting his position lest some traveling photographer catch him unawares.

In Narvik, by the way, we had met a more sophisticated Lapp who, with his brother, was about to go to Alaska as a reindeer expert. Norway, like Sweden, is very homogeneous. Her population includes barely one per cent of non-Norwegians (not counting tourists of course, or those foreigners living there more or less temporarily); and these are mainly her twenty thousand Lapps and Finns and about eight thousand Quains, at least these last certainly of Mongol origin. But there are many Scotch names and other evidences of an earlier immigration from neighboring countries.

Constant rain and perpetually dull-gray clouds made cold and uninspiring what might have been and often is a delightful trip. New Buicks, Nashes, and even more expensive cars sloughed along the arctic roads. We wondered if their radiators must be filled entirely with alcohol in winter. Still, with our shoes off and our respective feet on the opposite seat wrapped in Andean poncho and steamer rug, we rode along fairly comfortably. Our road was surprisingly good, all things considered, even if it was so narrow most of the way that we had to come to a complete halt whenever we met another car, and jockey and back and fill and squeeze to get by it, often on the brink of a steep hillside or of a sheer fjord wall, with no other guard-rail than the big stones set up at close intervals along the extreme edge.

There were telephones and electric lights and most of the comforts of life in the better of Finsnes's two hotels; though it was an unpleasant outdoor trip in the pouring rain to . . . But enough! Europeans say that we Americans are superior and superficial to be always criticizing their lack of plumbing. At least they don't have to pay our plumbers' bills!

CHAPTER XXVIII

71° 10′ 40″ NORTH!

IT WAS about midnight and almost dark when the *Mosken* put into Finsnes. This very comfortable little steamer-yacht makes ten trips from Narvik to the North Cape during July, spending the rest of the year among the Lofoten Islands. The way on from Finsnes lay through a not very wide strait, with many prosperous-looking farm-houses of several colors scattered along both shores, set in spring-green patches climbing a little way up mountainsides more and more heavily wooded and steeper the higher up the eyes went. We passed Malangen, quite a town, on the stroke of twelve, a flock of sea-gulls flying above it, a little steamer just putting out from it to another town with a church, across the strait.

There was no actual midnight sun that July 13-14, but there was a bright glow on the clouds and striking light effects; and one could read the finest print at midnight. The *Mosken* lights no lights during all her month between Narvik and the North Cape. Majestic mountains, waterfalls in many white strings down the faces of them, seemed to grow smaller as we steamed north; though with a heavy mantle of clouds over all the world it is hard to be certain. Sea-gulls flocked about us at any hour. To starboard lay a rugged coast with plenty of low vegetation, green and brown, snow patches no more numerous than at Abisko; to port were some island mountains. That morning we saw one small collection of wooden houses with turf roofs, back in a little bay; then at

1:30 P.M. two sets of huge white oil-tanks along the coast marked the approach to Hammerfest.

The most northern city on earth, 70° 40′ 11″ N., lies along a shelf at the foot of a high mountain ridge, through a gap in which a road climbs diagonally away toward the oil-tanks. Rocky mountains pile up close behind the town, shut it in with a steep cliff wall, along the top of which sat thousands of gulls. Goats grazed in precarious places, props held stones on the mountainside, weather or ship-announcing flags flew at the top of the cliff. Built in a somewhat curving form about a deep harbor, with one long main street and two or three, for one short distance four, parallel ones, the most northerly city thus far founded by ubiquitous and fish-hungry mankind closely resembles many another wooden frontier town. Its beauties are certainly not architectural.

Moreover, Hammerfest with its thirty-five hundred people holds its chief honor none too tightly; for there are "villages," one with fifteen hundred inhabitants, farther north, and two towns of about five thousand each, almost as far, around on the eastern end of that thin protecting arm which Norway throws about the shoulders of Sweden and Finland.

Hammerfest has plenty of business; but it was Sunday, and Norwegians are not willing Sabbath-breakers. Most shop curtains were drawn, as if the very thought of commerce were damnable on Sunday. Not even the post-card kiosks on the wharf were open—you've no idea how the tourists from the *Mosken* suffered! Men and women, dressed just like you or me, were wandering slowly up and down the principal street as if wondering what on earth they could do with a leisure day. Yet Hammerfesters ought to be good at that, with the endless nights of winter to practise in. The children looked strangely like children almost anywhere else; a group on a Hammerfest street corner bears a very striking

resemblance to a group of street-corner loafers in any other small town where spare-time occupations are few and far between. In short, we were horribly disappointed; we had expected at least to see walrus walking the streets and pet seals following their Marys to school. Whereas the picture we carried away was of idling men and lifeless shop windows, a very quiet, almost a silent Sunday town.

Still, in two or three shameless shop windows there were polar-bear skins and walrus tusks and skulls, sealskin moccasins, and other arctic souvenirs. A few godless stores showed all the products of civilization: oranges, lemons, bananas, electric irons and stoves, washing powder from America, cheap magazines and gaudily covered books; American automobiles—at least two hundred and sixteen of them in this district, according to one license number, and all of them open cars! Dam frisørs offered permanent waves, the latest bobs. There were outdoor telephone booths, plenty of private telephones, several banks and vice-consulates, a fenced-in fountain with bushes, a Grand Hotel, a Raadhus Teatret, a kino, lurid with vapid-faced movie posters, a huge well-isolated hospital, a bust of Ole Olsen in a small park. There were briefly dressed flappers, baby-carriages, so many children as to imply that Hammerfest can raise nothing else during a large part of the year.

Big warehouses along the water-front were filled with fish hung up to dry; drying fish-nets festooned many boats in what is probably a busy harbor on week-days in summer. There was a large and very ugly wooden church, one or two smaller and perhaps even uglier ones. A hydrant here and there showed that Hammerfest has water "laid on." A phonograph or two was playing—the local atheists, no doubt. On the whole the place looked and acted quite like its antithesis, Punta Arenas.

The unprepossessing houses, neat enough along the parallel streets but an untidy jumble between the back doors, with unsightly outhouses, were gray, yellow, brown, white, but rarely red. Most of them were close together, with almost no yards, as if they were huddling for warmth. A small river comes down to the sea at one end of the town, and a little way up that lived a dozen or a score of commuters. Some dwellings, especially at that end of the town, looked well-to-do, with fenced lawns, radio antennæ, flowers, sometimes a few bushes—pride of the Hammerfest householder, these, for trees do not come so far north. Every window in town was full of potted flowers, fuchsias, roses, geraniums, framed in lace curtains, the leaves turned hungrily toward the light.

Early that evening we passed the auk islands, pretty, reddish rock cliffs standing straight up in the sea, out of which millions of stubby black birds with white bellies came in clouds, from layer after layer of horizontal cracks and ledges, when the steamer blew its whistle. They reminded us of the rather similar cliff homes of New York, at about 8:30 A.M. Some of the birds were blasé about the whistle; hundreds of them sat calmly on their rock ledges through many long blasts, as if they felt they had performed enough for silly tourists that summer. Some refused to be moved by gunshots; even our small cannon, in spite of the loud echoes it awakened, by no means disturbed all of them from their Sunday leisure.

But the air about us was full of auks, flying fast on their short wings—excitedly, compared with gulls, yet making little noise for all their multitude. Others rode on the water in soldierly rows, often went under, as gulls do not. Lines of auks came hurrying home from some Sunday excursion, as if they had heard the village fire-alarm. When they flew they

seemed to have so poor a control of their steering that it was easy to understand how men catch them in nets on the ends of poles. No wonder, either, that they like best to stay on these two islands, with names so easily forgotten: Gjæværstabben and Hjelmsøystauren (which, I am credibly informed, has nothing to do with oysters).

The *Mosken* all but touched the red cliffs before turning and pushing on northward. The port sky was ruddy as far as it could be seen in either direction; an eagle was flying high above a half mountain; a big white patch on a rock in the sea was covered with black eider-ducks, motionlessly surveying the evening scene. Then, being ahead of schedule, we hove to for an hour of cod-fishing. Norwegian reels were fastened to the rail, their long lines each fitted with a double hook, baited only with a piece of red flannel—certainly a mean trick on the fish. But not so mean as the one my wife played, hooking through the belly a cod that declined to be fooled—for in Norwegian fishing you have to jerk the line back and forth the full swing of your arm, incessantly, in order to make the silvery hook spin. Many codfish, some weighing twenty pounds, one a very golden color, joined us for midnight supper.

At length, in the cove off North Cape, we were sent ashore in a small boat and began the zigzag climb by a well-cut path. The place was utterly silent—except for about five hundred American tourists from the Hamburg-American cruise ship anchored beyond our now tiny yacht below. A zigzag line of tourists that resembled a tropical procession of leaf-cutting ants stretched all the way up the hill, most of the women in spiked heels, and firmly convinced that they were risking valuable lives on the perfectly safe trail with its quite unnecessary rope hand-rail. They might have been human flies making their first try on the side of the Woolworth Building

—except that no human fly would dare to risk his professional reputation by showing any such fear.

They had brought with them a large German band, many sailors, venders of everything salable. Almost a village of temporary shacks at the bottom offered souvenirs: a large polar-bear skin at twenty kroner (a good one costs four hundred even in Tromsø), snow-white rabbit-skins, white fox. . . . One shack announced itself, perhaps with truth, the most northern café in the world. Certainly it was the "Last Chance," on land, in that locality. There was a post-office at the bottom of the climb, another at the top. Boys and old women were picking bunches of flowers, those huge poppy-buttercups, forget-me-nots, which grew in profusion just beyond tourist reach along the trail, and selling them to tourists.

A thousand feet up, perhaps, then a mile across a very bleak and stony headland to where it falls sheer into the sea. In the most prominent spot at the edge of it was a large wooden shack, with a W. C. Herrer and a W. C. Damer room, a fat Jewess obliviously standing most of the time in the doorway of the first. The German band blared; American flappers and their male counterparts horse-played; Eastman stock rose several points; a couple of stage Lapps made a lot of money by posing with their arms about tourists, or vice versa. . . . We would have preferred the pretty old folk music of our own boat's orchestra of a lame violinist and a youthful accordion-player. But for all the lame man's climb the German band never gave our modest minstrels time to play a note. Dancing is all very well, but why in so unsuitable a place?

Peary himself would have liked the air—invigorating, arctic—but hardly the immediate surroundings. The sun refused obstinately to show itself, and who, looking about at the

waiting audience, could blame it? The northern horizon was perfectly clear; but the blanket of clouds covering all the rest of the heavens came so low down that the sun could not quite peer out beneath it. Far from setting, the midnight sun rode so high in the sky that we never actually saw it, though it gave us wonderful sky effects, clouds like a Chinese rug in delicate gray, with golden patches in it, long pink curtains, luminous as a stage setting, with some patches of blue. . . .

We looked across the sea toward Spitzbergen in vain. Large cruise ships were barely making it this summer, because of heavy ice. Half-way between the North Cape and the pole, 350 miles north of Norway proper, this mountainous group of islands, 30,880 square miles, has a couple of thousand inhabitants in summer, perhaps half as many in winter. Norsemen discovered it in 1194; Barents again in 1596. Norway has always claimed it, more vociferously since the coal she lacks was discovered there in abundance toward the end of the last century.

But in spite of many international conferences Spitzbergen remained a No Man's Land until after the World War. Now even Russia has signed the agreement giving Norway the right to fly her flag over it, though not the right to use it as a naval base or to hinder the ships of the other signatories from hunting and fishing there. What matter these slight restrictions? Geologists estimate that there are nine billion tons of coal in Spitzbergen, hundreds of thousands of which already go to Norway yearly.

CHAPTER XXIX

Tromsø

YOU come past so many clusters of farm-houses, almost villages, with now and then a church, during the sixteen hours from the North Cape to Tromsø that the metropolis of northern Norway seems almost a Southern city, effete with soft weather and all that goes with it.

On the way is such scenery as only Norway can furnish. The mountains of Lyngenfjord stand six thousand feet sheer out of the water; many other incursions of sea-water far into the land are almost as striking. Trees appear again—small, to be sure, but forming almost a forest long before you reach Tromsø. Narrow streaks of clearing in thick low woods, sometimes dotted with white goats, run up the steep hillsides. Noble mountains rise on every hand, streaked and patched with snow, mountains of solid rock, so that trees can get foothold only on the lower slopes and on the guarding hills. The clouds found it an almost impossible task to keep above the tops of even the lowest of them; though for a time all was clear about us, except for a great hole in the mountains, swirling with white-gray mists like a witches' caldron.

We steam serenely on, as if expecting to go straight up a beautiful steep mountain slope ahead—but always find a way through. Glaciers here and there show a sheer ragged edge, a hundred feet thick, from which veritable icebergs must have tumbled. We pass square-pooped fishing-boats

suggesting Chinese junks, a high deck-house or captain's quarters behind. Queer little smacks chug along, a stovepipe exhaust to their simple motors, swarms of gulls swirling excitedly close about the crew busily cleaning fish. One such smack was anchored, and apparently had no one on board; but half a dozen rowboats with as many rowers each were casting nets along the edge of the fjord, white with anticipating gulls.

Tromsø is a thriving city, surprisingly up-to-date for so isolated a place. Electricity and water are brought to town over a fjord or two—for Tromsø is on an island. There is a geological institute, and two radio stations. Swimming is taught in the school pool; and as the building is ten years old, swimming must have been included in the curriculum at least that long ago, which cannot be said of most American schools. There is the latest of everything in the shops, along with fish-skin coats, waterproof sealskin bags, Lapp costumes made of reindeer hides, polar-bear skins of all sizes and prices, from the bristly short-haired summer ones at next to nothing, and not worth that, to the velvety hides of grandfather bears shot in midwinter and well worth whatever is asked for them. On the whole fur prices seemed as high as in New York.

Almost any Tromsø shop can produce some fluent English-speaking person when one is needed. Even the undertaker's wife, who sells skins and souvenirs on the side, had ample English for her purposes. They do not learn a mere smattering of the tongues they may need, these northern Norwegians. The landlord of the Grand Hotel, friend in their arctic days of my club-mates Fiala and Reisenberg, spoke remarkable English, not to mention French and German, for a man in his business and territorial circumstances. No doubt the paucity of lighter entertainment during the long winters

is in their favor; but it is hard to picture an American hotel-keeper in so isolated a place as Tromsø spending his leisure hours over grammar and lexicon.

Our delectable host was apologetic when he met us on the wharf. Hot baths were not at the moment available in his hotel, Tromsø's only real hotel, and could be had only on Fridays and Saturdays in the community Badhus. But it was certainly more hotel than we should expect to find in our American arctic; and those dinners in the landlord's home suite, surrounded by his astonishingly well-informed wife and daughters, made Tromsø hard to leave. Two other guests were about to go out on a long expedition, and one of them, an old captain, offered to take my wife along if she would make him hot cakes every morning. But I put my foot down, for once successfully.

It was less of a task to look up Paul Bjørvig, who, with Morten Olaisen, now a lighthouse-keeper on some sea-washed rock with a romantic name, wintered on Dane's Island, Spitzbergen, in 1906-07, with that master of all crafts, Capt. Felix Reisenberg. Bjørvig was at home, and a good little home it was; a small wooden house—Tromsø has few mansions, no architectural beauties, but notice its latitude. There was running water in the kitchen, a rack of shining copper ladles, the parlor was a bower of flowers, of growing ivy, perennial plants—the whole place not only shipshape but comfortable to the point of luxury. We could not help contrasting it with the last earthly home of many a British or American sailor.

Down in the crowded harbor, among a lot of dirty picturesque freighters and fishermen, was "Noah's Ark"—Noah might have known some one would steal the name unless he got it copyrighted. It was a stinking old steamer from Oslo, with a green hull and a black funnel, wireless-

fitted at that; and a shining new fenced gang-plank connected it with the end of a stone jetty. It carries a hundred and fifty species of animals and birds, goes from harbor to harbor all along the Norwegian coast, clear around the North Cape to Vadsø and Kirkenes. This was the menagerie's first year in its own ship, after six years in hired vessels; hence I assume that "Noah's Ark" is prospering.

Besides the outstanding animals of the north temperate zone there was a red toucan, an armadillo, a capibara, a cream-colored parrot, several kinds of monkeys, including a chimpanzee, a red-faced baboon, and a large blue-nosed member of the same family, a baby tiger, a leopard, two little alligators, a wallaby or baby kangaroo, an ant-eater, macaws. . . . Strange denizens of the arctic region, you will admit; and a treat for Tromsø and all northern Norwegians, most of whom know nothing of the world below the arctic circle except by hearsay. The audience ran the whole gamut, from Tromsø's best-dressed girls, whose usual chief recreation is to meet the afternoon express steamers, to a Lapp couple from across the fjord, ham-handed fishermen, every boy and girl who could raise fifty øre—and Tromsø is not poverty-stricken. A krone for adults, and twenty-five øre for a program, "without which you can't tell one animal from another." Small boys sold peanuts—not many for a nickel—and "iskrem," which ought certainly to be better rather than worse in the land of perpetual ice.

The crew lived forward, with the other animals. Even the show people had poorer living conditions than the four-footed exhibits—a deck-house for the women, of whom there were two or more, with at least one baby, at the moment, on the top deck, forward of the stack. But what are minor discomforts compared with seeing the world?

I had been away barely a minute, yet I found my wife

in conversation with the assistant keeper or first mate or whatever his official title, before the monkey cage. She had, she swore, answered his opening remark—for sailors of course will be sailors—with "Tala ikke Norsk," which was evidently near enough to what she was trying to say to be understood, for he came back with an excited, "Why, then you must speak English!" He had often been in New York, knew Philadelphia. . . . Would she care to see . . . But about that time I turned up.

It was a mean trick that another menagerie, on shore under a tent, should have appeared in Tromsø at the same time, with an American ex-washerwoman as chief attraction and ticket-seller, who was "lettin' on to go back home, boss, every time comes winteh, but somehow always still heah when de show start out agin in de spring. He! He! Well, good-by, lady; wisht Ah wuz goin' on back wid you-all."

Judging by its condition, the main street of Tromsø, starting-point of many a famous arctic expedition, is a fine and proper place for eider-ducks during much of the normal summer. Think of having only a few weeks of summer and then seeing that ruined by a perpetually wet blanket of clouds over all the visible world, clouds constantly being wrung out, yet never growing light enough to run away and play somewhere else for a while. The snow melts in June; frost comes again in August; by the end of that month the trees are already brown. But the sun does sometimes shine in Tromsø, disclosing magnificent vistas on every hand, its loyal sons say; and few people are fonder or prouder than these are of their home town.

Out through the country—by car, of course. Our host would not hear to our visiting even the outskirts in any other way. As sure as fate I shall not be allowed to walk even from furnace to furnace in the after-world. An ex-school-teacher

grows a thriving kitchen garden in sand. A small barn has a great polar-bear skin tacked up on it, just as our pioneers used to tack up coon-skins on their log cabins. A lengthy old building used to be a ropewalk. A lovely cemetery in a birch forest—but really, I'd rather be buried farther south.

Down at the far end of the harbor a floating "factory" grinds herring into meal, a valuable fertilizer. Think of never being able to get away from that smell! Still farther on is a seal "factory," where two smacks were just in, loaded with seals from Greenland. One of them had been only five weeks away from Tromsø, had reached about 78° N., and had come back with seventeen hundred seals. Not the whole seals, of course; but neither would it be correct merely to say sealskins. On a seal-hunt two or three of the crew walk ahead and shoot them, always through the head if possible. Young seals cannot swim for the first two or three weeks, but that does not save a mother. They sit calmly up and take their bullet; for the shots do not startle them, because the cracking ice constantly makes the same sound. There are millions of seals, the sealers say, but the female produces only one young a year; how long, then, with the present ruthless slaughter, will they last?

The rest of the crew come along behind and slash off most of the skin, from the lower neck to the base of the flippers —the rest also is valuable, but sealers are in a hurry—with a thick cushion of oily fat on the inside, and leave what is left to rot, or to do whatever happens in the Far North. Cruel and wasteful, of course; but women must have sealskin coats, even if they have to take them from some poor rabbit's back.

The fat hides are thrown into the hold, with coarse salt from Spain between them. That day the crews of both smacks were busy skinning the fat off the hides. Each skin-

ner laid his square of outer seal over a kind of fence in front of him and carefully yet quickly removed with a big knife that two inches or more of protective fat. How warm your sealskin coat would be if only that cushion of fat could be left inside it! No wonder seals can sit comfortably on the ice, without even an open fire.

Other men were hoisting the fatty skins out of the smacks, by windlass and a rope through the flipper hole; loading iron push-cars with them, tossing them in great heaps on the bare dock beside the skinners. The heaps wriggled and slithered and slid like living things. As they were skinned of their fat the hides were thrown on the floor of the re-salting room, already half filled with two mountain ranges of salted skins. There was a fearsomely slimy feeling to the boarding beneath the feet. To slip would have been death, at least to garments, and to self-confidence until the next hot bath—and Friday was still at the other end of the week. The fat is cut into little cubes and poured into hoppers which grind, then into vats that boil, and finally comes out as valuable oil. Such a smackful of sealskins is worth between twenty-five and thirty thousand kroner in Tromsø.

CHAPTER XXX

DOWN TO TRONDHJEM

WHENEVER the clouds uncover it the mountainous coast of Norway is beyond the average power of description. Scenery without end—jagged ranges plunging in gray rock precipices, streaked a little with green toward the bottom, into deep-blue or dull-gray fjords. . . . Seldom a level spot as large as a tennis-court; mountains and glaciers in grand isolation, far above the pullulations of the sniveling insect called man. At best he can scratch a meager livelihood for himself and his mate and his many brats, on tiny patches on the very lowest edge of towering masses of fantastic-shaped rocks, where earth has covered the stone a few feet deep.

But many pages of mere words will tell you nothing of Norway's scenery; go and see it. Sweden gives you the feeling that man can do what he will with Nature; in Norway, Nature seems to do what she wills with man. Hence, perhaps, that broad gulf between these two closely related peoples: complacent confidence as against an almost fatalistic yielding to the austere inevitable.

The newer boats of the mail-and-express service along the coast of Norway, from Tromsø to Stavanger, are as fine as any ocean liner, and as large as some of them. The *St. Svithun* was everything a passenger steamer should be: hot and cold running water in the state-rooms, fresh or salt baths for the asking, unlimited deck-chairs free, meals as nearly

Swedish as Norway usually accomplishes . . . and so fast that we could here and there sneak up to the very head of some of the most beautiful fjords of northern Norway on mere sight-seeing excursions, to look at a waterfall or a striking mountain peak, without falling behind the schedule.

Were their bases higher, the Lofoten Islands would be the Lofoten Mountains. Myriads of mighty masses of rocks, ranging in color from nearly black to reddish brown or reddish gray, covered here and there with great dabs of fresh dark green of every size and shape, pile into the sky ahead to infinity—until they run out at the Maelstrom. Svolvær, a kind of fishermen's capital of the Lofoten group, with sheer mountains piled high above its ugly wooden houses, reminds one again how miserable are the works of man compared with Nature's. Loose rocks huger than the houses built among them; outskirts with as nearly slum conditions as are to be found in Scandinavia; acres of log-raised racks for drying fish, all empty now; immense tarpaulin-covered vats of split codfish, vainly awaiting the sunshine; above all, a wonderful setting for a very commonplace town.

A labyrinth of mountains floats in the sea beyond. On one of them the quay of an important port called Stamsund was all but covered with a mountain of codfish heads and spines, smaller hills of them in the foreground, other fish-head mountains farther back, a ship of the sealing variety coming in heaped high with more of them. Fish-heads seem to have entered the ranks of Big Business in the Lofotens. The large concrete building which grinds them up with electric power and lets down chain buckets of the fertilizing meal into waiting boats is growing larger. To leeward of that wharf is not the most pleasant place in Norway. We can still see the faces of two touring American women who, feeling that they did not have time to go farther north, had picked

Stamsund with its codfish heads as the place to wait—four days in vain—to see the midnight sun.

Our mail-express steamer gave passengers two hours in which to explore Torghattan, a tunnel bored by Nature through a solid rock island, four hundred feet above sea-level. Blueberries and flowers were plentiful on the rocky trail up to it, and shy girls sat in the mouth of it, over bowls of berries with sugar and other temptations to climbing tourists. Through the gaping hole the sunlight gave an almost telescopic effect to the island-dotted sea across which our bug-sized steamer was crawling to our rescue.

All afternoon we played hide and seek in and out among islands of every size, from isolated Mount Everests to rocks so tiny that a little colored tower or a lighthouse must be put on them to make them visible. Then, near the last of the Lofoten vertebræ, just before the narrow channel called Moskenæs Strømmen, the fabled Maelstrom—which is not so dangerous as sailors of long ago led the gullible world to believe—we suddenly changed our minds and shot southeastward across the open sea in the hope of again finding Norway proper, the hazy line of which had some time before faded out on the eastern horizon.

Miles upon miles of lofty solid-rock coast guarded by mountainous rock islands like a king by his body-guard. Now and then a sail-boat of queer rig; here and there a swirl of gulls. The sun set toward eleven, casting over the Lofotens behind the most delicate bluish color, tinged with pink. The stämning was perfect looking away from the open stern deck, where even the captain and his mates had joined in the dancing to a phonograph gifted with only the most atrocious American college-boy records. A lighthouse every little while. This must be a wicked coast at night—and it is always night here in winter. The sister ship of our palatial *St. Svithun*

The paintings of Johan Løvholt of Narvik, Norway, would be incredible in color if one had not seen the arctic reality

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The ancient cathedral of Trondhjem has been rebuilding for sixty years

Norwegian peasants in their Sunday best patiently waiting until they can go back to work

A corner of Svolvær in the Lofoten Islands

struck a rock and sank in a minute, the following September, drowning most of those on board. But we can turn in with safety now, when real darkness has not yet quite overtaken us.

Trondhjem, the ancient capital of Norway, to-day her third city, is an attractive place of nearly sixty thousand inhabitants, who live for the most part in plain but good two-story houses that are now streaming away into the hilly outskirts in every direction, like a slowly dispersing crowd, as in most other parts of this post-war world. Some small curved streets flanked by low old-fashioned houses and shops with jutting signs give a suggestion of age. One very narrow alleyway boldly announces itself a survivor of the Middle Ages. But the other streets are broad, with sidewalks and sometimes separate roads for horses and automobiles, perhaps with trees between them. A big square two-story palace, its once white paint scaling off, boasts itself the largest wooden building in Norway, and still seems to have hope of housing a king again, for a day or two. As in many other older Trondhjem houses the surface boards run up and down, with batten-boards covering the cracks, making a kind of vertical clapboarding.

Beneath an armed and armored Viking at the top of a high column is the open-air cobble-paved market-place, where farmers bring their cheeses in chests and trunks, and try to tempt even a passing tourist with slivers of them: brown goat's-milk cheese at about thirty cents a pound; ordinary cheese at a little more than half that. Baskets of eggs are sold by the kilogram, seventeen of average size for forty-three cents. Big luscious strawberries from the Hardanger, farther south, at two kroner a liter (say, fifty-five cents a quart) and worth it; wagons full of flowers, like greenhouses on wheels; pots of rambler roses; a big St. Bernard dog

smilingly guarding a table of things which dogs like to eat, during the leisurely absence of his master. They use the same simple hand-held scale as hucksters dangle in China. I wonder if they know how to cheat "outside-country people" with them as brazenly as some Chinese do. Probably not; these solemn-faced peasants, even when they spoke English and mentioned a few trips to America, still less their women with shawls over their heads, did not seem the cheating kind.

A quiet town, in spite of cobbled streets and much business; even the electric street-cars appear to be so well balanced that they make little noise compared with ours. A fish-market near the water-front: halibut and smoked salmon, the unsold half of a huge white fish, still more than the brawny fish-seller could lift unaided. Two or three large up-to-date book-stores, with many English translations. Almost any one speaks English in Trondhjem. A quarter-mile-long procession of Girl Scouts, or whatever the feminine form is, carrying heavy packs with rolled blankets strapped to them. A lame girl insists on keeping up with the others. Even the almost white-haired commander-in-chief and her staff of half a dozen, bringing up the rear, carry a heavy pack apiece; and no one seems to mind how long the procession holds up a street-car.

Take its cathedral, for instance. It was built in the Middle Ages, suffered fire and bombardment; stood, like the churches of Visby, for hundreds of years. The Swedes used it as a stable in 1720. For the past sixty years Trondhjem has been restoring it, and it is still far from completion. Scores of stone-cutters work in the booths about its back yards, sawing, chipping, chiseling light-gray soapstone. It is very exact work: a man toils two or three weeks, sometimes more, on a single stone. Now there are fifty-two men; there used to be ninety. Jobs go from father to son. One man in a purple

shirt had worked there in his youth; had gone to the United States, where he remained for twenty years; had been a miner in Butte; came back a few years ago to brighten his mother's last years and got his old job back, chip, chip, chipping stones for the cathedral.

Four dollars a day at this work, an increase for long service. Sixty-five dollars a week for "fancy men," such as the artist stone-cutter high up on a scaffold, trimming a saint's whiskers. One artist has been cutting out saints there for thirty-seven years. Architect Christie supervised the work from 1872 to 1906; there have been several architects since. Modern methods are not scorned. The men work in a heated workshop in the winter. Hand and pneumatic stone-cutters toil side by side among the present generation of restorers. The klæbersten, or soapstone, of the building itself is native; the granite and marble come from farther off. The State's regular yearly contribution is not large enough to restore the cathedral all at once. Plenty of padlocked invitations to add your mite. A local bank has contributed twenty thousand kroner a year for forty years. It must grow a bit tiresome. At Trondhjem you have the sense of seeing how the famous old cathedrals of Europe were built, for centuries.

The gargoyles, some of them of wood, models perhaps of what they will be, were made from thirty to thirty-five years ago; the windows are a gift of King Oscar, whom Norway has long since fired. In the nave the marble columns stand away from the large pillars, which seems a mistake, for they suggest rain-pipes. Smooth marble columns are the motif everywhere. Two carpenters in overalls, folding rules protruding from their pockets, are bending over blue-prints on the temporary wooden floor high up in the nave. The copper-topped roof is wooden inside; wood is the natural building material in forested Norway. In the transepts you look

through Gothic and Romanesque arches at the same time; the two styles meet often, probably a mixture which grew up through the ages.

With high ranges even across the narrow fjord on which it faces, Trondhjem is completely surrounded by mountains. We climbed one of them, mainly by half-hourly motor-bus. A bronze table at the summit locates all the peaks and towns in the vast circular view. The soft-red tile roofs of the city far below shone through the blue haze of our first all-sunny day in Norway. Three ski jumps I should not care to take adorn the city-side flank of the hill, a grand stand beside the most breath-taking of them. Several restaurants that look as if summer were the off season hover in hollows below. One has a display of famous skis, ski jumpers' prizes, pictures of present and former champions of the first aërial sport.

Down in town again, the afternoon is almost hot. Perhaps the quiet is partly due to an exodus into the country. There are many fine homes in Trondhjem. Øvre Allé is lined with them, nearly all of wood, with tile roofs, only one of brick, attractive in architecture. The crudities of northern Norway are beginning to soften. The new suburbs that climb high up the surrounding hills are not crowded or in fixed and regular positions, hence are pleasing. The granite Technical High School outdoes, in position, appearance, dignified architecture, any public building I can recall ever having seen in an American town of sixty thousand. Taxes must be high in Trondhjem.

The late evening colors make the view from the fortress on the east inimitable, so absorbing that visiting ladies rarely given to such lapses leave their purses lying on the parapet as they wander on. Luckily, the Norwegians are honest; though such an evening would be worth a lost purse.

CHAPTER XXXI

ROMSDAL

BEING theologically weak-minded, I had never before known that Hell is merely a station not far east of the former Viking capital. You must go through Hell if you travel from Trondhjem to Stockholm direct; fortunately, a long-distance telephone conversation absolved us of that necessity. We wanted at least to go to Hell and back, but time was pressing. The Norwegians are perfectly alert to the advantages of harboring so famous a place. For instance, Hell is fully exploited in post-cards showing a diabolical red behind the plainly sign-boarded station. They are only for English-speaking visitors, of course; Hell has no particular significance to the Norwegians. Those post-cards are just the thing for correspondents who have neglected you. But it seems a pity that after all my wanderings in worse places I have not yet been to Hell.

There are long tunnels on the way down to Dombås; and both Norway and Sweden are careless about lighting their trains in summer. But tunnels were almost welcome; we had not seen any darkness for more than a month, and even now we must stay up very late to get even a fleeting glimpse of it. The trains of Norway honor the country's endless scenic beauty by keeping to a sight-seeing pace. But at length came Dombås, and time for a walk several stations down the Romsdal Valley, once we had made the semi-English-speaking staff understand why our baggage was to take the afternoon train before we did.

The Romsdal railway was finished in 1924, cost fifty million kroner, and was built primarily to carry fish. Scores of cars marked "Frische Fische aus Norwegen" climb up from the fjord at the bottom of the valley on their way to Berlin, Vienna, and the Continent in general. It is a remarkable piece of railway-building. Even without its magnificent scenery the Romsdal journey would be worth while merely to see the cautious yet clever way the train descends this cleft in the earth from Dombås to sea-level. In one place, afraid of shale on the face of the mountain, it goes far back into the solid-rock range, turns completely around inside it, comes out a mile later hardly a hundred yards below the place it went in; then goes down across a stone bridge to more solid footing on the other side of the river. As to the beauties of lower Romsdal, we were so entranced during the descent that we took the train back up into it next morning and spent a Sunday walking down.

Nearly all of Norway's 2,231 miles of railways are owned by the State, and are rapidly being electrified. The country has no coal, except at Spitzbergen, so falling water is its greatest asset, an even greater asset than its forests; Norway plans even to ship water-power to central Europe. And probably nowhere, even in Norway, is there a greater number of waterfalls in a given space than along the Romsdal Valley. All their lives the people of that valley have the sound of falling water in their ears.

Log houses with turf roofs dot the wider upper valley, where the mountains are only beginning to close in. There is much newer building, too; wood is plentiful, and so, no doubt, is labor, leaving to the pocket-book only a few such details as nails and glass. The log houses appear to be built without oakum or any other chink-filling material, the timbers apparently planed to fit one another tightly. White and

black sheepskin rugs that seem to be covers for double beds hang sunning beside them. Cow-bells, the inimitable smell of new-mown hay fill the air. No evidence of insect pests; apparently no brake on vegetation except the severity of the long winters. Perfect big clovers dapple the densely green fields; an odd variety of honeysuckle and other flowers fringe their edges. Big bushes of wild roses tempt the passer-by; pink heather climbs high up over the bluish-gray-silver of the lower rocks.

There is a church here and there, isolated, as are the railway stations every five or six miles, much as if one had been set down wherever the railway-builders thought they had gone far enough from the last one. For there are no real towns, no centers of population, hardly room enough for villages, to say nothing of soil on which to support them, in the Romsdal Valley; only little hamlets and single farm-houses scattered all along the way, until the encroaching mountain precipices hung with that veritable picture gallery of waterfalls crowd them out of existence.

You wonder how they live, these hardy Romsdalers, and so prosperously. They have even automobiles, out of which old women in kerchiefs, on their way to and from church, look down their noses at travelers on foot. The boundary lines of the farms go straight up to heaven, demarcations cleared a tree or two wide, that look like faint lines drawn with a straight-edge on a green surface. Some of the holdings are as wide as a strip of wall-paper, some as narrow as ribbons. The farm itself is the comparatively level lower end, usually including the main stream; in the evergreen forests above are pastures which send down rich cream, cheese, butter; and above his woods and pasture-land each peasant finds lakes in which a couple of weeks of fishing a year are generously rewarded. His farming is only an adjunct to his

dairying; he uses little money, does much of his business by barter.

But the waterfalls gradually monopolize the attention. There is Bridal-veil Falls, of course, and others with as pretty and truthful and even more original names. One falls comes jauntily down over the brow of the mountain far, far above, like some bold explorer so sure now of his route that he has cast caution to the winds, and drops a thousand feet in a round column of astonished water that disintegrates into mist. Some peter out like the fizzle of a rocket as they sprawl down the mighty faces of rock. In places the mountain face on one side or the other looks as if some one above had been pouring bucketfuls of tar down it for centuries, tar which has splattered as it fell.

There are falls that suggest cataracts of milk from the unseen woodland pastures above; others, some large, some thin and tenuous, look like the veins and arteries of a deeply gashed world. One of the finest and largest splits into three toward the bottom, resembling a tree with mighty roots; and the lowest of three layers of railway crosses these so closely that their spray flecks the car windows. Above Verma another river comes down to join the one we had picked up just out of Dombås, forming a roaring stream that drops down into a narrow gorge of solid rock and keeps in it for miles, great boiling caldrons here, green caverns of mist there. There are fish-traps in some of the falls, but for three miles the fishing rights belong by long lease to some English lord.

Clouds no larger than handkerchiefs are tucked in pockets of the mountains. As the eyes drop from aloft the harsh bare-stone tops soften into treed slopes, which in turn come on down more and more calmly and placidly as they near the bottom and turn into farms. One mountain has what

looks like a bump from an angry policeman's billy on its well-rounded brow. There are peaks as jagged as the Diamond Mountains of Korea. The sheer vertical effect of others is dizzying to the most steady-headed beholder. Designers of sky-scrapers could get new ideas and inspiration along the Romsdal; here and there it has the latest New York architecture. Romsdalshorn and the Witches, facing each other near the end of that great panorama, are like the portals to another world.

We passed more than one Romsdal couple all dressed up for Sunday but with nowhere in particular to go. Young men in unaccustomed garb lounged about as if they could not think of any way to amuse themselves. There were few signs of life in the country houses; one might have supposed every one was in church enjoying himself, had not the scattered churches themselves looked so nearly deserted. Sunday doubles the calm quiet of Norwegian rusticity; even the telephones do not function. The liveliest scene we saw that day was five men with an accordion under a tree.

Old ladies in their Sunday best sat on the grass looking as if they resented, even while they honored, the divine rule that forbids their doing something to pass the time. Hard faces—not, of course, from dissipation but from the endless toil of wresting a livelihood from those stone-faced mountains. No wonder there is local prohibition in these hardy valleys of Norway. The older women especially have a grim and pleasure-forbidding, a not easily smiling air; though they are delightfully naïve, too, in matters outside their own familiar sphere.

When hunger could no longer be ignored we spoke to the first man standing out a little from the Sunday-bored groups lolling on grassy slopes or before hamlet doors along the way. He replied to our amateur Norwegian in almost perfect Eng-

lish; had studied for six years at a seminary in Minneapolis, until bad health had forced him to leave there in 1910. He was almost tremulous with homesickness for Minnesota; would hardly even concede that his native valley is beautiful. Few Swedes, proportionately, have been to the United States compared with the Norwegians. Now that only 2,377 people from Norway may come to us each year, there is a waiting-list nearly ten years ahead.

Our new acquaintance was a minister now, though wearing no outer signs of his calling. They were holding a mission conference in the little wooden church up there on the grassy hillside where several solemn elders and more than a score of almost as solemn boys were decorously enjoying the half-sunshine. The parish maintains missionaries in Hupeh and Hunan provinces! Poor kindly souls, thinking so solemnly of their yellow fellow-souls in far-off China! Why not spend at home what little they have to give, make life a little less severe for their own mountaineers, less hard for their toil-worn women? Or is it impossible to shake off the almost universal urge to make other people believe and behave like ourselves?

The man from Minneapolis would have been glad to invite us to the church supper; but that would not be until four o'clock, and it was barely two now. The country house he pointed out farther on saved the situation, with one of those country meals that go so perfectly with a day of tramping —once we had summoned up the patience to wait for it. The little local papers on the table were full of Chinese war news. The wooden cupboard in one corner, the birch settee, the old chairs, things which the farmer-innkeeper would probably have been delighted to exchange for the most commonplace modern stuff, would have made a gatherer of antiques shriek with delight. There was a shiningly black stove under a plas-

ter hood, an oil painting of religious import on one wall, and on the other a particularly atrocious chromo of the crowning of the King Haakon of to-day.

Nothing about the meal very different from what you would get on the road in Minnesota; rich, more than plentiful, and cooked with the rural wisdom of long experience. Except that none of the three kinds of bread were at all like our bread. One was a kind of home-made pancake, almost pastry; another mere crumbly wafers. The most heaping plate held that dainty, ladylike paper-thin delicatessbröd which for some strange reason Norway prefers to the manly knäckebröd of Sweden. It is merely a means of conveying butter to the mouth, and will not even hold together until you get it there. Our hostess baked this stuff herself on the bare top of a stove like an upright barrel, out in a kind of woodshed behind the house, to which she took us with pleasure peering through her diffidence.

It was hard to go on down the valley; so it was to leave that view up it from the balcony of our room in the Hotel Bellevue at Åndalsnes on the edge of the fjord at the bottom. For once here was a Bellevue worthy of its name.

CHAPTER XXXII

HURDLING THE FJORDS

THERE was real darkness at last as we steamed down the fjord from Åndalsnes to charming Molde. Ibsen laid the scene of his "Woman from the Sea" about Molde, wrote it in the Alexandra Hotel there, famous among other things for its lobsters. Bjørnson spent much of his boyhood at a village not far away. An hour or so by car and a pleasant hour's walk along a river-bed, when you are suddenly confronted by a subterranean waterfall, brings you to the Giant's Church, a cave filled with pillar-like stalactites, which extends fifty yards deep into a marble mountain. Nor is it feasible to describe the view from the top of the hill behind Molde itself, a leisurely hour's climb above the little whitish town, beautifully set among trees and narrow fields at the edge of a princess among fjords, wonderful for its flowers—though not, as a locally Englished guide-book has it, for its "fields of waving corns cut by a river."

Molde's small wooden church is unspoiled by any foolish attempt at decoration; only the native wood, at most merely stained, so that the wholesome simplicity sets off perfectly its one picture, the Dawn of Easter Day, by Axel Ender. Nothing, unless perhaps the excellent ship's model hanging from the ceiling, to detract from those three women and an angel at the Holy Sepulcher, behind the altar, a picture such as no American church I know of can boast—though one in Baltimore, say the people of Molde, has an unauthorized copy

of this one, without any credit to Ender. I am for one good picture in any small town worthy of it, instead of endless rows of them elbowing one another for your attention on the walls of characterless buildings filled with pussyfooting caretakers. But this masterpiece would stand out anywhere; there is that in both its composition and its coloring which makes it hard to forget.

There were four big cruise ships in Molde harbor that day. In the morning came a German with fifteen hundred "tourist-class" passengers, who saw all that Molde has to show but bought nothing there, except a few post-cards, stamps, and minor souvenirs. Then a huge English ship disgorged hundreds of short-time British cruisers, who also left no great fortune behind them. Before night two other ship-loads of foreign sight-seers landed and embarked; three were due the next day, and more to follow. So it goes on, all summer long. Sixty floating hotels came to Norway in one summer, and hardly bought even their luncheon fish in the country. There has been serious thought of passing a law forbidding foreign cruise ships the right to show Norway's scenery free of charge. Indeed, one senses, at least among country people, a kind of resentment even against "land" tourists, as if they looked down upon any one who goes gadding about in the busy haymaking summertime—not, perhaps, realizing that some of us toil while they are hibernating on the opposite arc of the calendar.

From Vestnes, across the fjord, two or three hours through wooded hills and pastoral scenes, the sea often close on both sides, brought us to Aalesund, a large and busy town with huge warehouse-like buildings in which one suspected tons of dried fish. Then another little steamer up Hjorund Fjord, a postal and milk steamer, which calls at many small settlements and here and there waits for a rowboat, bringing a

passenger, perhaps, in exchange for a milk-can or two and maybe a letter or the morning paper. Once we stopped at a tiny collection of turf-covered houses to deliver a coffin. Farm-houses, in isolated bits of cultivation at the foot of almost perpendicular mountains, were rather few and far between. The only visible means of getting away from most of them, even of visiting the nearest neighbors, is by boat. At one metropolis of half a dozen houses we counted fifteen small children.

Clouds raced over the mountaintops, now clear, now hazy with sudden squalls, once showing a perfect rainbow, a brilliant semicircle, one end of which touched a little farm certainly too poor to hold a pot of gold. There were five glaciers in sight at once. Streams spilling down from snow patches often streaked the mountain walls that perpetually shut us in. Lots of kelp and sea-weed along the rocky shores, and evidence of four feet of tide even far up in side fjords. Wheat all the way from Winnipeg was unloaded at stone runways, beside tarred rowboats with clumsy wooden oarlocks and boat-houses of logs or stones with verdant turf roofs, that seemed to be bracing themselves against the constant danger of being shoved into the water by the few houses crowded on the steep little patch of arable ground behind.

Of Norway's 124,964 square miles—if only it could be flattened out, it might be bigger than Sister Sweden—about 4,300 are under cultivation! Yet rivers and lakes take up only 5,000, the forests themselves but 27,500; the rest, fully two thirds of Norway, is solid rock, utterly unproductive, even of trees, almost completely devoid of minerals. Of about a quarter of a million farms 165,000 are of less than five acres, 65,000 between five and twenty-five acres. No wonder Norwegians stand in line waiting for permission to emigrate; no wonder they must import most of their food, except fish,

the principal export—except the memories tourists carry home with them. There is a Government Food Monopoly, which is in duty bound to buy all home-grown wheat, rye, and barley at the same price it must pay for similar qualities of imported grain.

An endless procession of English tourists, rattling past our window in yellow two-wheeled, tippy-looking jaunting-carts behind butter-fat tan horses woke us at Øye next morning. Another cruise ship half filled the head of the fjord, dwarfing the little village, mostly summer hotel, dwarfed itself by the encircling cliffs. We chose the better plan. A road just made for walking climbed upward along a brawling stream and soon shook off the houses.

Higher up in this Norangsdal canyon between two striking fjords a great avalanche came down in 1908, the greatest landslide in Scandinavian history, they say, and dammed its stream into a lake; blocked up the valley so effectively that a long section of the road had to be rebuilt; buried whole farms, orchards and all. The old road, mossed over now, stone walls with here and there a gate still hanging to them, even the foundations of farmyards can be plainly seen under several feet of water, water so clear that you can count a long distance out the stones in the former field-walls, the boards in the fallen gates; so clear that the eyes can follow the old highway from where it dips down into the lake at one end to the place it climbs out and joins the new road at the other. It was a fascinating pastime to reconstruct the scene before the catastrophe, the catastrophe itself.

Farther on, turf and broken-rock houses blend almost invisibly into the landscape. Some are all but buried in the ground, suggesting the abode of some half-crazy hermit; some are completely hidden from the road itself, their turf roofs covered with grass high enough to rank as hay, thick

with flowers, one of them bearing a tree at least three feet high. One cluster of three slab-stone houses built end to end under sheltering rocks was as well concealed as any wild animal's den; yet there were white curtains and flowers in the windows, and the three young women who came out on the doorstep at the suggestion that they needed photographing were dressed more in keeping with the capital than with the cave-man quarters they live in.

Live in, that is, during the summer. For these crude houses are what the Norwegians call sæter, summer homes for families that follow their cows to the highlands. With the cattle, the children and perhaps the mother go up, the summer things tied on their backs, usually with a big pot for making cheese dangling on top; the men remain to fish or to furnish tourists transportation or work at anything else that offers, perhaps going up for week-ends.

Scores of white cattle were grazing on an almost vertical hillside at the foot of a lofty rock precipice down which the ages have washed this bit of upright pasture, three or four feet deep in soil. Milk-cans sat in clusters along the road, and there were more along the stream below, where they are washed. Lack of barns, of woodpiles, was enough to show that even the village of a dozen huts near the head of the valley has no life in winter. Yet a crew of workmen was putting a telephone cable underground along that primeval valley.

A stream tumbling down the face of the cliff disappeared beneath a big snow patch, and came out a moment later like an ejected urchin through what resembled the low front opening to a large and rather dirty circus tent. In a stone hut built close beside a larger stream, some of it piped in rude log troughs into the building, which was steaming-hot compared with the drizzle outside, a moon-faced girl in a lavender

dress, a white kerchief on her tow head, was stirring alternately the molten stuff in two iron caldrons that fitted over wood-burning stoves. The brown mixture would eventually be goat's-milk cheese, the white came from the cows across the stony valley, if we understood her. Her air was typical of rural Norway, a faint curiosity at our strange ways and tongue, overshadowed by a desire that we go on as soon as possible and not bother her with our scrutiny.

Still farther on there was a big newish building up the hillside to the left, with fox-runs beside it. Silver-fox farms are fairly numerous in Norway now, in surroundings that foxes should like. Norwegian fox-farmers belong to an organization which ruthlessly destroys those animals not up to grade. Otherwise there is as yet no killing, fox-culture in Norway being only seven or eight years old. Taxes and inspections cost about two hundred kroner per fox a year; the fox itself is worth about a thousand. Foxes, it seems, are hard to raise; they have many ailments, especially when young. They eat milk and eggs and meat; must have a special keeper. But the organization is educating the hard-pressed Norwegian peasant in an industry which may in time make him more prosperous.

From the highest point downward the canyon became more fertile and of happier, more cheerful aspect. Real, year-round farms here, farms crumpled up as you might crush a piece of paper. No wonder so many of these rocky-mountain dwellers go to Minnesota; and how they must abhor the deadly flatness of our prairies! It was impossible to buy a glass of milk in all this cow-filled valley. The people were dumb, in both senses, and certainly not obliging. Surely these dull-faced farm wives, in their long skirts and men's heavy low shoes, do not put their last drop of milk in the milk-cans at the roadside. But one after another they shook their

heads, solemnly, finally. We gave it up, and washed down our lunch with orange-peel cupfuls of water from a convenient side stream; the most intelligent lunch, by the way, I have ever known a hotel to furnish a guest departing on foot.

But all this is only a hint of the scenic delights of our eighteen-mile walk from Øye to Hellesylt on that half-rainy July day. In its last miles the road wound delightfully down between fairly prosperous farms on both sides of the ambitious little river. The meadow flowers were everywhere luxuriant; heather covered all but the hopelessly rocky waste land. Ferns and waving white flowers grew in crevices of the canyon, and there was moss, moss everywhere.

Quarter-inch wires stretched to infinity up the face of the mountain; some of their little wheel-hung platforms, on which the tiny shelf-farms high aloft haul up their goods and let down their meager products—rarely anything except hay—were sitting at the roadside. Sometimes the stoutly grounded wire was double and evidently used for sliding logs down. The road swung to the right, hung on the very brink of a gorge so deep and narrow for a space that we could not see the roaring waters at the bottom, then looped its way downward across the little river perpetually descending a broad stone slide, a long and tumbling falls into Hellesylt, to be lost in the tranquil deep water of the Sunnelvs Fjord.

CHAPTER XXXIII

GEIRANGER AND GROTLI

IT WOULD be hard to compute the number of tourists who take a shot at the Geiranger Fjord on the way to Merok, in the vain hope of getting a picture that will give the folks back home some hint of the beauty of its mountain walls standing bolt upright out of the blue water, and a glimpse of one of the farms hung high up the face of them. The cliffs look as if the fjord had been cut out with a gigantic knife, and so recently and so sheerly that not even moss grows on them. Of many streams falling headlong, one disappears completely somewhere on the way. White water comes down in a great palatial staircase. There is not a foot of space to land on; only the bare cliffs, descending straight to the water, which on sunny days throws them back into the beholder's face. Their appearance at the surface implies fully as much mountainside below the water as above, and sets the imagination vaguely to wondering what this deep and narrow fjord would be like if it could be drained quite dry.

Yet farming flourishes along Geiranger, notwithstanding its rocky sheerness. Here and there a typical Norwegian farmstead, specializing in hay and its four-footed by-products, has found standing-room at the foot of the cliffs. But most of the Geiranger dwellers live on shelf farms, astounding in situation, though aside from that not very different from other Norwegian farms. Many of Norway's fjord's have farm-houses pasted against their walls, in impossible places, where sky-farmers live and more or less cultivate

handfuls of earth caught in crevices of perpendicular rock cliffs thousand of feet high.

We searched the Geiranger palisades with the binoculars of a fellow-passenger, but we could find no possible way up them. Yet there they were, farms high up on abortive level spots as narrow as cupboard shelves: little green patches, themselves much more nearly vertical than horizontal, dotted with moving white spots that must be goats; and cattle could be seen on swift slopes even higher aloft, clear up to the stone-line where the garret curtain of grass abruptly begins.

A few of these sky-dwellers can reach or leave home by zigzag trails from over the mountaintop above, the captain tells us; one or two families go up and come down by paths dodging to and fro on the face of the cliffs. But ladders seem safer and more probable; ladder or windlass is the only possible answer in many places. Often there is a drop of a thousand feet at the very front of the little grassy yards. The younger children are tethered, like the goats. The cliff-scaling ladders were once of wood; but the Government objected when the sheriff or the tax-collector was kept at bay by chopping one down; and now many of them are of iron.

The Norwegians do not terrace their mountains, like the Chinese, or the Peruvians of other days; but they do as much climbing for a livelihood as if they had. Every patch of hay as big as a ship's cabin—yes, small as a deck-chair—is somehow cut and lowered to the fjord below. Every blade of grass that can possibly be reached by any amount of climbing, stretching, even risking one's life on the window-ledges of cliffs, is gathered. Norway might, in fact, be called the Land of Hay. The struggle for grass is as great there as among the tribes of central Asia. Hay-gathering occupies the Norwegian farmer, and usually his wife and children, almost exclusively during July and August.

As most hay-fields are small and irregular and probably steep, the hay-gatherers use a scythe with a clumsy upright pole handle, a very long-handled sickle, with which they chop off the grass as with a hoe. Scythers carry a whetstone in a little pot of water fastened to the back of the belt. Where the field is large enough they use queer flat horse-rakes. The fat little horses, between tan and cream in color all through central Norway, looking well fed and contented and as unexcitable as the people, may well join the other members of the family at the national summer pastime of hay-gathering, since they benefit most by that important occupation.

Once it is cut and raked, the hay is hung on hay-fences, fence-like rows of four or five wires, of which there are scores, hundreds, all along the hillsides, up the lower slopes of mountains, high up on any tiny shelf of rock big enough to grow a handful of grass. The women, wearing oilskin aprons over their long skirts, but getting half soaked for all that, spend day after day turning and separating the wet hay and hanging it in layers on the wires of the hay-fences to dry. Hay walls of every length line every fertile patch all over the country. For carrying small loads of the cured hay, there is a regular hay wheelbarrow with rack sides, on a broad solid wheel of slight diameter, which balances as nicely as if the Chinese had made it; the rest is carried either by hand or in low two-wheeled one-horse hay-wagons of a size that would make an American farmer laugh uproariously.

Merok, at the head of Geiranger Fjord, is incredibly, fantastically beautiful. Its houses and tourist shops and fox-farm are piled absurdly up the steep rocky hillside down which an awe-inspiring waterfall comes leaping. A little commerce-minded town leads the way upward from the wharf, a pleasant climb after several hours of riding, to an old church beside the panorama-sweeping hotel, with luscious strawber-

ries in whipped cream, and the waterfall as orchestra and lullaby.

Small wonder Norway has no great railway mileage for its size. Every mile is an engineering feat in that land of fjord-gashed rock ranges. But it does not suffer from lack of transportation. The automobile and the fjord steamer have joined together in a perfect network, on train schedule. The clock-like precision of Norway's tourist routes, complicated beyond anything we can conceive, is admirable; and the general excellence of the hotels which always appear at the crucial moment, even where there is nothing else of human import, is a cause for constant wonder.

Unfortunately, though Merok is certainly not the place to mention it, there are two drawbacks about Norwegian hotels which, out of pure kindness of heart to a nation that rates tourist traffic among its major crops, should not be passed over in resentful silence. One is the bed-covering. No doubt the eiderdown quilt or feather-bed cover, in a huge snow-white case and tossed loosely upon the bed, is the very thing in the depth of a Norwegian winter—or would be if it were ever long enough and did not slide off onto the floor at every turn-over. As it is, only a dwarf or a Norwegian could keep both his feet and his shoulders covered, unless you sleep curled up snake-fashion, which I assume is the Scandinavian custom. English-speaking summer travelers at least would much prefer sheets and blankets that could be tucked in. Like many other Europeans, too, the people of Scandinavia sleep in a half-sitting posture, so that one of the traveler's nightly tasks is to throw out the hard wedge-shaped piece of mattress which he will find under his pillow.

The other imperfection is gastronomic. Norwegian food is not to be mentioned in the same breath with that of Sweden. The smörgåsbord, instead of being an appetite-teaser, forms

the whole meal—*after* one warm dish, which may be soup but is all too likely to be boiled codfish and boiled potatoes. Meanwhile anything hot on the smörgåsbord table is getting cold. Only the one hot dish is brought to you. The rest you help yourself to at the general table; and the Norwegian kaltbord, consisting largely of cold meats, is less worth fighting for than the Swedish smörgåsbord.

They have some good things, to be sure, and a few bright ideas: they serve radishes, with the tops on, in a glass of water, for instance; shrimps hang by their tails, like trapeze performers by their knees, in a complete circle around a stemmed goblet. But to find the table covered with the same cold dishes of the night before, when you come down to breakfast (presumably, though not certainly, they have been put away during the night), is not appetizing to the average traveler of non-Norsk ancestry. On the other hand, there are few hog-jowled men among the Norwegians.

The meal-hours of Sweden are a bit queer, but those of Norway seem to the stranger to verge on the insane. Breakfast is sometime during the morning. Middag—that is, the "midday" meal—is any time from half-past two to half-past five; the evening meal sometimes is very late indeed. Those long-waisted mornings are all very well, but it is a nuisance to have no afternoon. Meal-hours differ, too, in every town, so that you never know until you get there that you are too late or too early to get anything to eat. They grew later and later as we proceeded southward, as if the servants were getting lazier and lazier. Even in purely tourist regions the hours for meals seem to be designed to give you no time to do anything except to wait for a meal or a train, boat, automobile. . . . On sight-seeing steamers you are expected to sit down at the table just as you draw up to the wharf of an interesting town, and to eat until just about the

time the boat leaves. And by the way, when you pay your bill you should give the waitress and the landlord, or both, whether you feel they deserve it or not. "Tusend tak" (a "thousand thanks"). The acknowledgment thereof is often pleasing in its quaintness; for the curtsy is still in vogue in many parts of Norway.

We were off at ten from Merok to Grotli, thirty-five hundred feet up in one jump. But alas, though we sensed high, perhaps magnificent mountains about us, we got no real view of them. At best they were decapitated; most of the time they gave us the feeling of a small boy standing at the feet of Lincoln, in life or in bronze, but unable to see above his knees. We saw nothing whatever on that famous road of endless hairpin turns from Merok to the top of the mountain. The drizzle to which we had awakened had become a real rain; fog hanging low soon blanketed the fantastic valley completely. Yet there was a thrill in that climb. The road wound persistently, perpetually, back and forth within the same short radius. Looking directly below, we could see two or three levels of it with cars crawling upward like ants; beyond that, nothing but a mighty void filled with fog, yet somehow suggestive of dizzy immensity.

Several times we seemed to go over the top, caught glimpses of plateaus with the inevitable haying farms. But these were only landings on the vast stairway, for presently we climbed on up again at sharp zigzag angles, until we came out at last on a high barren table-land half filled with a long aquamarine lake—so high you wonder why it has not long since drained out of its lofty cup.

This remarkable road was built, not yesterday, but back in the eighties. It connects Oslo with a section of the west coast; in other words, it is an important link in Norway's communications, which are more often roads than railways.

But what was its raison d'être before motor travel, when a horse must have taken several days to drag an empty cart up to this bleak mountaintop?

The Norwegians are certainly brave road-builders. Most people, contemplating such a job as lies before the modern Norsemen almost anywhere that they plan a road, would shrug their shoulders and give up. But not the Norwegians, to whom cloud-piercing mountains cut by mammoth gorges or the precipitous sides of fjords are commonplace. There are highways built in the solid-rock faces on both sides and the whole length of many a fjord; there are great zigzag highways hanging in mid air, so to speak, hung like a Christmas decoration on a wall, some of them begun at the top and not yet finished down to earth; there are places where you actually wonder if it would not have been more economical as well as safer to build a mammoth elevator instead of a highway.

Fortunately, the Norwegian temperament makes just the drivers for such a country; drivers exactly the antithesis of those of the harebrained Near East, of most Latin countries; drivers who never risk an accident for the sake of speed, who treat a car as gently as Norway does her fat, contented horses. Your Norwegian chauffeur takes no foolish chances, does not seem to long for thrills.

There was a herd of reindeer in a corral near the lonely hotel of Grotli, partly for the benefit of tourists, who in spite of a howling wind and a driving rain that was almost a July snow-storm were as numerous as the animals they worried. These ranged all the way from many small calves to haughty bucks, some of them very large indeed, their horns all in velvet, their fur dropping off in patches. Two Lapps with no hint of their nationality in their dress were feeding them salt; and by assuming a salt-handed attitude

you could reach some of the larger animals. But their nerves were so taut in this unaccustomed restriction that even the whir of a motion-picture camera sent the whole herd stampeding into a far corner of the hilly bare-rock corral.

The Lapps lassoed a reindeer now and then, not exactly with the skill of Will Rogers; for one they caught around the belly, the next by one prong of a horn, a big stag about both horns and body. . . . But these were no showmen, parading their skill for the amusement of visitors from overseas, even if tourist agencies do pay them a retaining fee. They were branding, or rather, ear-clipping with a very modern-looking punch, those reindeer that needed it. Their sharp eyes were constantly searching the herd for other animals not yet earmarked, while the reindeer kept constantly running to and fro, making a low noise between a cough and a grunt.

Two companies—one with a fleet of twenty-six excellent American automobiles just then—operate regular schedules over the mountain of Grotli. The road continued along barren stony ground beside the cold lofty lake, then went down and forever down just such another stairway of zigzags as the one we had climbed from Merok; a descent so dangerous that traffic is controlled on it as on a single-track railway. Then lunch at Hjelle, including salmon out of the green lake beside it, and a walk of several miles, half-way around the lake, before the car we half filled was overtaken by its leisurely schedule and dared to go on again.

CHAPTER XXXIV

GLACIER-LAND

THE edges of a mighty glacier peered down at us in several places before the long green lake tumbled, in some falls and rapids, to another fjord. Loen and its hotel looked inviting; but only a traveler of unlimited leisure could spend even a single day at all the tourist paradises among the mountains and fjords of Norway. In January, 1905, an immense chunk of mountain fell off near Loen, killing no one directly but causing a tidal wave in the lake below which drowned twenty-seven in one village and thirty-four in another; which threw a steamer, laid up for the winter, over a hill into a potato patch, where it still sits, two hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea. This is called the most deadly avalanche in European history; though on that subject only caution can preclude exaggeration.

There were blueberry fingers and mouths everywhere in Olden, at the head of a branch fjord a little farther on. Thousands of oblong baskets of blueberries from the steep heathered hills roundabout are shipped to England. Olden's hotel is one of the most attractive on Norway's intricate tourist routes; and no reasonable man could ask more than to be allowed to loll away the summer in this idyllic spot among swift yet fertile mountain slopes, dotted with deep-pink foxgloves, flashing with disappearing waterfalls. . . . Here may be seen to advantage how the Norwegian peasants harness the streams that race down the mountainsides, and

set them to turning the wheels of small but important grist-mills, running grindstones, perhaps churns, in little huts built over them.

But the best thing about Olden is its proximity to Jostedalsbræ, the mightiest ice-mass in Europe, still lying heavily on the top of Norway. A jaunt in one of those two-wheeled pony-carts used in certain parts, then an hour's ride the length of Lake Olden. . . . Long before the lake trip is over you will have seen several branches of the great glacier. Like an enormous dragon sprawled over hundreds of square miles of mountaintop, its foraging claws reach down into the valleys sometimes almost to the houses. Hay and potatoes grow within a mile of, almost on a level with the claw at the head of Olden Lake.

This minute portion of the glacier appals with its suggestion of what a mammoth piece of ice the whole is. From far out in the lake the part ahead seems immense; walk half an hour up the valley after landing, or take one of the quickly available pony-carts, and it rises menacingly over you, its greenish-blue ice a striking contrast to the reddish-brown mountainsides. To come upon another branch a day's travel beyond makes Jostedalsbræ almost terrifying in its immensity, emphasizes what a vast section of Norway is overwhelmed with its perpetual frigidity.

Still another branch in a side valley to the left, past a wonderful waterfall that sprays you as you zigzag upward, is more easily reached than the one at the head of the main valley. This one mighty particle of Norway's great ice-cap has more ice in it than all the ice-houses of the world; ice pock-marked and granular on its face, but as solid in texture, just below the surface, as any an iceman can bring you. Climb a little way up it and the size of the whole becomes incredible. Some of the tentacles of Jostedalsbræ

are as dirty on the surface as if they had picked up all the scourings of an ill-kept office floor in their creeping movement down the mountainside. But Brixdal is famed for its wonderfully pure bluish color, its fantastic formations, cones, pinnacles, immense cracks, like a tempestuous sea suddenly turned solid. Huge masses of big and small stones, ground round and smooth, have come down with or before it. A large brook flows perpetually out from under it and races off down the valley to form that magnificent waterfall and lose itself as quickly as possible in Lake Olden. The glacier water of this brook is bluish or soapy-looking—or, rather, a thick light green, as of a white liquid mixed in a pot that had once held green paint.

The green lakes on the trip over the Grotli mountain, the opaque-green streams along the way, the lake at Hjelle, Lake Olden, are all glacier water, just melted out of ice thousands of years old. The water must be grateful to be free again at last and warmed by the sun once more; but it has a dead look, as if even fish could not find food or air in it.

Sandane, at the head of another branch fjord several hours by steamer from Olden, has three very striking waterfalls, one a young Niagara, now harnessed to furnish electricity for all the region, but still noted for its beauty and its complete-circle rainbow. A fine place to come for a week or two of fishing and loafing, Sandane; particularly with the children, because of its endless grassy fields, its quaint streets without too much traffic; above all, on account of its hotel, called Sivertsen's, after the name of the family that has already conducted it for three generations. The present proprietor's grandfather, a sea-captain, started it in the 1840's, in the days when each village usually had a general store with a spare room or two for occasional traveling salesmen. The son of the founder was a chandler in Bergen when

the making of candles was a big business; and the present owner, oldest of eleven children, had a store for years in South Dakota, got to be postmaster there, but felt it his duty to come back when his father died and keep Grandfather's store-hotel going.

Now Sivertsen's has instantaneous hot water in its bathrooms and has prospered so that storekeeping on the side is no longer necessary. The very serious-minded nine-year-old son of to-day is already learning from the ground up the business he will inherit—by beginning as gate-boy, surely as good a way as any of studying the foibles and peculiarities of tourists.

Gates cut up all the highways of Norway. I have counted forty-six gates in little more than half a day's trip. Cattle must not be allowed to stray, and it is the duty of the motorist to see that each and every gate is closed behind him. This has given rise to a new profession. No car starts out without a gate-boy any more than it would without a chauffeur. In fact, I suppose many gate-boys are chauffeur apprentices. If there is room the gate-boy sits beside the driver. If not, he stands all day on the running-board or even lies at full length on the front fender, keeping as constant and sharp a lookout ahead as a sailor in the crow's-nest does along a rock-bound coast.

Like the chauffeurs they understudy, gate-boys do no unnecessary talking; but they are snappy in action, running ahead to open a gate and scampering after the car when the gate is closed, so expeditiously that the driver hardly needs to come to a complete standstill. Well-dressed, well-behaved little fellows, obviously on summer vacation from school, who take their job as seriously as Norway's Liberal premier does his, with never the faintest sign of expecting a reward from the tourists they accommodate—though they

would not be human if they refused a tip when it was proffered.

All the last Sunday of July, for once a brilliant day, we rode through magnificent mountain scenery, in a brand-new Buick with its top down, a French-speaking young Norwegian lady of unusual articulateness in the front seat. For many miles the sharply V-shaped valley down to the Sogne Fjord was littered with boulders of every conceivable shape and size, some of them as large as the hotel we had just left, mammoth rocks broken off from the mountain walls above us. There are avalanches almost every day, especially in spring, along this route. The air-current an avalanche causes is often so strong that it can overturn houses; therefore the dwellers along this valley usually build behind those huge rocks which suggest by their position and attitude that they have ceased to be rolling stones.

Sogne Fjord, the longest fjord in Norway, running a hundred and fifteen miles into the land, with walls often a thousand meters high, would be more beautiful if it were not so wide. Night accommodations on the small steamers among Norway's fjords are the cheapest on earth, when you can get them: fifteen to twenty cents a berth, a whole cabin for thirty or forty cents, perfectly clean as to linen and equal in other matters to those between New York and Boston. Balholm, early next morning, is pretty and placid, an artists' colony and an important tourists' stamping-ground combined. One artist has wooden dragons or gargoyles on the corners of his roof, carved and painted faces worthy of the savages of Borneo or Easter Island at each window, a whale's jaws as a gateway, whale vertebræ as garden seats, walrus skulls, elk heads. . . .

Balholm was popular with the last of the kaisers, in the days when he was permitted to roam at large, who adorned a

headland across the fjord with his idea, in bronze, of some ancient Norse hero. However, you cannot disdainfully pass Balholm by, if only because of the endless curtains of cherries, strawberries, currants, raspberries, gorgeous pink roses . . . flanking its one road, which wanders leisurely far out along the edge of the fjord. In fact, the place is so lovely that it is too popular for the likes of us, who take most pleasure in bucolic quiet.

Naero Fjord is perhaps the most beautiful in Norway, though I refuse to be dragged into any controversy on this very academic question. Mountain walls four, five, six thousand feet above you; waterfalls until you lose count of them, falls of several stories, one blown completely away as it rushes down, only to gather itself slowly together, like a determined mob fired upon and dispersed by soldiers, and become a new fall again, far below the huge jutting rock on which it was shattered.

At the end, Gudvangen, and a ride up the Naerodal until it grows too steep for motor-cars and imposes the one obligatory climb on foot for tourists in Norway—a pity there are not more of them—to Stalheim Hotel, in grand isolation at the top of the pass, with one of the most striking of Norway's many breath-stopping views, down the Naerodal far below, through the portal of its perfectly rounded Siamese-twin peaks.

From Stalheim down to Voss, on the Bergen-Oslo railway, whence you may hurry east or west if time is tyrannical, the way is lined with huge rocks resembling giant's dice momentarily caught in their roll—no, longer than that, for there is a birch tree ten feet high growing on the top of one of them. Great white patches high up on the chalk-cliff mountainsides show where these let go their hold in past ages; and others are awaiting the shaking of the dice-box.

CHAPTER XXXV

OSLO

IT WAS still raining in Norway when we came back, a united family again, from several brighter days in Sweden. Stockholm, by comparison, made the Norwegian capital seem in straitened circumstances, inactive; no building worth mentioning going on, out-of-works in the streets—nothing of course approaching the poverty and raggedness of England and much of the Continent, but an unprosperous atmosphere for Scandinavia. In 1928, Norway officially acknowledged thirty-eight thousand unemployed. There are people who believe that the many Communists and the Socialist majority in Norway account for its economic inferiority to aristocratic but universally prosperous Sweden. But the rocky infertility of the country should not be sociologically overlooked.

With a quarter of a million inhabitants, Oslo is not much more than half the size of Stockholm, one third as large as Copenhagen. But she is two and a half times as big as Bergen, her chief Norwegian rival; in fact, the capital is as large as all the other cities of Norway, above fifteen thousand or so in population, put together.

It is of course no news to the man in the street who reads more than the sporting page that Oslo was Christiania until the first day of 1925, when it took the old name for the older part of the city, built before a Danish King Christian ruled Norway. And that brings up a burning question, reducible to the single title "Landsmål." Politically, Norway

is divided into country versus towns; and of her little more than two and a half million inhabitants only about eight hundred thousand are town-dwellers. So the conservative country people have the greater political power, when they choose to exercise it; and among the things they are insisting upon is a return to the old language (landsmål) in place of the almost Danish tongue which grew up during centuries of domination by the Danes. They demand that Trondhjem shall resume its old Viking name of Nidaros, that Bergen shall again be known as Bjørgvin, that everywhere the old names shall replace those now in use. Already the signs in trains and stations of the State-owned railways have taken on a Chaucerian aspect. A smoking-car, for instance, is no longer a "rokare" but a "røykjarar."

It is much like the change in Posen when Poland took it over from the Germans; like the annoying Japanese place-names of Korea; like Guaraní instead of Spanish in Paraguay. Indeed, it is very much the same as if the conservative and old-fashioned country people of England or the United States had the political power to force us all to go back to the language, or at least to the spellings, of Chaucer. Most of the country people can speak the old language, but many city folks cannot; so there is much growling among the better educated. A widely traveled young Norwegian woman told us that she had already learned three Norwegian spellings, and did not know any of them now. Even the summer visitor finds it troublesome to see the same word spelled several ways in the course of the day. As a patriotic gesture a return to landsmål may be all very well; but as a practical reform it seems to the outsider a move in the wrong direction.

This same country party "put over" prohibition in Norway back in 1919; or rather, from the American point of view, partial prohibition, since beer and wine were still allowed.

The authorities had almost put an end to liquor-smuggling, though they had been unable to prevent widespread home-brewing, when, in 1926, the country changed its mind and voted against prohibition. In the following year the Storthing made new regulations which are still in force. So to-day Norway is back to a certain amount of local option, which makes things complicated; and even where it is allowed by local laws liquor can be sold only between three and eleven o'clock in the afternoon and not at all on important holidays or the day before them.

One result is that Sweden reaps a harvest on those days; another, which the dominating peasants refuse to understand, or at least to try to remedy, is that the restrictions in hours probably cost the country considerable tourist money and perhaps some visitors, and that the hotels in rural but tourist-popular districts which cannot even serve wines help the big cruise ships against which Norway loudly complains. But liquor can legally be taken into any hotel, so instead of the American-style concealed flask on the hip you see hotel guests wandering about with a glass in one hand and a bottle in the other. Inebriated bums are no great novelty in Oslo; black eyes and staggers are rather familiar sights in Norway —and unknown, as far as our observations carry, in Sweden.

In Norway the custom of "skoaling" is much the same as in Sweden; but to do it properly you must never forget the title of the man you invite to drink with you, however humble that title may be: "Herre Direktor of the City Baths, skaal!" Another old formality of Norwegian life is the "du ceremony." "De" is the formal singular and the plural form of "you," like "Sie" in German and "vous" in French; "du" the affectionate and familiar. Only the older of two males can suggest that they shall hereafter be "du" to each other, whereupon, both sides being willing, they link arms and

drink a skoal together. Mixed pairs adopt the familiar form only at the suggestion of the girl; or she may accomplish the same end merely by signing her next billet-doux "din," followed by her maiden name.

The Norwegian Storthing (which might be translated "Big Talk") is divided into the Lagthing, with one fourth the members, and the Odelsthing, with three fourths. If the two houses cannot agree, the whole Storthing meets together and a two-thirds vote settles the argument. The king can veto a measure twice, but not a third time. Universal suffrage, above the age of twenty-three, is said to be the reason for a Liberal Premier and a strong Socialist tendency. In many places the Socialists are completely in control.

Yet Norway claims to be the most heavily taxed land on earth—though many others dispute that distinction. In Larvik, for example, large incomes are taxed as high as fifty per cent, and a servant girl with wages of eleven to twelve dollars a month pays at least a month's wages a year in income tax. Though she drives the more expensive new American cars—on which there is an import duty of thirty per cent, besides several other taxes—Norway strikes the casual visitor as by no means wealthy, and at least the American is likely to wonder why she insists upon supporting an imported king and royal family.

Much of Oslo considerably resembles Paris in architecture, though most of it has the simply severe and pleasing proportions of Scandinavia. Its yellow and other brightly colored walls and red-tile roofs relieve what would be rather a gloomy aspect. Apartment-houses are often built in groups, with a central court or yard for children. One such circle of apartments has a courtyard fountain with a furious bronze bull blowing water from his nostrils; in another a fat stone bear stands, all four feet together, on a stone ball. Here and

there a fountain at a street intersection is worth a passing glance. The public hospitals are excellent, at least outwardly, and old folks' homes are arranged in the group-cottage plan.

There are wonderful public playgrounds, especially in great Frogner Park, with extent and variety enough to suit all comers. Huge trees shade much of it; there are flat open stretches with rose gardens, beds of brilliant hardy flowers, bright little cafés with awning-covered tables, a river with swans. . . . Tennis-courts are bounded by rose arbors through which trail long-skirted old ladies; rubber bumpers on children's seesaws save many a wail. On a granite pedestal is a statue of Lincoln, presented to the people of Norway by the people of North Dakota on July 4, 1914.

Outwardly at least, apartments and "double" houses are more attractive than those at home, every balcony all the way up to the fourth or fifth top story being filled with brilliant masses of flowers. Never a hovel—though the word is hardly justified in Scandinavia—in the outskirts without its flower-filled windows. Stortorvet, or "big square," is covered daily with its flower market. Peasants in something approaching the distinctive garb of olden times preside over four-wheeled, horse-drawn, dachsund-like wagons, piled high with new potatoes, cabbages, carrots which give the dusty vegetable market square splashes of color.

All over Norway farmers and even their wives often come to market with a rucksack on their backs. Bicycle-riders usually carry one; workmen take their lunches in them; in short, rucksacks are worn on all possible occasions. Thanks to a blacksmith named Bergan, who invented one with a metal frame and hip supports, beneath which an average load seems nothing at all, the Norwegian rucksack is the best in the world. Naturally, the man in Oslo to whom he sold his

patent is now wealthy, while the inventor is still shoeing horses in his home town.

The one dirty little river that does its best to flow through Oslo is lined with motor-boats, which seem almost as numerous per capita there as automobiles are in the United States. But her fjord and approach from the sea is beautiful, with a dozen small steamers winging their way off down it late every morning and returning early in the afternoon. Over on Bygdø Island, where the king and many of his wealthier subjects summer, is an expensively preserved and well-housed old Viking ship; and in the heart of the city is another; while Viking carvings of figureheads and the like, which testify to a genuine artistic sense, are preserved in spirits in a near-by museum. The Viking wagon there is alone worth a trip to Oslo.

Beside sthe municipal opera house, before which Ibsen and Bjørnson stand like sentinels in bronze, the noon hour is enlivened by a military band concert; and on pleasant evenings the wide, well-treed park-promenade between there and the House of Parliament is alive with strollers and bench-warmers and an atmosphere of romantic possibilites. Just over the way is the usual restaurant-and-vaudeville adult playground, among rocks and ponds filled with fish and brightly lighted whenever light is needed. But while Oslo is not without her appeals to the gourmand, the entertainments we attended had too much monologuing to suit a foreigner, and the audience seemed more intent on keeping its pipes lighted than in giving the actors a quick response.

Norway is a pipe-smoking country for the same reason that England is—because cigars are poor and absurdly expensive there. Yet even in Norway the cigarette seems to be ousting real smoking. From Hammerfest to Christiansand and from the Swedish frontier to Bergen smoke-shop windows are filled

and many bill-boards are covered with a youthful likeness of the late Theodore Roosevelt, smirking contentedly over a cigarette in the left corner of his mouth. Any one in Norway, apparently, will walk a Norwegian mile for a "Teddy." Many Norwegian men chew tobacco, which we had hitherto considered a purely American, and a disappearing, accomplishment.

Our first visit to Oslo was between two trains, which made it a double duty to investigate her public baths. These State-run establishments lack some of the publicity involved in patronizing those of Finland or Sweden. Bislet Bad, some distance from the center, was reputed the best. But when the tram-car dropped us there with a score of other seekers after cleanliness or information, we discovered that the several public bath-houses in town take turns in having a six weeks' summer vacation and that this was Bislet's lucky month. Near the center of town we found an older establishment. It was a large building, with the box-office on the second floor. There was a waiting-room for men, benches in the bath corridor for women, from which one client after another disappeared as the number on his ticket was called. Roman, or even Finnish, conviviality, or the soothing bath customs of Sweden, are not a feature of Norwegian bathing. A sign on the door of each dressing-room not only forbade smoking or the consumption of liquor, but denied men and women the privilege of occupying the same bath! Spotlessly clean tubs, however, water at hot as most of us can bear it—though the tub spigots were regulated from the outside, so that you must accept the old woman caretaker's opinion as to the proper temperature. But there was a shower-bath which you could manipulate yourself; and no undesired intrusion.

There are two dressing-rooms to each bathroom. A huge stop-watch in the bathroom door ticks off your allotted twenty

minutes; and a notice asks you to pull the stopper and ring a bell when you retire to your dressing-room. Thus another bather can be disrobing in the adjoining dressing-room while the attendant is scrubbing the tub and making ready for him. A krone is the charge, and tips did not seem to be expected. The women's-side attendant, who had of course lived in the United States, proudly queried, "Nicer baths we have in Norway, don't you think, than in America?"

In the highest and most spacious section of the Vor Frelsers Gravlund, or City Cemetery, Ibsen and his wife lie under a huge slab and two upright shafts of Labrador stone, like black granite polished to glassy smoothness. With woods roundabout, that black stone tomb is as glowering as Ibsen's works. No dates for Henry, only his name; he flatters himself, perhaps, that all the world remembers the rest. His wife is favored with dates and a poem signed "H. I." The rugged features of Bjørnson, Son of the Bear, adorn his shaft near by. In fact, busts and relief busts of deceased Norwegians (men only, for some reason. Why not of women in their youth and prime, as angels, for example?) decorate many of the tombs, none of them especially fine examples of the sculptor's art. . . . At least they are an improvement on the photographs of the departed, under glass, which make many a South American tombstone ridiculous.

At the high end of what begins just back of the national theater as an underground railway is Frognersæter, with a ski run and a museum, containing among other things many of the belongings of Nansen and Amundsen. The forest paths up there are alone worth the high cost of travel by Oslo's underground; the walk down along the famous and surely dangerous coasting trail of wintertime is improved in August by the wild strawberries, raspberries, blueberries that can be picked beside the board bankings of the track. When

all is said and done, the Norwegian capital is a pleasant dwelling-place, even if it lacks the island picturesqueness and some of the sybaritic delights of Stockholm, and the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Copenhagen.

CHAPTER XXXVI

SOUTHERN NORWAY

TRAINS going south from Oslo soon come out high above a rich farming plain and make an enormous circle clear around it to Drammen, Norway's fifth city. Along this line, as in several other parts of the country, great heaps of peat, some under shed roofs, stand beside the broad shallow holes from which it is dug. Farther on are the prosperous ports of Tønsberg, Sandefjord, Larvik, whence whaling-ships sail to the Antarctic.

We visited one of these vessels in Larvik harbor, a ship that seemed as huge as the *Mauretania,* carrying two hundred men, now almost ready for its next venture. These great whalers leave in August, reach Ross Sea in November, making Montevideo or Tasmania their last stop, where they must take on even their water, unlike their British competitors, who have a supply station in South Georgia or the Falkland Islands.

Each whaling steamer is attended by three or four small ships costing about $150,000 each, from the bows of which are fired harpoons carrying a twenty-two-pound shell filled with black powder, which explodes into a thousand pieces as it strikes. Even that does not always kill a whale, hardly hurts him if it hits him on the head. The trick is to drive the charge deep into the brute's body, then to play him much as a fisherman does a trout.

There were scores of boxes filled with harpoons about six

feet long; forges at which blacksmiths repair bent or not too badly broken ones. There were boxes full of empty iron shells, sharp-pointed; coils of new manila two-inch hemp cables for fishing-lines; other supplies sufficient to have kept a small town well fed and contented all winter. Everything—from the best liquors to radio attachments even in the forecastle—was provided, for whalers must be treated like human beings nowadays. No longer is whaling an affair in which a few seamen club together their slight resources and endure grueling hardships for a modest reward. It has been graduated into the big-business class. The ship-owner or corporation operating on the grand scale has frozen out the little fellow, as in so many other human activities. A successful season nets hundreds of thousands of dollars; an unsuccessful one leaves many sad stockholders.

Like sealers, the whalers work day and night (except that there is no night) during the time they are filling their barrels. Every man on board gets a percentage of the takings, from the captain down to the mess-boys, these last perhaps only an øre or two per barrel of oil. The gunners are the princes of the crew. The man behind the harpoon gets a prize for every whale he captures, largest for the blue whale, least for the humpbacked, and a percentage or royalty on every barrel of oil, fixed for the first thirty thousand barrels but increasing thereafter with every five thousand. There are gunners who make a hundred thousand kroner a season. Theirs is a closed corporation; they take in only a few apprentices, an opportunity which is mainly a matter of personal friendship, relationship, or "pull."

There was a huge hole in the back of the steamer; that is, the after-deck sloped down nearly to the water-line. Up this incline the whale, blown full of air to keep him afloat until his turn comes, is hauled, to be cut up on the deck, boiled in

the rows of immense vats along each side of it. The average whale weighs a ton for each foot of his length, furnishes 180 barrels of oil, which brings about four hundred pounds sterling a barrel. In 1927, Norway furnished the world 745,212 barrels of whale-oil.

Yet the habits and ways of whales are little known. No one has yet found out for certain whether Mother Whale sometimes produces twins or triplets or confines herself to a single offspring; there is no certainty as to the period of gestation or at what age the young are weaned; or, for that matter, whether the world's supply of whales is increasing or whether they are rapidly approaching the extinction that has overtaken so many other mammoth species. They are certainly becoming more wary, however, and at least one Norwegian company is now using airplanes to outwit them.

At Skien, birthplace of Ibsen, and a busy town, for Norway, begins the Bandak-Nordsjö Canal, the equal in its smaller way of the Göta Canal of Sweden, and one of the great engineering feats of Norway. All day our narrow steamer crawls westward, now working its way up alongside rivers, past great falls through many locks, some of them cut in solid rock, and looking in at the windows of factories; now and again up a narrow lake. There is time for a pleasant walk between two locks and Vrangfoss, the greatest waterfall in southern Norway. Larger and longer and even broader grow the Telemarken lakes, until finally we are lifted into Lake Bandak, two hundred and thirty-six feet above Skien, at the end of which is Dalen, in a delightful valley with a homelike old hotel of the same name.

Though the weather gods were still very unkind, the automobile trip next day rivaled any of those farther north. First, gradually but constantly climbing, to Haukelisæter (and many the sæter, where old women summer with the cattle

and the goats, along the way) with several of those intricately carved old granaries on which the Norwegian of the pre-automobile era seems to have spent his spare time whittling. Then came the best ride of all, high up through rocky mountains strewn with huge rocks tumbled into most fantastic positions, tossed helter-skelter by avalanches. Whole mountainsides have fallen off in past days, leaving debris ranging from scores of two-story-house sized boulders to mere slidy hillsides of broken stone, here blocking or turning aside a stream, there standing like a hunchbacked sentinel over the vast landscape below. Long ago, perhaps many centuries, the mountainside sloughed off some of these fragments, as a storm-bound traveler shakes snowflakes from his cloak; yet the spots whence they fell are still distinct.

Snow in great patches, even below us before the day was done. You cannot cross this route at all during more than half the year; yet there is an excellent and an obviously costly highway. We ascended thousands of feet by a worm's-trail road, then came swiftly down an even twistier one, to a primitive cheesery astride a mountain stream, where the most famous of the brown goat's-milk cheese of Norway is made, in doll's-trunk sized blocks. Norwegian fellow-passengers paid twelve kroner for a four-kilogram cheese (say, nine pounds for three dollars and twenty cents) which will give you a hint of the cost of living in Norway.

Then across the boiling stream and down to a big lake with what seems to be an all-year-round town among imposing mountains; Briefonn Hotel, in a striking situation, overlooking the whole scene. Up once more, by an almost worse snail's track, to more than three thousand feet, the magnificent scenery behind ever growing and improving, the sun now and then breaking out through heavy clouds and mists, to give wonderful color effects to the vast sweep of landscape, even

to the brilliant wet mountainside down which comes part of the lake, in scattered and broken streams of snow-field and glacier water, that form a long snaky river which at length finds peace in the placid green waters of the lake.

Hundreds of marvelous vistas, Laatefoss waterfall perhaps the finest sight: two great streams joining together at the bottom of a mighty leap, to gestate a river we did our best to keep up with—in vain, as it drops every few yards in great milk-white masses, sometimes into vast holes in the earth, in its mad haste to reach oblivion in the fjord below. Every foot of the way is beautiful, down to Odda, below a lake you may mistake for a fjord, a wonderfully situated town which has surrendered some of its charm to industry. Huge carbide works blazing inside as with a deadly conflagration, an imposing new hospital, smoking chimneys, give it the incongruous air of a factory town summering amid tourist scenery. When you tire of Odda there is the daily steamer; or, if you are too late for that, as we were, there is the thrill of racing on after it through Tysse, whose industries guzzle their power through a whole set of huge pipes coming all the way down the mountainside.

But we have not yet caught our steamer. On then, at as nearly dangerous a speed as a Norwegian chauffeur ever permits himself, along one of those roads cut in the solid-stone mountainside, on the sheer brink of the fjord, like an eaves'-trough part-way up the side of an endless stone house. . . . Many prosperous rural scenes along the way; cherries and berries of the Hardanger, which we are now entering, grow abundantly, even apples and peaches do their utmost to reach manhood before the early frosts overtake them. Collections of comfortable country houses above and below the road, and at last a church town, Ullensvang, forced stop for the steamer, which for an hour had been straining along the

glassy blue surface of the fjord below like a bug hampered by the loss of several legs, in a vain attempt to leave us behind. I recommend the traveler through the resplendent Telemarken district to miss his boat at Odda by just enough to be compelled to cover a part of its fjord by land.

From Utne, where several times a day all the steamers of the Hardanger region bunch together for a conference, like a harassed football team, one may travel in any direction—by night steamer to Bergen, up to Ulvik, at the foot of a beautiful valley from Voss, to Eidsfjord, marveling at the goat-like antics of the road from Odda, still making its laborious way along the fjord wall, here climbing high, high up to get across some precipice face, now down almost to the water's edge—a godsend to clusters of sometimes painted houses and lesser buildings along the route.

The Hardanger is not, perhaps, the most beautiful, but it is the most fruitful and prosperous of the sea-floored valleys of Norway. Here and there a narrow wheat-field comes down over the swift hills like a carpet laid down a great stairway for a king to walk on. Smiling slopes are festooned with orchards all along the Hardanger; cherries, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, currants, almost wall in the roads. Yet no one touches them, though they hang dead ripe and inviting almost in the faces of passers-by, until the owner himself comes, with his ladder and baskets and his child helpers. And the hills down along the steep edge of the fjord below and up above the narrow strip of cultivation were blue with blueberries and inviting with endless pathless walks.

Here and there along the road we came upon one of those quarter-inch wire connections with another world far above, fastened at the bottom with a log and stones, climbing clear up out of sight. One was singing, as if its freight, or perhaps even a passenger, were on the way down; but we waited

a long time in vain. Instead of the endless hay-walls or fences that have grown to be an integral part of the Norwegian scene wherever grass can grow, the Hardanger hay is set up on poles, like slender bushes.

The women of the Hardanger still wear old-fashioned costumes, even when chopping hay in the steep fields; and on Sundays they and their little girls are gayer still, in a black skirt of very fine pleats, a bright-red embroidered vest with long white sleeves, a short red sleeveless jacket, banded about the edge, a black-and-white apron, a white guimpe with a dangling gold or silver brooch at the high embroidered neck. On Sunday, too, if you are lucky, you may hear the fele, or Hardanger violin, a little larger than ordinary violins, with metal strings under the others, that give a reverberating accompaniment not unlike that of a bagpipe.

Fishermen in rowboats, surely half the population of Eidsfjord village, spent all the evening splashing the water and pounding their boats with their oars, to drive as many fish as possible into their big net, held up by a circle of key buoys, which was slowly wound in on a crude windlass in a larger boat—so late that I cannot testify to the catch. Then to Fossli, up a road that was building off and on from 1878 to 1915, wondering all the way how so short a time sufficed for the job. Surely it is several man-days' work just to prepare and place a single guard-rock at the precipice side of the road; and there are thousands of them—millions, perhaps—along all the roads of Norway. The road up to Fossli resembles a somewhat battered and misused corkscrew, with fantastic loops and corners that eagles might choose as aeries, and all so narrow that if ever two cars . . . But it is better to keep the mind on the fact that all Norwegian chauffeurs seem to be calm and cautious.

Voringfoss is especially noted among the myriad water-

© *Wilse, Oslo*

Along the Bandak Canal in southern Norway

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A night's catch of codfish in Norwegian waters

© *Wilse, Oslo*

The fish-market and inner harbor of Bergen, Norway's second city

falls of Norway, because the mighty canyon into which it falls with a tremendous roar begins as suddenly as if it had been scooped out with one downward thrust of the Universe Builder's trowel. To stand at the iron-railed brink of it is to feel, however steady your nerves, something of that temptation which now and then causes a Chinese pilgrim to the summit of Omeishan to throw himself off "into the arms of Buddha."

Then across the top of the mountain, which is not at all the mere pointed peak it looked like from below but mile after mile of fjeld, puno, Andean páramo, rocky-faced and treeless, half covered with reindeer-moss and a short grass more nearly brown than green. By luck we saw a herd of at least a thousand reindeer, three or four of them white, attended by two or three men in ordinary outdoor garb. My Chinese daughter, aged six, who substituted for Mother during this part of my Norwegian journey, thought that one of the men was probably Santa Claus in his summer dress. Naturally he has to support his reindeer herd through the summer, and he had kept a bit of snow near by to practise them on now and then; in fact, we saw his crude sled a little farther along the way.

For many miles on each side of Finse, highest point on the Oslo-to-Bergen railway, there is a whole city of snow-sheds, fences flanking outflankers, all manner of protection against the winter tyranny of the snow and ice, which even now, in the middle of August, covered whole mountaintops, sometimes all the upper mountainsides. When you note how many of the snow tunnels and fences have been renewed this summer, up here where no lumber grows, you wonder that even the Norwegians have the courage to keep up this perhaps most remarkable line in Europe, to say nothing of having built it.

Yet lovers of winter sports swear by Finse; Easter is a big time there, though storms gather so swiftly that you may be overwhelmed by a blizzard even in April; and the wind is sometimes so strong that guests have been known to go on all fours from the hotel to the pavilion. There is a great collection of snow-plows at Finse. Some dig the snow from the sides into the center of the track; then comes a big rotary plow which throws or blows it a hundred feet away, onto the tops of the drifts. Once the operator's aim was so bad that the flying snow broke all the front windows of the Finse hotel and piled several bedrooms knee-deep with it.

On the western side of the divide snow-sheds and tunnels are almost continuous, though narrow openings in their sides give fascinating views of terrifyingly rugged scenery, views much like the first flickering motion pictures. The station of Hallingskeid and a mile or more of the track there are completely within smoke-darkened wooden snow-sheds. Waterfalls, few and small in the arctic altitudes of Finse, increase in number and violence as you descend to the rainier and snowier west coast. The main descent ends at Voss; but it is well worth your while to continue along the winding Sör Fjord, Swiss-lake-like in its beauty, to Bergen, even if you could afford to miss that historical city itself.

We reached Bergen first by night steamer along the fjords from Utne. Lights were scattered far up the hillside as the fruit-laden boat plodded onward into the still short night. One village was ablaze with what looked like a general conflagration; but it turned out to be merely a small hillside Pittsburgh. Then, after midnight, the fjord widened out, and we threaded our way into Bergen so early in the morning that we saw in the making the fish-market along the end of the small harbor.

Norway's second city, founded in the eleventh century,

only a short generation after the original Oslo, has now nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants. A jealousy similar to that between the twin cities of Minnesota rages between Bergen and the capital, a jealousy for which the rank outsider can see no good reason, except the perversity of mankind in any time or clime. Oslo is larger, Bergen is more picturesque; both are businesslike to the best of their abilities, without forgetting that, after all, man may be on earth to live as well as to work. The view over all Bergen and its environs to hazy indistinctness from Fløifjeld is better than that over Oslo from Frognersæter; but it is an entrancing walk down from either. In Bergen, two-wheeled carts, rather harder on horses, take the place of the four-wheeled, dachshund ones of Oslo. . . . But why go on? The best of couples keep a few quarrels for rainy days, and history is full of what happens to the outsider who tries to compose their beloved differences.

Still, now that we have shaken off any eavesdroppers from the capital, it must be admitted that few sights in all the length and breadth of touristdom outdo that view of Bergen from the top of its funicular "Mountain Railway." Come prepared, however, to swear at the haze, clouds, rain, and to be thankful for one full glimpse of that great picture. Bergen has its prides and its memories, its Viking legends and its very modern buildings, its famous sons—of the two of whom, done in full-length bronze in her parks, Edvard Grieg is a little better known to the world at large than Ole Bull, violinist and not, as other visitors besides my son have guessed, an Indian chief left behind on one of Barnum's European tours. Along the Tyskebrygge are the stone replicas of the sharp-gabled wooden structures of Hanseatic times, with a museum containing amusing as well as interesting relics and memories of those days. There are, of course,

the Rasmus Meyer Gallery, Rosencrantz Tower, Bergenhus fortress, the old Hanseatic church. . . . But I have already said that this simple tale would resent the name of guide-book.

Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, blueberries from the Hardanger, cherries, currants, plums, overflowed the market stalls at the land end of the Vaagen, whence steamers leave for everywhere—Stavanger, for instance, Norway's fourth city, farther south, old yet prosperous, even when the fields above it are overrun by lemmings, mysterious arctic rodents that come every decade or two in tourist-like droves but leave no home address—or much else—behind them. Live fish of all sizes and many species are kept in cement water-boxes on the Vaagen quay, waiting to have their throats cut before the eyes of skeptical purchasers. The larger fish have their tails chopped off—after they have been weighed, of course—and are tied, unwrapped, in a half-circle for convenient carrying. Bergen has some model apartment-houses, but also many solid rows of identical homes, mostly of wood, that look as if they had been built to meet an emergency housing problem. Berry bushes grow abundant fruit even in many of the yards, the scrupulously cared-for gardens, of the residential sections.

Rain can fall on the slightest provocation in Bergen. Only foolish people go out without rain-coat or umbrella, or both. Rain poured in deluges as my elder son and I made our way down to the outer end of the small port, continued to pour up to the last minute before we left for Iceland; but there, the captain assured us, it had been brilliant all summer.

CHAPTER XXXVII

LONELY ISLANDS

THE lowering of the gangway of the Norwegian steamer *Lyra,* on which my elder son and I had left Bergen for Iceland on Thursday night, woke us at seven on Saturday morning, and half an hour later we were wandering the streets of Torshavn, on the island of Strömö. The capital of Denmark's Faroe Islands has a roomy, almost a scattered aspect about the half-moon bay in which we had anchored. Some of its streets, under queer Faroese names only half resembling those in the rest of Scandinavia, are commonplace and straight in contrast to others, narrow, crooked, and uneven, which frankly acknowledge the parentage of the Middle Ages. It is a fairly prosperous-looking town, a majority of its houses made of wood—surprising on an island group on which no wood grows. Architecturally Torshavn resembles almost any town of a decade or two ago in some fold of rolling hills in our Middle West; though many of its frame houses stand on high stone or stuccoed foundations, and green grassy turf roofs are not uncommon. Really a tiny place, lost in an immensity of stony, treeless mountains, themselves lost in the immensity of the sea.

Faroe time is an hour later than Scandinavian, which is no doubt one reason why we found so little of the town awake. But in the outskirts we met an aged islander already on his way to market, a square basket covering his back. A little farther on, a well-fed old lady was making hay in the early sunshine. The rocky environs of Torshavn are rich in

hay, and women seem to do most of the hay-field work, at least at such an hour; though already there were sounds of whetting by a man or two, and other men were patiently pounding field boulders, trying to bore and break them by hand, a long, hard job. The rocky, tumbled territory of many stone fences soon runs out into that complete infertility of which most of the score of islands are made up. A Faroese told us proudly that this main island of Strömö has some trees; but we saw no signs of them, or even of bushes, except some low clusters carefully cultivated in Torshavn gardens.

Most of the men and boys we saw wore a kind of woven or knitted liberty or skating cap, in narrow stripes of red and blue or of red, black, and white, the top gathered into a rosette and pulled down and fastened over the right ear. Yet isolated as it is, the capital has its fair share of frock-coats and book-stores; and a laundry window was filled with boiled shirts. On the whole, Torshavn's dress, shops, and customs, and even her point of view, are much like those of the rest of Europe; the people more sophisticated than one expects—or wishes. Yet if you are looking mainly for quiet and scenery, these lonely islands with the quaintness of twelve centuries of isolation might be a pleasant place to spend a summer holiday.

An obelisk above the town boasts of a visit by King Christian IX in 1874; and from up there the headquarters of the Danish governor is conspicuous among its humbler neighbors. The islands send two representatives to the Danish parliament. But no great love is lost between the Faroese and the Danes. The Lagthing, whose members are elected for three years, its president appointed for life by the Danish king, legislates on local matters. The people are exempt from conscription and from nearly all customs duties and Danish taxes. Local taxes are collected by sheriffs, who canvass their

districts four times a year! Life in the Faroes has some compensations, for there are lawyers only in Torshavn, where all except petty cases that can be settled by the local sheriffs are tried before a judge. There are no policemen, and so little crime that the one jail is reputed to be "only for Scotch fishermen," especially those from the near-by Shetland Islands. Prisoners serving a sentence are given only bread and water, but they alternate between three days in jail and three at liberty, with Sunday thrown in.

Many Faroese teach their children at home; but if the majority in a village votes to have a school, all children must attend it and the parents must provide pasturage for the teacher's cow, though the Government pays him his meager salary. The Danish language is required in schools, churches, and the Lagthing; for the rest, the people use the Faroese language—unless they speak English, which many of them do, more or less. Norway, the Faroes, and Iceland spoke the same language a thousand years ago, but in Iceland alone has this remained pure. Not only has Faroese been corrupted with words from the Shetlands and the Orkneys, but there were no sagamen on the Faroes to preserve the tongue they inherited from their early settlers. The modern Faroese dialect is about midway between Danish and Icelandic, and has been written barely a century.

Not a few Faroese claim descent from the ancient kings of Norway and Scotland, and these marry only among themselves. Indeed, all the islanders are very exclusive, and so clannish that it is a social mishap to marry between islands. The visitor soon catches a hint of that amusing self-satisfaction common among small groups of long isolated peoples, but at least the islanders have escaped most of the demoralizing influences of Europe proper, live simply and quietly in accordance with their ancient customs.

Long isolation has eradicated some Viking faults, notably the love of bloodshed; but it has also brought to a low ebb such Viking virtues as ambition, energy, and originality. The people are so conservative that they still import birch bark from Norway for their turf roofs; use an ancient wooden weighing-beam, and an antique iron lamp for train oil. Their boats, rigging, fishing-tackle, forges, and many other every-day things suggest an abhorrence for new ideas. Spinning, weaving, embroidering, wood- and bone-carving, boat-building, metal-inlaying are by no means the only crafts in which old-time methods are employed.

Though a submarine cable connects Strömö with the outside world, the island newspaper has little but local gossip which everybody knows before it is published. As some one has said, most of the islanders live in a fog between the ancient Scandinavian superstitions and the vigorous pulsing of Western civilization, happy in their seclusion. Many of them are still convinced that trolls exist, and believe that almost any little thing can ruin a day's fishing or bird-nesting.

"Thor's Harbor" bestrides the sixty-second parallel, and the islands stretch twenty-five minutes north and thirty-five south of it. Seventeen of them are inhabited by about twenty-four thousand people, of whom one third live in the capital, on the largest island, which is twenty-seven miles long. There is perpetual snow on the tops of several islands, but in the valleys it rarely lies more than a week or two, even in winter. For though wild storms often rage over the Faroes, the Gulf Stream is very kind to them.

Outside of Torshavn the people live mainly in fishing hamlets that gather almost nothing from the soil but hay; tiny clusters of houses made of driftwood thatched with grass, wherever a landing is possible or they can make their way along the cliffs or over the mountains. Sheep-raising makes

haying indispensable; but life on the Faroes depends rather on fishing, whaling, and bird-catching. The Faroe Bank swarms with fish of many varieties, especially cod. A mammoth rock opposite our anchorage was covered a long way inland with what looked like the capital's yearly washing, some men and boys and many women and girls running about the immense white field, changing and turning over and piling up again—not clothing but split codfish laid out to dry. Many such patches are seen on the edges of the islands.

But the busiest time the Faroese know is during the whale-drive, usually late in July or early in August. When a school of bottle-nosed whales (not so big, as whales go, being seldom more than twenty feet long) is sighted in the channels between the islands, signals and the telephone bring most of the male population running, and a great hubbub from their boats drives some of the distracted whales ashore in shallow bays, where they are killed. I have my suspicions that many an able-bodied man stays at home, for the sheriffs distribute the capture among all the people, whether they have helped or not. The outer two inches of fat are salted and used much as we use salt pork. The flesh, not unlike dark, coarse-grained beef, is smoked, salted, or dried, and when broiled is very palatable to those who like it.

But if whaling is the most exciting, birding is the most picturesque and dangerous occupation. The mighty island cliffs, rising steeply out of the sea, are among the finest nesting-places for sea-birds in the world; and the Faroese are adepts at the perilous business of bird-catching and nest-robbing. Or rather, some of them are; for this business, which descends from father to son, is not easily learned. There are several species of birds in great numbers, among them the eider-duck. The northern coasts especially are almost blotted

out by the multitudes of puffins called "soe-papagoie" in Iceland, which are caught in a kind of butterfly-net eighteen feet long and with six-foot y-shaped prongs.

The *Lyra,* just out of dry-dock, was as clean and homelike as a private yacht, and commanded by a delightful captain, stiff only as to collar. We left Torshavn at ten, and it was one o'clock before we came abreast of the northern end of the island group. There, especially, many of the mighty cliffs looked as if mountains in the making had been suddenly chopped in two as unsatisfactory. For, after all, the Faroes are only a range of mountains broken by large and small valleys, the large ones filled with sea.

We saw several whales that Saturday afternoon, one well out of the water, the others blowing now and then; and we spent all Sunday, August 18, wallowing along the southern coast of Iceland, with a hint or two of mountains and for hours a faint glimpse of its largest glacier. Then toward what would have been sunset, had there been any sun that day, the steamer anchored at the very foot of a sheer brown rock wall at least a thousand feet high, in the Vestmannæyjar—in other words, the Westman Islands—about seven miles off the southern coast of Iceland proper.

In the bottom of one of the cliffs there was a cave large enough to have admitted the *Lyra;* and another near the top of the same little island gave shelter for sheep, a score of which were even then grazing on the velvety-green grass of what seemed an almost perpendicular meadow in the sky. All these stage-setting hills were of that same velvety-green, above the perpendicular red-brown rock walls. Cliffs and crags and mountains of rock, beautiful even in—or perhaps because of—the fog-thick atmosphere, floated in the sea all about us.

Within easy sight was a prosperous-looking town, with a

breakwater and a lighthouse, though the harbor inside was too small for the *Lyra*. A tossing kerosene launch, flying the Icelandic flag (a blue base quartered in the usual Scandinavian fashion by a red stripe edged with white) came out dragging some toughly built tenders, manned by men in caps and oilskins who looked little different from dockmen in any other Northern region. We unloaded beams, window-frames, and other wooden parts of houses. All the houses on shore seemed to be made of wood, of necessity imported; tidy-looking dwellings, many of them, with a little patch of carefully guarded cultivation. There are no brooks, no trees; only tiny bushes, if any. Heimaey, or Home Island, is four miles square, and, having a population of about three thousand, it disputes with several other towns the honor of being the second city of Iceland. The Westman Islands did eight million kronur's worth of codfishing in the winter of 1929-30, and the per-capita wealth is said to be even higher on these phantom-like islands close off the south coast than on the near-by mainland.

It is almost impossible to cross directly from the islands to the mainland, though on clear days it looks absurdly easy. Of the fourteen barefaced mountaintops floating on the sea, four are entirely barren, sea-washed and often storm-beaten, but the tops and less sheer sides are emerald green where centuries of myriad bird-droppings have formed a soil. The lofty rock walls about us were all spotted white by the birds that live in many thousands along them. The cliffs belong to the Danish crown! They are rented out at sixty to seventy-five dollars a section each season. For the more venturesome inhabitants of the Westman Islands also engage in the precarious industry of dangling over the two-thousand-foot cliffs and taking birds or their eggs. The laws of bird-catching are very strict. You must never use a gun or do anything

else likely to scare off the birds, with the danger of causing a wholesale and permanent migration. You may kill an eider-duck only if you are starving. Hence the birds are very tame.

The cragsman sits on the face of the cliff and slowly works his way along it; or he is lowered at the end of a rope, fastened about his waist and to each thigh, which is held by three or four other men at the top, and either kicks himself along the sheer rock wall or swings to and fro like a pendulum, dangerously and dizzily, amid the deafening din of shrieking birds, among which his net works so fast as to be almost invisible to the unaccustomed eye.

Puffins especially are clumsy, and to catch two a minute is no great record. Tens of thousands of them stand in soldierly rows along the face of the cliffs, many with fish in their great beaks. The common puffin of the North Atlantic is an auk of parrot-like appearance, which lays a grayish egg somewhat smaller than, and said to taste much like, a hen's egg. When his net is full, the cliff-swinger deftly wrings the birds' necks and piles them on ledges or on the top of the cliffs, or throws them to women and boys below. About forty thousand puffins a season are taken in the Westman Islands, and every particle of them except the startled shriek is used. The breast is eaten, the oil and the feathers are sold, and the rest is hung on fences or gables to dry for fuel.

An average year yields thirty thousand fulmar (foul gulls), large petrel-like birds common to many polar coasts. These are simply hit on the head with a club, and promptly spit up a quantity of oily fluid rank with the odor of putrid fish. The body is split and smoked or salted for winter food. The fat is boiled and used as butter. The heads, wings, legs, and so on are dried and used as fuel. It is hard to free the feathers of the oil, but when this can be done they sell for about fifteen cents a pound. Many kittywakes (a kind of gull

which gets its name from its cry), a species of auk or sea-mew called the guillemot, and a thousand or so of gannets are taken yearly.

Irish slaves are reported to have fled to this desolate pile in 879, whence its name. The brother of Ingolfur Arnasson, leader of the first Iceland colonists, was murdered here by his Irish serfs. Culdean hermits, of an ecclesiastical order, existing from the ninth to the fourteenth century, which had monasteries in Scotland and Ireland, brought Christianity to the Vestmannæyjar more than a thousand years ago. For centuries the islands were the naval base of piratical expeditions. Among the memories which still live in the mind of every inhabitant above early childhood is a raid by Barbary pirates in June, 1627, in which nearly the whole population, about four hundred strong, was carried off to the Algerian slave markets. As English fishermen had long been in the habit of landing and stealing a few sheep, the inhabitants did not take the raid seriously until it was too late. Most of them soon succumbed to the African climate; only thirteen of them ever got back to Iceland.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

REYKJAVIK

THE outrageous noise of unloading the necessities of the Westman Islands left off sometime in the night, and Monday noon found us warping up to a wharf in the capital of Iceland. A handsome young man in uniform, who, had he not been so civil, might easily have been mistaken for an American customs officer, came on board and asked each passenger to sign a print-written slip of paper. As it is not so easy to guess the meaning of Icelandic as of more modern Scandinavian, and as I long since learned never to sign what I do not understand, he kindly produced an English translation, which ran: "You solemnly swear that you have not within six months been in any place where there has been Foot and Mouth disease within the past twelve months." Nothing to do but sign, of course, though I had no way of knowing whether or not I was perjuring myself.

The same or a very similar young man, who also spoke English, glanced into one of the bags in our state-room before we docked. There were no other personal questions, no mention of passports, no papers to fill out; and once ashore we were given no official attention whatever, not even asked to fill in the hotel registry forms which had become such a nuisance in the rest of Scandinavia.

There were no hotel runners at the wharf, and too few taxis—though there is no scarcity of them in Reykjavik—perhaps because of the mud-squirting holes and the ship's

hawsers they must drive over to reach a steamer's side. When we found, two blocks inland, what the capital calls its least bad hotel, the landlord or manager had "gone out to lunch," for which we could not blame him. Our room was inwardly good enough—bed, light, telephone, couch, desk-table, large wardrobe; not particularly uncomfortable chairs; a coil of rope at the window in case of fire; only bowl and pitcher, though there was a bathroom down the hall and hot water could be had if and when you succeeded in interesting a stray chambermaid. Outwardly it was something else again, being the second story of a very wooden dry-goods store on the noisiest corner in town, constantly rattling with dishes and separated by a very thin ceiling from the tramping and romping of servants and their families above—much like living in a piano-box surrounded on all sides by a New Year's Eve mob. The meals were far from the Swedish ideal, and certainly not cheap, though the waiters wore dress-suits and manners and fancied they understood several European languages. The other hotel was worse, and in the midst of a public garage; the next best refuge was a pension of which the least said the better. As a last resort the outwardly imposing Salvation Army building runs a kind of doss-house.

However, on the day we sailed away from Iceland the scaffolding on the new Hotel Borg was coming down; a modern six-story concrete building facing the grassy square on which the House of Parliament and the "cathedral" look, which is to have forty-two guest-rooms, half of them double. The Borg has been built, with government and municipal coöperation, by a man who for fifteen years was the outstanding Icelandic performer in our greatest circus and principal vaudeville circuit. It is to have all the American features, thus far quite unknown in Icelandic hotel history; and, I fear, American prices, since by the time it is opened it will

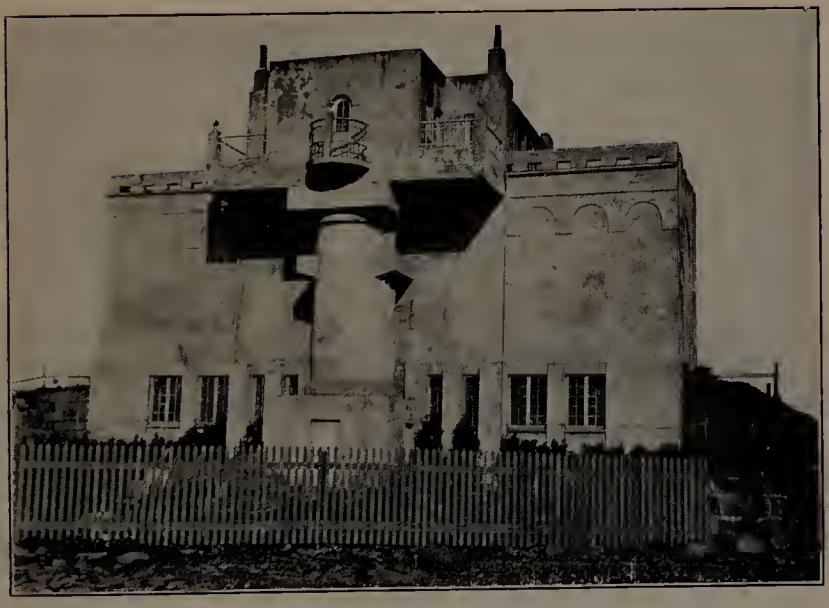
have cost about a million kronur, which is $225,000 in real money. But the sixty or seventy travelers who can get, and afford, accommodations at the Borg need have no fear of lacking anything that fifteen years in American hotels is likely to bring to the attention of an observing man.

Far be it from me to give Reykjavik's new hotel any free advertising, particularly as it will probably be filled to overflowing from the opening day until it is scrapped in some future age. But, perhaps because I am perverse, I found the man responsible for it the most interesting fellow in Reykjavik. Moreover, the chances are that you have seen him, so you may be interested in hearing the sequel of his circus and vaudeville life in the United States.

Johannes Josefsson (that is, John the Son of Joseph, as the Icelandic still naïvely has it) was the son of a cod-fisherman, born in a tiny house on the edge of Akureyri, the little metropolis of northern Iceland, and as a boy gutted herring and laid split codfish out to dry. In 1908 he was the Olympic champion of glima, a kind of wrestling confined to Iceland and reputed the oldest surviving national athletic sport in the world, except the games of ancient Greece. He began his professional career in Berlin, did his stuff in most of Europe, and finally landed in New York on March 16, 1913, with a two-year Barnum and Bailey contract in his pocket, though of course at what he has long since come to recognize as an absurdly low salary.

He remained with us until 1927, circusing in the summer, vaudevilling in the winter, even lecturing to Rotary Clubs. In the end he was pulling down twelve hundred dollars a week, with seven people in his act, an Indian sketch called "The Pioneer." Married before he left, he added to Iceland's meager population two Americanized daughters (named Hekla and Saga, by the way), nice, unspoiled girls, who not

The government of Iceland functions in this modest edifice in Reykjavik



The museum and home of Einar Jonsson, Iceland's famous sculptor

Many dwellings in Iceland's capital are very similar to those nearer home

An Icelandic farm-house near Akureyri

only know the latest dances but have a taste for office work, which in Iceland is not yet gracefully looked upon as a feminine calling.

But though I found him interesting and obliging, it is not so much as an individual that I bring the Icelandic Son of Joseph into this yarn as because he personifies several striking Icelandic characteristics. A Viking in more than appearance, apparently; for though he traveled and hobnobbed with many a prize-fighter and circus and vaudeville performer who has long since gone to the dogs, he saved not only his money but, more to the point, his health; still looks quite capable of going back and making a new fortune in the ring and on the stage if he fails as a hotel-keeper, which is not likely. It goes without saying that, being an Icelander, he is a man of education and hard common sense, whose mind has improved rather than deteriorated with time; a man who knows the history of his native land as thoroughly as any saga-writer of ancient days, who knows English as few except professional writers or speakers usually know it. Another Icelandic trait is that, after having played to large and applauding audiences and enjoyed the comforts and diversions of American life for fifteen years, he is content while still young to live in Iceland. A strong feeling for their native land is common to almost all Icelanders.

Glima depends more on suppleness than on strength, or at least than weight, an exhibition to which Josefsson took us one evening demonstrated. In the gloaming and amid gusts of rain seventeen young athletes went through their paces, in a huge athletic field, surrounded with a high sheet-iron fence. On a wet platform in the middle of this immense space the boys performed evolutions which we dub Swedish gymnastics. But when the time came for glima it would have been dangerous on the wet boards; was, in fact, more or less so

on the wet ground. Each contestant had a strap about one thigh and the opposite hip. After shaking hands the two opponents grasped each other by these and tossed each other about like playthings. To touch the ground with anything but hands or feet seems to constitute a fall; and no bout lasted more than a minute or two. The contestants included the huge nineteen-year-old blond student at Reykjavik University who is now glima champion of Iceland, therefore of the world.

Glima was practised as long ago as 1100, when Iceland was still a republic; and until very recently it was kept secret from foreigners, remained as purely Icelandic a sport as jiujitsu is Japanese. Even during the last century the only occasion when non-Icelanders were allowed to see a glima bout was when two men, both afterward pastors, wrestled before King Christian IX at Thingvellir in 1874.

The glima champion of 1908 is now a leading citizen of Iceland, and likely to do still more for his native land. The present King Christian certainly could not have guessed at the beginning of the century that an unknown fisher-boy on the far northern edge of his realm might some day be instrumental in ousting him from the Icelandic part of his throne. After his return from the United States, Josefsson went about his own land, not performing but talking of the advantages of a republican form of government. He found the Icelanders almost apathetic on the subject then; to-day many of them are eager for the change. Which brings us rather naturally around to politics and the government of Iceland.

The Norsemen who sought refuge in Iceland during the ninth and tenth centuries, from the tyranny of Norwegian kings, founded a republic which endured until 1263, when it was returned, partly through the treachery of its own quarreling and self-seeking sons, to Norway. In 1381 Denmark

inherited the island along with Norway and kept it after the Norwegians joined Sweden in 1814. Until 1854, Denmark had a monopoly of trade with Iceland; and even some Danes admit she abused it. That year the island won its commercial independence; and it has since moved steadily toward complete autonomy, until to-day the islanders are in almost the same position with respect to Denmark as the Irish Free State is with respect to Great Britain.

In 1918 the two major parts of King Christian's kingdom signed a twenty-five-year agreement which leaves Denmark and Iceland at most Siamese twins, bound together by little more than the fact that they acknowledge the same king. They now exchange "ambassadors"; Danish goods pay the same customs duties for the privilege of entering Iceland as do those of any other country; Iceland even has its own money. With very slight exceptions the Government of Iceland runs its own show, without a Dane even in the prompter's box. Its foreign affairs are still in the hands of Denmark, though in those places, such as Winnipeg, where far more Icelanders than Danes have taken up residence, the consul is likely to be an Icelander. In theory King Christian the Tall can veto the acts of the Icelandic parliament; in practice he has ever since 1918 always dutifully signed on the dotted line anything Iceland's Premier has laid before him through the Icelandic Legation in Copenhagen, even the previous counter-signature of a Danish minister being no longer necessary—or, indeed, from the Icelandic point of view, permissible.

The 1918 agreement gave Iceland the right to establish her own supreme court when she wished; and she promptly did so. The island pays something toward the support of the king; but as it has only a hundred and some thousand inhabitants against Denmark's two and a half million, that is

no serious matter. Furthermore, Iceland has already given formal notice, in accordance with the terms of the agreement, that she will expect a radical revision of the "treaty" with Denmark before its renewal in 1943; which can hardly mean anything except a demand that the divorce be made absolute and that Iceland will again, after six hundred and eighty years of subordination, set up as a republic.

Icelanders, I was told by a Dane who has traveled extensively in the island, used to refer to Danes as "dogs"; and Danes living in Iceland concealed their origin if possible. Now the islanders are more friendly; though most of them still dislike the Danes so much that when even a Swede or a Norwegian, unable to speak Icelandic, addresses them in Danish, most Icelanders insist on using English, even very poor and laborious English. There is hardly a portrait of the king in the length and breadth of Iceland; and those children who wear sailor caps have on the ribbon the name of some one of the island's great waterfalls rather than that of any one or anything Danish.

To-day Iceland is governed by a ministry responsible only to the Althing, its parliament. The executive departments are all housed in an unimposing bungalow with a garret-like upper story, known to most alien visitors as the "foreign office." In its spacious and grassy front yard stand alleged likenesses in bronze of King Christian IX and the eminent Icelander Jon Forsetti Sigurdsson; and on as grassy a knoll beyond is a bronze Viking at the prow of his ship—Ingolfur Arnasson, leader of the first Iceland colonists. A single "office boy," aged sixty and, thanks probably to long foreign service before the mast, speaking English as colloquially as you or I, sits in a cubby-hole beside the waiting-room, and acts as buffer between the outside world and all the cabinet and its assistants.

The rugged-faced Farmer's Party Premier, Tryggvi Thorhallsson, who is also Minister of Industries and Commerce, came in with a friend soon after I arrived and was given my card at once by the chatty old door-man. He wore a rather wide-brimmed felt hat (no straw hats in Iceland, and with reason) and ordinary business clothes. Frock-coats and the corresponding manner, while not unknown, are rather rare in the Icelandic capital. Nowhere in Europe is there so much informality in governing circles. It was evident that the ruler of Iceland does not fear assassination, which probably makes him unique. He spoke English, of course, and came quickly to the point, like a man used to making decisions. While I was waiting for the secretary whom he promptly assigned to me, a chauffeur, then a messenger, and finally a printer's devil aged about ten came into the waiting-room, with their hats on, and were let in to see this or that minister.

The general atmosphere of the place was much like that of the office of some mining company, say in Butte, Montana. There is almost no hat-raising in Iceland; evidences of social distinctions are very slight. There is, indeed, a suggestion of crudity, in manners as well as in government buildings. But you soon begin to like the simplicity; and why should a nation of a hundred thousand inhabitants have government palaces?

Formerly there were only two political parties in Iceland, one against Denmark and the other pro-Danish. Now there are Conservatives, satisfied with things as they are; Radicals, who want complete independence; Socialists, who are extreme and growing more so; a few calling themselves Communists who are not real ones in the bloody Russian sense, though their leader was educated in Moscow; and the Farmer's Party, now in power.

Like the executive offices, the House of Parliament in which the Althing meets is small and simple in design, simi-

lar to the town hall of any little New England city; and when we were at Reykjavik it was in the throes of restoration. Two months before, the first serious earthquake the town has ever experienced had done considerable minor damage to several larger buildings. Here, in two unimposing rooms separated by a single door, the laws of Iceland are enacted by an assembly now totaling only forty-two members, one third of them, elected at large for eight years, constituting a Senate, the others, representing definite constituencies, elected for four years by all men and women who have reached twenty-five, forming a House.

Across a quiet village street and facing the same green square, with Thorwaldsen's statue of himself in the center of it, is the principal State-maintained church of the capital, known as the "cathedral," a small wooden building, also undergoing summer renovation, which would pass unnoticed among the village churches of our Eastern States. The Icelanders are, with only unimportant exceptions, Lutherans and the state church is as much a department of the Government as in the other lands of Scandinavia. Besides a commonplace altar painting and the usual pipe-organ, the cathedral prides itself on a marble baptismal font with a pedestal by Thorwaldsen, which he made for the little church, in another part of Iceland, where he was baptized. It has four relief figures on the sides and a marble wreath on top, in Thorwaldsen's best sculptural manner.

CHAPTER XXXIX

IN ICELAND'S CAPITAL

WHEN he arrived in sight of Iceland, in 874 A.D., Ingolfur Arnasson, leader of the Norwegians who had resolved to settle there, threw overboard the sacred pillars of his former dwelling, in order that the gods might determine the site of his new home. Three years later he found the pillars washed ashore in a sheltered bay on the southwestern side of the island. So Ingolfur came and abode there, and in course of time the place he named Reykjavik—which means "Smoking Creek" or "Steaming Bay," because he saw steam rising from the small geysers all over the plain, as it does to this day—became the capital of Iceland. But one feels that the gods treated Ingolfur rather scurvily; for there are several better places for a capital, which he might have found without roaming along the coast for three years.

I suppose most visitors expect, as we did, to find Iceland quaint and naïve, with strange costumes and customs; whereas it is as European as Norway, and its capital especially is a disappointment to the mere traveler. There are no Eskimos in Iceland, as many a tourist learns with actual resentment. Reykjavik is progressive, modern, up-to-date to a startling degree; whereas Iceland's location, its sagas and Eddas, its very name lead one to picture something exotic, unusual, quite out of the run of ordinary goals of travel. On the contrary, it is in the midst of a real-estate and building boom, and its streets are noisy and perilous with automobile traffic. To the seeker after the picturesque, the quaintly an-

tique, and the lovable naïveté of isolated peoples, Reykjavik is the least interesting capital in Europe—and one of the least interesting places in Iceland.

For Iceland is European, in spite of being much nearer the shores of the western than of the eastern hemisphere. The new-comer quickly senses a close kinship with the Old rather than the New World, in the complicated methods of her commerce, in the red-tape-bound mentality of her officials, in many customs of her people. Yet within European limits the formalities that are considered necessary in the dealings between man and man have also a simplicity that is pleasing in its unpretentiousness.

Though it was founded in 877, Reykjavik had but three hundred inhabitants in 1800, barely a thousand in 1850. In 1856, Lord Dufferin found it a sad collection of false-gabled shanties protected by turf walls and roofs. Whereas to-day one fourth of Iceland's estimated population of a little more than a hundred thousand live in the capital and only city. Hafnarfjördur (almost a suburb of Reykjavik, being but seven miles from it), Akureyri, the metropolis of northern Iceland, and the town on the Westman Islands, all with about three thousand inhabitants, dispute second place. Isafjördur and Siglufjördur, also far north, claim twenty-two hundred and fifteen hundred respectively, and Seydisfjördur on the poor east coast has about a thousand.

From the architectural point of view, Reykjavik has very little to show, but on its flat patch of coast, backed some distance off by not very high mountains, with striking forms among them, it is scenically worth seeing. On a bright day, especially a windy one, the colors of sea and mountain about it are entrancing, with Snæfellsjökull, one of the smallest but most striking glaciers of Iceland, topping a mountain like the white cap on the head of a Chinese Mohammedan, standing

out across the very blue bay as if it were only gunshot away, though it is many miles off.

Thousands of her more recent brick, stone, and stuccoed houses and public buildings could not be distinguished from those of any recently prospering American town—where wooden buildings are now forbidden. Reykjavik is straggling farther and farther out in every possible direction over the bare stony plain her founder superstitiously picked upon as his farm. So far and so rapidly has the city spread of late, especially in stucco residences of well-to-do American size and style, most of them with central heating, that the streets have by no means kept pace with them. Few streets are finished beyond the old and mostly wooden or sheet-iron-covered center of town, and none are paved farther on. But they are being diligently improved. There are apartment-houses, even several elevators in town. Huge concrete public buildings are rising in the outskirts; an E-shaped grammar school, a big new hospital. Give her another decade and Reykjavik will be as large, and as commonplace, as any town in Montana.

The most conspicuous if not the most imposing building in the Reykjavik of to-day is a huge Catholic church on a commanding site which last year was a pasture. Yet there are barely a hundred Catholics in all Iceland; the former little shanty church in a corner of the same field is better suited to the size of the congregation. The over-ambitious structure, hopefully erected with Catholic mission funds from other lands, is ordinary; and it was not yet finished, though already in use. From its high square tower there is a splended view of the city. With the hugest bell in the North, its, for Iceland, immense and well-decorated interior, its many stained-glass windows, must be very impressive to some of the turf-hut inhabitants.

We went to church on our last Sunday in Reykjavik. Perhaps because the cathedral was still under repair, the rather larger and more imposing "Free Church," likewise Lutheran but self-supporting, was fairly full. Stanch Protestants though they are, the Icelanders retain in their ceremonies and decorations many reminders of their former religion: altars, candles, pictures, crucifixes, and other things originally of Catholic import. One sensed a Viking hard-headedness, a Puritan unyieldiness, saw a number of veritable Ingolfur faces in the congregation. There was some poor chanting by the ruff-necked minister and responses from the choir in the organ loft over the main door. As the singers retired for the sermon to the corners of this, a young elder handed the well-dressed, white-haired organist, who looked like a banker in real life, his snuff-horn, from which he helped himself gratefully and generously—without sneezing.

We left at the beginning of the sermon, partly for linguistic reasons. But we came back as the congregation was leaving church, for photographic purposes. The men of Iceland have no national costume; but many of the women even of Reykjavik still appear, especially on Sundays, in the old Icelandic dress handed down, literally, from mother to daughter. This consists of an instep-skimming gown of black cashmere, embroidered around the bottom with leaves and flowers in yellow silk; a black bodice fastened in front with silver clasps, over which is drawn a cloth jacket ornamented with a multitude of silver buttons. There is a silver belt with a clasp, sometimes with an image of the Madonna on it. The head-dress is a tiny flat black skullcap, covering the head about as thoroughly as a lady's handkerchief would, with a tassel, ringed through a silver ferule, hanging down on one side. The usually abundant hair is in two braids, the ends of

which are looped up again and caught under the tiny cap.

But though many women still wear the same dress their grandmothers did, the very modern garb of most of the younger ones suggests that the old costume is dying out—unless the girls are waiting to take Mother's after she passes on, thus keeping the older generation perpetually in the ancient styles. One is more likely than not to see come out of even the turf huts silk stockings, and skirts not particularly suited to a land of high winds, to the riding of bicycles or working in hay-fields that are often steep. Many girls engaged in fish-drying and similar tasks work in boina and overalls; with a smile on their faces and even a cigarette in their mouths, ride past on trucks; though they still shy at being photographed in such garb.

Reykjavik has two banks, a red post-office, a national university with departments of law, medicine, theology, and philosophy. Her Latin School, with at last accounts two hundred and eighty students, of whom sixty were girls, who come at the age of twelve to fourteen and remain six years, was in the hands of carpenters and painters. It was rather roughly built, like many other older buildings in Iceland; its heavy movable combination seats-and-desks were evidently home-made and far from the Grand Rapids ideal. On each class-room wall, waist-high in a wooden bracket, was a large spittoon—for the use of the pupils!

The people of Iceland are less polished than some of the other Scandinavians, and correspondingly ahead of them in pioneering energy and the ability to endure hardships uncomplainingly, even unknowingly. It is as if they were still near enough to their Viking ancestors to scorn or not to realize the advantages of the finer material comforts and the niceties of deportment; and in a way you will like them for it,

and hope their pioneering crudities will stay with them a long while yet—which, to judge from the signs of the times, they will not.

Reykjavik's national museum, on the top floor of the national library, with some valuable ancient manuscripts, has many Viking and Icelandic things of interest, though most of them are very similar to the collections in the museums of mainland Scandinavia. Much more unusual is the stucco—palace, shall we call it?—which the Government not long ago built for the Icelandic sculptor, Einar Jonsson. This building, in the ungrassed outskirts of the capital, was designed by the artist himself, as a museum for his art, with a residence and studio set like an afterthought on top of it. Rather a fantastic building, like Jonsson's sculptures. If it is not the best thing there in an architectural way, at least the collection of his works within is worth going all the way to Iceland to see.

A man nearing fifty now, Jonsson came close to starvation in Berlin and elsewhere on the Continent, because he would make only those things which he liked to make, until Iceland recognized him as another son of whom she might be proud. The single high, one-room, well-lighted museum contains all his best works—many, of course, only replicas in plaster, all from the sagas or the Eddas and symbolical beyond the average alien who does not know the legends and the history of Iceland well. Among the replicas is his statue of Thorfinnur Karlsefni, the Icelander who is said to have been the first man to settle in the New World, the original of which is now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Thorfinn, as you may know better than I, born at Skagafjord in northern Iceland, followed Leif Eriksson to America (Leif having sailed from Iceland in the year 1000 and discovered the American mainland) with three ships and a hundred and sixty people. There he stayed from 1003 to 1006, prob-

ably on Fisher's Island, Connecticut. His son Snorri was the first white child born in America (1005). He brought with him many sheep (can this be why the sheep of Iceland resemble the Rocky Mountain variety?) and managed to live through three winters on shore, but at the end of four years gave it up and returned to hospitable Iceland.

Among Jonsson's significant works "Dawn" and "The Outlaw" especially catch the eye. But it would be a waste of space to attempt to describe what any one interested in real progress in art should go to Iceland and see for himself. Jonsson's also is the bronze Ingolfur Arnasson, on the knoll between the government bungalow and the sea. Some have criticized the coat of mail on this statue, since the Vikings wore none. They had, to be sure, just such a shirt-blouse, reaching to the middle of the thighs; but it was not of iron; or perhaps the sculptor meant to represent native homespun wool! Sometimes that looks, and perhaps in Jonsson's Icelandic boyhood it felt, just as iron-y as the garb of Reykjavik's bronze Viking.

On the main street and only highway to elsewhere is a queer little theater mainly given over to movies (in which it has a rival farther along), where the cheaper seats are at the front, the more expensive in the balcony. The German film just then being run should soon teach the boys of Iceland to become hold-up men, counterfeiters, and adepts in other professions so far better known in the great outside world. It was noticeable, however, that when a man who had just returned from explorations in Greenland lectured there, one afternoon, the place was packed with the best citizens.

A policeman, in high cap and with rather a French air, is now and then seen in Reykjavik. But the police never direct traffic—or restrict the blowing of automobile horns, in which, strangely enough, the Icelanders are almost as noisy as Near

Easterners. Being too reserved to make much noise by mouth, perhaps they find the blowing of a horn one of the few ways in which they can make up for their natural repression. Since one of them beat up a prisoner in approved American style, a year or two ago, was sued, lost, and nearly caused the overthrow of the Government, Reykjavik policemen no longer carry night-sticks. There has not been a murder in Iceland since—1892, says a foreign resident, 1792, says a native. At any rate, taking people for a ride is no such favorite sport there as in Chicago. One gathers from their sagas that in olden days the Icelanders got enough of that sort of thing to last them for centuries.

Iceland is not directly accessible from the western hemisphere, except by an occasional passing cruise ship, though geographically she might more fittingly be considered a part of our continent than of Europe. Regular sailings to Reykjavik can be had from only four ports, all in Europe. An Icelandic line goes to Hull; two Norwegian steamers leave Bergen on alternate Thursday nights, and the Danes run a service from Copenhagen, the poorer of its two steamers touching at Leith. The Icelandic, one Norwegian, and sometimes the better Danish boat call at the important ports on the east, north, and west coasts; otherwise all visitors make their first acquaintance with Icelandic territory at the Westman Islands. To judge by our passenger list in both directions, not so many steamers are needed. Business men in Iceland complain that all the steamers reach and depart from Reykjavik at about the same time, leaving no means of communicating for a week or two with the outside world, except by cable.

Reykjavik claims the heaviest export trade of any port of its size on earth. The exports from Iceland last year included 63,000,000 kronur-worth of fish, and only 10,000,000 kronur-

worth of other things, such as butter, wool, and mutton. She imports almost all necessities, yet usually keeps the balance of trade well in her favor. Her eider-ducks are strictly protected by law, but they pluck from their own breasts enough eider-down to fill, after the little ones are hatched and their birth-places deserted, most of the pillows and bed-covers of Iceland, with some left over for the outside world. Icelandic moss, for making cough pastilles and a sort of pudding for invalids, is on sale in most foreign drug-stores. The island has a monopoly of double-refracting feldspar, almost indispensable to opticians. The only mine or quarry of this in the world is near Askifjördur in southeastern Iceland and is the property of the Government. A piece a few inches square is worth a hundred kronur, though smaller pieces are worth next to nothing. Of other minerals Iceland has the rare rather than the useful, except that her supply of sulphur is inexhaustible. But her many waterfalls should make it easy for her to establish factories when the time comes.

Reykjavik's chicken-coops are often made of old fish-nets thrown over a wooden framework; and some of the poorest shanties in Scandinavia are to be seen among the many white acres of drying codfish along the shore beyond the center of town. Open trucks filled with slithering and sometimes still flopping cod averaging from three to four feet in length ply busily between the wharves and the bins along the water-front street; and others heaped high with dried fish jolt their way toward the warehouses in which they are resalted and packed. Thanks largely to her cod, there is no unemployment in Iceland, no poverty, at least of the pitiable kind to be seen in many European countries. She has never found it necessary to resort to the dole or to old-age pensions; though foreigners often credit her with them, probably because they take it for granted that all laws are the same in Denmark and Iceland.

But though by far the most important occupation of Iceland is the catching and curing of codfish for the Catholic countries of the Mediterranean, the center of the fishing industry is in the north rather than in Reykjavik or Hafnarfjördur.

The Icelanders are ready spenders, like most Scandinavians. Moreover, Reykjavik is straining every nerve to make herself a modern city in all respects. Need it be added, then, that her prices make the visitor long to be back in New York? To be sure, the Icelandic krona is somewhat cheaper than the corresponding unit in the rest of the lands of the Norsemen: about twenty-two and a half cents the summer we were there. But this does not prevent Reykjavik from being one of the most expensive places on earth—considering what you get. The Icelanders retort that in 1906 there were barely twelve thousand people in the capital, only sixty telephones in all Iceland (to-day there are nearly four thousand), no cable to the outside world, no gas, no water, no electricity; that Reykjavik's harbor was only an open bay where now there is a great breakwater of immense blocks of lava stone nearly a mile in length.

Naturally, some one must pay for all the feverish activity of the last decade or two. But the Icelanders have lately taken to making foreign visitors contribute more than their fair share. My former colleague, the late W. S. C. Russell, who wrote the most informative book in English on Iceland in recent times, reported the inhabitants so honest that they always brought back to him, from any distance, even the black papers torn from his film-pack! But, alas, since Russell's day (if he gives a true picture of them then) the Icelanders have become money-minded, have recently, almost suddenly, gone money-mad, like most of post-war Europe.

It is worse in the country places than in Reykjavik or Akureyri, because in the cities competition or common sense

tends to keep prices to foreigners within semi-reasonable limits, whereas the country people, having recently learned the trick, charge all the traffic will bear. The prices in the few tourist or summer hotels in the "wilds" would make a Fifth-Avenue hotel-keeper envious. Worse still, the Iceland that was so quiet and restful in the days of Lord Dufferin and Russell has become restless, nervous, grasping, and of an entirely different temperament. Sic transit gloria mundi.

In 1912, Iceland voted to impose complete prohibition upon herself, allowing no more imports of liquor, but giving dealers two years to sell the stocks they had on hand. Long before that there was some local prohibition; and from 1914 to 1922 it was absolute, though there was some smuggling. But Spain threatened to retaliate with a prohibitory duty on dried and salted codfish, which would have deprived Iceland of her chief source of livelihood. So the Spanish and the Icelandic ambassadors in Copenhagen got together and signed an agreement whereby Iceland agrees to import as much wine as its people will naturally consume. That there may be no urging to drink, the Government has formed a wine monopoly under its own control. Good wines are reasonable in price, but there is nothing even suggestive of the saloon or the public 'ouse in Iceland.

Icelandic newspapers assert that the people are still angry at Spain's compulsion to take her wine—and of course Italy, France, and other wine-producing countries have equal rights. But probably a majority of them are glad, or at least indifferent. I saw some drunks, several rowdy boys, in Iceland. Genuine whisky and cognac do not cost as much there, when you can get them, as I am creditably informed those who must drink have to pay for less reputable stuff in the United States; they sell for less than twice what they cost in Iceland before 1914, when all prices were lower than to-day.

CHAPTER XL

INLAND WANDERINGS

OUR problem now was where to go and how to get there. By preference we should have traveled on Icelandic ponies when wandering beyond the range of nine-year-old feet. But though there are still probably as many of these thick-necked, friendly little horses, rarely exceeding six hundred pounds in weight, as there are human inhabitants in Iceland, they have become almost an unattainable luxury to the visitor. Until very recently Iceland was a purely horseback land, one of the last stands of the four-footed steed against his four-wheeled rival. But roads and automobiles are spelling the extinction of the horse with double rapidity there, for hay is precious.

The two or three tourist bureaus of Reykjavik turn up their noses at the traveler who shies at an expenditure averaging twenty dollars a day for a horseback tour within the island. Incapable of realizing that as the only horseback land left in the more accessible parts of the earth, Iceland might long remain something unique, delightful, and in time become popular to a worth-while degree for its own inimitable attractions, these short-sighted fellows aspire, even more than the rest of the inhabitants, to cover the island with highways and motors and reduce it to a sad and minor replica of every other Western land.

Here is the "special quotation" given us by one of the Reykjavik tourist agencies:

Motor-car from Reykjavik to Akureyri (3 days)	Kr.	300
Food and lodgings from Reykjavik to Akureyri (2 persons)	"	50
Two days' stay at hotel in Akureyri (2 persons)	"	50
Pony ride from Akureyri to Godafoss, Myvatn, Dettifoss and Asbyrgi, 6 days with 5 ponies, including food, guides, etc.	"	450
Motor-car from Akureyri to Reykjavik (3 days)	"	300
Food and lodgings from Akureyri to Reykjavik (2 persons)	"	50
Motor-car from Reykjavik to Thingvellir, Geysir, Gullfoss, Hekla and Thorsmörk, 5 days with special guide on Hekla and Thorsmörk, also hire of ponies, food and lodgings, etc.	"	475
18 days special guide at 20/— per day	"	360
	Kr.	2035

Which even at the then low rate of exchange would have been four hundred and sixty-seven dollars! Flattering, to say the least.

Now and then a pony is seen in Reykjavik, but almost every one travels now by gasoline or by sea. For obvious reasons Iceland has never thought of having a railway. Oh, yes, two German-speaking airplanes carry passengers between the capital and two or three of the more important northern towns. But we never succeeded in finding a coincidence of desired terminus, favorable weather conditions, and available space which would have made possible a flight over Iceland.

A walking tour is very rare there, though it can and has been made. Reykjavik's travel agents do their best to put walkers to scorn, which is easy in a land that went exclusively horseback for a thousand years. Moreover, there are real obstacles to walking. Seven eighths of the island consists of uninhabitable lava wastes and mountains, over many of which great glaciers sprawl. There are numerous unbridged

rivers of icy, foaming glacier water; in parts even of the fertile fringe of coast it is more than a day's tramp from farm to farm. In many regions a guide is almost indispensable; even the professional ones do not know their island as a whole, and they will not walk even if you do. Furthermore, had I not had my son with me, a tramp across Iceland would have been a dreary and monotonous experience. I do not mind the fatigue of walking, the hardships of the road; rather enjoy them. But I dislike the monotony of going on foot where things of interest are few and far between.

However, we did walk a good deal; made on foot nearly all the shorter trips in and about the towns. For the boy seems to have inherited my one virtue—sturdy legs. We walked to Hafnarfjördur, for instance, seven miles of stony road winding over the bare hills, a road so dusty that every car across the barren landscape was like an airplane trying to hide behind a smoke-screen. Yet this same bare, rugged, almost gruesome landscape has a weird, desolate beauty of its own, in sun and cloud shadows and gusts of rain.

Hafnarfjördur is built mostly of undulating sheet-iron; ugly houses scattered among shoe-chopping lava rocks, a brilliant sickly-yellow eyesore of a church forming the center of the picture, curving about a vik, or bay, in which great fishing trawlers often ride at anchor. There is more fertile space about it than near Reykjavik, and some people say those pillars should have floated in there. Personally, I should vote for Akureyri as capital, though perhaps mainly because the sun blazed incessantly all the days we spent in that metropolis.

A couple of miles inland from Reykjavik are the Laugar hot springs, from which it probably took its name, and the steaming of which can be seen from well out in the bay. A constant stream, large as an average brook, of almost boiling

water obviously laden with hydrogen sulphide, is straddled, where it comes out of the ground, by a series of wash-houses within a wired inclosure, much patronized by the poorer women of the capital. A project is on foot to pipe this water into the capital itself, for the heating of public and perhaps some private buildings and for nearer-home laundry purposes. Not far from the laundry inclosure is a roughly made swimming-pool in which Reykjavik does much of its bathing. Far more children than grown people have paid the municipal fee of twenty-five aurar for the use of a cabin and the right to swim. The water, streaky in temperature, was too warm to make swimming exhilarating and too cool for a hot bath. Yet the near-by sea tempts few; Iceland is not exactly a land of swimmers.

Houses are scattered far out along this side of the bay, with several codfish "factories"; and a little beyond is Tor Jensen's place, a huge farm-house under a red-tiled roof which resembles a public hospital or similar institution. Jensen is the founder of the largest fishing company in Iceland—and a Dane. Near the shore, opposite the swimming-pool, is a large leper asylum. Leprosy is found not only in Iceland but wherever Scandinavians have settled in numbers, which fact would tend to prove that it is due to the eating of tainted fish rather than to filthy habits. Hallgrímur Pjetursson, writer of Iceland's favorite hymns, died a leper. But to-day there are only twenty-seven cases in Iceland's leper asylum.

It will require no unusual perspicacity to guess that we confined our longer trips to the automobile and the coastal steamers. To-day there are thousands of motor-cars in Iceland; almost exclusively American cars, nearly all very recent models, and the cheaper brands conspicuous by their absence. It takes a car with youth as well as a good pedigree to stand the gaff in a lava-field land where roads are still in

their infancy. On the quay at Reykjavik, the constant setting up of automobiles, driven right out of the wrecked packing-cases, under their own steam, has an uncanny reminder of—well, of whoever it was who sprang full-grown from the head of Jove.

In Iceland, as in Sweden and Great Britain, traffic keeps to the left. And for once there is a reason and not a mere caprice for this unnatural left-handedness. When all Iceland went horseback the women rode side-saddle, as some of them still do—and how Icelandic ladies could sit, even canter, on this unwieldy upholstered contrivance, with its iron hip-support like the back of an arm-chair, its iron hand-rail and foot-rest, is another of the world's mysteries. As the saddle always faces the left side of the horse, had the ladies passed each other on the logical right there would have been constant danger of their locking horns—I mean feet.

The Icelanders have become so automobile-minded that most country boys make toy cars, some of them very ingenious, out of the precious boxes or any other available materials that find their way to the turfed farm-houses. But as yet there are no roads of any length worthy the name, though there are about five hundred miles of automobile trails. Nowhere have I seen motor-cars goaded across more atrocious absence of highways. It is not so much that the Icelanders have been backward in road-building—rather the contrary, considering the vastness of their distances, the sparsity of the population, and the rugged surface of the country—as that with them everything has always been rather rough and ready. Even in their automobile riding they are still Vikings for punishment; most of them seem to take bouncing as a natural and inevitable part of it, like the saddle sores of the long horseback journeys of the past. Many of their so-called buses are mere covered trucks with narrow

springless board seats, yet no one thinks of complaining. Automobiling there still has the lure of adventure which it has taken out of travel in so many parts of the world.

Luckily there is little mud or soft going; the lava rock with which most of the island is covered gives an excellent base, as well as furnishing splendid material, for what some day will probably be real roads. For the Government is now engaged in an ambitious scheme of highway construction, and here and there, even on the one automobile trail crossing the island, you see many new and unfinished pieces of road, wide and straight, which lack nothing but surfacing to make them available for fairly comfortable motoring. It is expected that by 1934 buses will run clear across the island.

There is not a road-sign in all Iceland, but there are pyramidal heaps of lava at short intervals along most roads and trails; otherwise travel would be dangerous in winter, as there are no trees and rarely any other landmarks that stand above the snow. There is a code, a symbolism in these cairns, though only the experienced Iceland traveler can tell whether a given pyramid shows which side of it the road is on, points the way to grass and water, or has some other meaning.

The gray, overawing desolation poured out by the many volcanoes makes any inland trip in Iceland a journey to remember. A weird and magnificent scenery, enhanced by desolation; the scenic beauties are harsh and forbidding, yet ever varied. Marvelous wrinkled landscapes are here and there touched with grass, and blood-red heather and moss, and poor little flowers dot many an inhospitable hillside. A savage lava landscape—yet spotted with fat sheep which, there being almost no fences, run before the car much as I have seen deer run in Vermont. Sometimes, too, a pony scampers for miles just ahead of the impatient gasoline-consuming beast. Nor are birds lacking: wild geese, ducks, swans, eider-ducks,

ptarmigan, abound. In the spring there are white and many-colored butterflies.

Iceland is covered with extinct craters of all sizes, some so small that my son could barely crawl into them. One we stopped to see holds a deep emerald-blue lake a furlong across. There is an astonishing play of colors, especially when the sun is low, across almost any inland landscape, an unending diversity of mountain shapes, "conical, domed, pyramidal, truncated, horned, pointed, turtle-backed, grotesque, slender, massive, pinnacled, terraced, columnar, turreted, crested, clustered, solitary . . ." says a visitor who had bled his thesaurus white in a search for adjectives; and he has by no means described all the mountains of Iceland at that. Sunset or sunrise across this incredible land is often indescribably beautiful. Best of all, say the Icelanders, are the northern lights, but these are not for the summer visitor.

The absence of trees gives Iceland a doubly bleak aspect. There is evidence that it once had some good-sized timber, but to-day there are only a few patches of stunted birch in hidden spots, where a tree ten feet high is a forest giant. Fence-posts, where fences exist, are pillars of sod or of lava stones. Telephone-poles are brought from Norway; until recently driftwood and packing-boxes furnished most of the wood in Iceland. Icelandic visitors to the "motherland" are astonished at the forests, orchards, and gardens of Denmark, contrasting with the bare mountains, majestic in their nakedness, of their native land.

But at least Iceland has none of the humidity that comes from forests and decaying vegetation. Her atmosphere is so clear that distances are usually very deceiving. The effects of light and shade are the purest I have ever seen, unless perhaps in the high Andes; the contrasts of color astounding—the square front of a mountain jutting out in a blaze of gold

against the flank of another dyed the deepest purple, while against the azure sky above rise peaks of glittering snow and ice.

Though Iceland has been denied both mines and forests, it has not been denied heat. No other land on earth has such an abundance of boiling water, generously distributed. The island is as full of steaming vent-holes as if it were the lid of a vast boiling caldron, as in a way it is. Scores of enterprising farmers have piped this natural hot water into their turf-covered dwellings. On our first journey into the interior we stopped at a farm-and-greenhouse not many miles from Reykjavik where more hot water than the farmer can ever use emerges from the hillside—at 97° Celsius, so that he has only to heat it three degrees higher to drive out the hydrogen sulphites (yes, and helium!) and leave it chemically pure. Many a progressive farmer, harnessing some near-by waterfall, has an electric plant of his own. Country boys have no wood to split or fetch. Build your hut beside a hot spring and raise hens and potatoes and let sheep raise themselves, and what more does any reasonable man want?—except perhaps a wife to feed the hens and cook the eggs and dig the potatoes and tend the sheep and the naturally increasing results of having a wife.

Not far beyond, a new school building stood at the edge of a lake of lukewarm water with a huge boiling spring on its shore. I have seen a cold, shallow river into which many holes in the bottom spout hot water! At Reykjanes the hot springs are so near the sea that there is a natural swimming-pool of warm sea water, which is changed at every tide. A couple of hours east of the capital, by car, at the foot of a terrible corkscrew down to a vast plain (for Iceland), the pseudo highway passes close to the largest geyser still regularly functioning in Iceland—which blows off like an exhaust-valve

every two hours and a quarter so exactly that you can set your watch by it.

Hot springs, geysers, and the Gulf Stream are godsends to this fuelless country; in fact, without them it might never have been inhabited at all. Even the unlucky farmer who has no hot spring near manages. Peat, surprisingly inflammable and light in weight when ready to be stored, may be seen piled up in haycock stacks in many places, even stored in good-sized buildings. Peat pits are usually owned by the nearest village, and the inhabitants pay for the privilege of digging their own fuel. Imported coal (bags of which are to be seen along the roads within fifty miles or so of Reykjavik) costs exorbitant sums, and like peat it is hard to transport in pony-back caravans to isolated places; so that in some regions sheep manure is the only fuel available.

We came at length, on that first journey to the interior, to Thingvellir. It was long since night, and the side road by which we had traveled the last hour or more could be equaled only in purgatory. So the most pressing need was a plentiful and good dinner. Next day was brilliant, though the wind was cold, and enhanced the view across Thingvallavatn, by far the largest of Iceland's many lakes, covering a hundred and ten square kilometers. Myvatn, in the north, little more than a fourth as big, is second, and with its environs presents one of the most beautiful sights in Iceland, say those who have seen it. On the countless islands and along the shore of Myvatn a score of varieties of wild ducks build nests, many of them in old craters.

But one does not come to Thingvellir merely to see its scenery. Just a thousand years ago the oldest popular assembly still in existence opened there. No building housed it, no man-made walls surrounded it. Its meeting-place was a great cleft in a fantastic lava-field and its members were hardy

Norsemen. There the Icelandic Althing, now housed in a stuffy building at Reykjavik, met every summer from 930 to 1798, except for one or two years when the Black Death raged. People came from all parts of Iceland, the number of visitors often running to several thousands. Foundations of the temporary booths of the lawmakers and other important persons are still traceable in and about Public Cleft, a sunken lava-field, the high walls of which rise in layers, giving the place excellent acoustic properties. Its rugged surroundings are a scenic wonderland to the casual traveler and a marvel to the geologist. The wild beauty of Thingvellir is of a bizarre nature that defies description. No visitor, so far as I have seen their reports, has given anything like a true account of that great sight.

The Junior Vagabond addressed an imaginary multitude from the rostrum, a jutting rock near the Logberg or Hill of the Law, now marked with a flat engraved stone. He played in and out of lava holes in which, probably, many a Viking boy played centuries ago. That great cleft in the lava layer of the region is now traversed by a motor road; but there are no other signs of man's existence nearer than the tiny farm-village below, nothing to break the uncanny spell of the meeting-place of Iceland's millennium-old parliament.

Some of the great debates at Thingvellir have been preserved word for word to this day. Skirmishes and even battles took place here between bands in feud or when riotous chieftains did not like the verdict of the jury. For besides being a legislative assembly, the Althing had judicial powers. All criminals, men and women, whose cases could not be settled by the local authorities were brought before this general meeting, and the women at least were severely punished, usually by being drowned at the foot of one of the smaller of Iceland's many waterfalls in the very cold little river near by.

Perhaps it would have been too merciful to thrust them into one of the neighboring pools of nature-heated water.

In the summer of the year 1000, when the Witenagemot, the first Anglo-Saxon general assembly, was making laws for England, the Icelandic Althing was convened here to inquire into the merits of a new religion lately brought into the country by emissaries of Olaf Tryggvasson, Norway's first Christian king, whose feats include the founding of Nidaros, now Trondhjem, and the pulling down of London Bridge. From the Logberg, Snorri the priest appealed to the chiefs to give up their pagan gods. He seemed to be winning his point when a member or a messenger of the anti-lobby party came running to say that lava was pouring out of a near-by volcano, because the pagan gods were angry. Snorri pointed to the walls of lava all about and asked what the gods were angry at when those were raised. Besides, lava is not likely to frighten people as used to it, and as beholden to it for their building, as the Icelanders. The Snorri party won the day, and the Althing voted all Icelanders Christians.

CHAPTER XLI

THE ICELANDER

THE name of Iceland is rather a misnomer. Hearing it, many people assume that it is very near the north pole; whereas its northern point is still some miles short of the arctic circle. Much of Norway and a good deal of Sweden are farther north; compared with Hammerfest, or even Tromsø, Iceland is far south. Only for a week or two does even Akureyri behold the midnight sun, and Reykjavik never quite sees it. Moreover, thanks to the Gulf Stream, the climate is much more genial than a glance at the map would suggest. It has been said that Iceland and Greenland should swap names. Iceland might perhaps even better have been called Fireland, or Hot Water Land; for no other country in the world has so many volcanoes and hot springs within an equal area.

The Icelanders explain the name they more or less resent by saying that the Norwegian Viking, Floki Vilgerðarson, who spent the winter of 865-866 on the western shore of the island, climbed the nearest mountain in the spring and looking northward into the Breidafjörd found it full of polar ice; and as he was wrathy also because he had lost his cattle during the winter, by what the present inhabitants contend was laziness or carelessness, he blasted the place for all time with its frigid name. In clinching their protest against this, the inhabitants report that the mean temperature of Reykjavik is the same as that of Milan; that its

harbor has been frozen only once (in 1908) during this century; that during one winter when most of Europe, clear to Constantinople, was covered with snow and ice, Reykjavik had only fourteen days of skating on the shallow inner harbor and no skiing whatever, for lack of snow!

Yet if you could look down upon Iceland from an airplane, as is now possible, you would find that, after all, it is nearly enough the Land of Ice to accept its name gracefully. Many of its mountains are eternally capped with glaciers, or jökulls; icebergs often besiege its coasts. Its combined glacier area is more than three times that of all the glaciers of the Alps. Vatnajökull alone covers all the south-central part of the island, leaving only a very narrow strip between it and the coast—thirty-four hundred English square miles of solid ice of terrifying thickness—and there are scores of others, ranging down to mere townships in size.

The beauty of these white cupolas scattered all over the island, seen from far off at sea, from high points of the pony or automobile trails, is well worth the trip to Iceland. The majority of the glaciers close the mouths of craters which at present are quiescent but which may suddenly blow out their stoppers and bring death and destruction to the neighboring districts. The lava streams are often of enormous extent; there is a single lava-field of seventeen hundred square kilometers, and one can hardly picture a more desolate scene than the huge lava deserts of the interior.

The colonists who, well over a thousand years ago now, took up their abode on the fertile patches along the strip of coast and beside the fjords of the north of such a land as this, rather than submit to the exactions of the petty tyrants of Norway, were educated as well as intelligent people. Not only did the little republic they founded maintain its independence for well over three centuries but the settlers,

devoting the long leisure of their winter nights to intellectual occupations, were the first European nation to create a native literature.

Iceland's classic age began in 1117, when a part of her laws were committed to writing. There followed almost quickly typographic surveys, the doctrinal traditions and ritual of the Odin religion, government reports, statistics, histories, memoirs, biographies, poetry, even novels and calendars; specimens of almost every kind of scrivening are to be found among the meager relics surviving the literary decadence that followed the extinction of the republic. The first historical composition ever written by a European in the spoken and therefore the actual language of the people was the Heimskringla, by the Icelander Snorri Sturluson. Iceland was writing her sagas and Eddas when most of Europe was floundering in the dark ages, when book-making elsewhere was still entirely in the hands of monks and consisted merely of bald annals locked up in bad Latin. On this glacier-weighted island in the far-northern Atlantic the lamp of Nordic renaissance lighted its own region long before the Italian Renaissance began to sputter into flame.

Nor has Iceland's literature ever died out, for in every century there has appeared some genuine man of letters to uphold it. To-day the literacy rate is higher in Iceland than in almost any other country of Europe; much higher than in the United States. In fact, adult illiteracy is virtually unknown. Icelanders are proud of their classics; they still have a broad knowledge and excellent taste in literature, a comparatively high culture. There are good modern Icelandic poets, present-day sagamen, an English book-shop in Reykjavik; and there are far fewer detective stories and similar printed trash per capita than in England or the United States.

But let us not hand out praise too freely without looking

behind the returns. Iceland has the advantage that all are of the same race, a race inclined by temperament to be serious, and abetted in its studiousness by isolation and latitude, a people with, until recently, so few of the pleasures and distractions of the outside world that who knows but that men who in some other milieu might have been nothing better than "go-getter" insurance agents were, and still are, perhaps, driven by mere ennui to become students and the writers of literature that endures?

Though he who is wise enough to read her sagas will get much more of it, let one glimpse suffice here of that long period between the colonizing and the acknowledgment by Denmark that Iceland is virtually a sovereign state. One dark day in February, 1477, there arrived at Reykjavik, in a bark from Bristol, a gray-eyed, long-faced man who was obviously a mariner of south-European race. He seemed to take an amazing interest in anything he could find out concerning the journeys of Leifur Eiriksson and Thorfinnur Karlsefni four hundred and seventy-odd years before. Just how much this enigmatical visitor learned at Reykjavik to support a hunch that had long been growing within him is uncertain to this day; for, unlike many of his race, he was not given to broadcasting his thoughts for mere vocal exercise. Hence one can only conjecture what was running through his head as the bark turned her prow southward again and carried the taciturn yet inquisitive mariner back to the wife he had married in Madeira and who in time would follow him from his native Genoa to Spain. But at least we can acquit him of any definite plan to capture and hold for four hundred years the honor that should have gone to Leif and Thorfinn.

Isolated as were the settlements around her fringe of coast for more than a thousand years, Iceland has no dialects. Even a native can hardly distinguish by their speech between

a man of northern Iceland and one living on the south coast, far apart, in travel, as these are. But even you can instantly tell an Icelander from any other Scandinavian, because he is the only one who can pronounce a "th." In fact, they have two letters not found in the Roman alphabet to distinguish a "thick" and a "thin" form of this sound. So in Iceland the "Tak" with which one acknowledges a service in Denmark becomes "Thakk"; or, if you wish to be more polite and ebullient than most Icelanders are, "Bestu thakkir."

The ancient Norse tongue which the early settlers in Iceland brought with them has remained almost pure to this day; and is as far from modern Norwegian as Chaucer is from us. The islanders were beginning to let intercourse with the mainland corrupt this pristine form of their speech when, last century, four professors of philology came up from Copenhagen and told them which words were real islandsk and which were not; and now they are careful to use only the latter. They can read their sagas of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries more easily than we can read the original Shakspere. In fact, not only can any Icelandic child of ten read without difficulty things written between 1000 and 1200 A.D. but it finds the Canterbury Tales much easier than you or I do!

To my ear, Icelandic is more guttural than the speech of other Scandinavians, as if the others had weeded out the more unpleasant sounds during the past ten centuries. Many words are almost English, others nearly German. Instead of patronizing a skomaker, like his Scandinavian brothers, the Icelander takes his worn soles to a skósmiður. In fact, almost any one who does anything is a smith in Iceland. The English are sometimes supercilious because we crude Americans pronounce "ski" as it is written, instead of "she," as they and

the Scandinavian peninsula now say it. It was worth going to Iceland to find that the Icelanders also pronounce the "k" (skíði), and that "she" is merely a modern corruption of the good old word, like many others for which England criticizes us.

Many Icelanders can speak several tongues, and modern English is sufficient almost anywhere to-day except at very isolated farms, and often even there. Ask any one if he speaks English and the answer is much more likely than not to be a faltering "Yes, a leetle," or even, "No, I do not speak Engleesh," followed by a considerable proof of the falsity of that statement. Rare the man who does not at least understand the gist of an English conversation, though reserve often causes Icelanders to hide all evidence of understanding. And as a last resort many words can be ferreted out which are so nearly alike in the two languages that the English-speaking visitor can always make himself more or less understood.

A thousand years of comparative isolation and peculiar climatic and geological conditions have naturally had their effect on the Icelandic character, have hardened and to some extent slow-witted the people. Even to-day, when the outside world is making dreadful inroads among them, most Icelanders do not think quickly. They are unreliable in such matters as beginning a task at a promised time, not because they are untruthful, or even actually untrustworthy, but because they have not yet fully grasped the necessity of punctuality in the modern scheme of things which they are, unfortunately, so eagerly grasping to their bosoms. They talk for the most part in an undertone. They play guitars and zithers but so timidly that you may be a long time in the country before you suspect them of any musical taste or ability. On the surface at least they are rather dull, stodgy, unexcit-

ing; ungenial, at times obstinate. Men as well as women show in their faces little evidence of having, or even knowing the existence of, some of the joys of life.

Intensely proud as they are of their land and its history and its literature, the Icelanders are no longer warlike. They have neither army nor navy, no fortifications. They have kept old Norse traditions, evolved strange social customs born of isolation; are admitted to have attained approximately absolute justice in man's dealings with man. At times the Icelanders strike the short-time visitor as still a semi-primitive people; at others, as surprisingly up-to-date, well informed, cultured, for all their isolation—or thanks to it.

"We Icelanders," said one of them who has lived long and traveled far abroad, "are the most solemn people on earth, and much hurt by anything like fault-finding. Let a laugh escape you at even a slip of the tongue, a misjudgment of distance in an athletic exhibition, and the man who slipped is grievously hurt. We are like spoiled children when it comes to accepting criticism."

Like most isolated peoples. They need the rough and tumble of the big market-places of the world to make them hard-boiled enough to take criticism standing up—or, better still, to profit by the good in it and throw away the dross with a laugh.

CHAPTER XLII

A-HORSEBACK AFTER ALL!

HAD we left Iceland without at least one pony-ride, my son would have lived unhappily ever after. So with the help of Josefsson and the long-distance telephone we managed to arrange an expedition to Gullfoss and Great Geysir from a farm-parsonage fifty miles or more east of Reykjavik. The automobile traffic was almost American that Sunday afternoon along Iceland's one road eastward, on which we had already jolted to and from Thingvellir. On the broad plain at the foot of the corkscrew our way lay to the right, down through a fairly fertile valley, where the soil at length turns to gray and clinker red.

Tin or wooden roofs protruding from turf walls green with grass and often blooming with flowers broke the monotony here and there. The farm-houses of Iceland, usually made of lava blocks and turf, are often buried so deep that only the roofs show above the begrassed earth, and cannot be distinguished from it at any great distance. The separate buildings of each homestead, built with no regard to their relative sizes, crowd close to one another, like animals cowering before an approaching storm; burrow into the earth until they seem a part of it, look too low for even children to stand upright in them. But there is plenty of room within. The walls are very thick, and though corrugated iron roofs are now common, sod still holds its own, both as clapboards and shingles. Icelandic turf is extraordinarily tough, and is cut

in ten-foot strips and carefully rolled up, in order not to break it in laying on roofs or upper walls. If there is no hot spring near by, the kitchen stove suffices to heat the living-room to the Icelander's scanty heat requirements.

The so-called baðstofa or "bathroom" is now the living or sleeping-room, especially of the farm-hands, where both sexes, married or single, sleep in rows along the sides. Sometimes it is divided into two or three compartments, especially at the parsonages. But no one in Iceland takes offense at the commingling of the sexes in the "bathroom," nor does morality seem to have been lowered thereby. It is said that there were plenty of forests when the Vikings first came to Iceland. But they loved hot baths, like their modern descendants on the mainland, and the favorite room was the one with a sunken tub, the water in which was heated by throwing into it stones taken red-hot from bonfires. As the forests disappeared, this style of bathing went out of fashion, but the chief room kept its name and is still called the bathroom.

About three hours out our car paused for breath, and to discharge two of our three fellow-passengers at an unfinished school-house, just disgorging a large Sunday-afternoon-dance crowd, mainly in high boots and now on its way to another celebration at a hamlet nearer the sea. Neither the chauffeur nor the two or three plump girls and horny-handed youths we met on their way to the evening festivities knew where to find our destination, though its name and fame are more than a century old. But by dint of snorting up to several other farmsteads at some distance off the highway we at last found Thorfastadir, a typical farm-parsonage of Iceland. Its large two-story building, with some small adjoining ones and a tin church, sat on a knoll, all, except a barn some distance away, surrounded by a wire fence, and this in turn by half-cut fields of hay. The country churches of Iceland, usually of wood

more or less completely covered with corrugated iron, often little more than a steeple with a large base, into which only a dozen or a score of people can crowd for worship, are nearly always attached to the lonely cluster of buildings of the farmer-parson.

Here we were received by the Sjera (which means Reverend) Einar Thorgilsson himself, at sight of whose tight-lipped face I distinctly felt my pocket-book squirm. He had on riding-breeches and a very seedy slouch felt hat that Sunday afternoon; but he changed to a derby when he rode with us next day—perhaps in our honor, more likely in honor of what he was going to get out of us.

In an over-stuffed little upstairs parlor not very different from the show room of many an old-fashioned American farm-house we waited until ennui and cold feet sent us out for a walk of inspection about the tun, or fenced inclosure. Rhubarb, cabbage, lettuce, and what looked like a coarse species of parsley grew in the pastor's garden close in front of the tin church; nothing much else to be seen. After another hour's wait in the upstairs parlor, we ate in the dark, in a downstairs dining-room, what seemed to be boiled sheep and potatoes, both most welcome, though not so much can be said for some kind of dessert—stewed burdock, I think it was. Food is not so good in Iceland; and rural Icelandic ladies are still not fit to eat with their husbands or male relatives or guests, but must stand up and wait on them.

The Icelanders seem never to have learned to make good bread, and to prefer sour to fresh milk. One of their delicacies is gooseberry soup! The one native dish worthy of praise which we ran across is skyr, a kind of curdled milk, thicker and better than Bulgarian yurt, excellent when well made; and eaten with cream and sugar on it. Even the Hotel Island pitchers of cream were always sour, and the waiters

wondered at me when I asked for sweet milk at least for the boy. They showed equal surprise that I did not allow him coffee, to which the Icelanders are almost as addicted as the Lapps.

In the piano-box bedroom assigned us were Icelandic translations of Tagore and Oliver Lodge, some books in Danish, and Heimskringla, the Story of Burnt Njal, and several other native classics. But alas! there is hardly a comfortable bed in all Iceland. Even in as nearly good hotels as the island had before the Borg was opened, they still button into a sheet bag an eiderdown or ordinary-feather monstrosity which never reaches from here to there, or stays until morning where it went to bed.

About nine next day the pastor's field-hands, most of them red-fisted girls, farm-bodied and peasant-minded, came in from the fields, and the glimpse I caught of the kitchen-dining-room behind the very narrow entrance-hall showed them wolfing huge bowls of oatmeal, just what we wanted; but instead we had to wait an hour longer and finally eat by ourselves, in the uninteresting guest dining-room, stuff we never eat except under compulsion, such as hard strips of dried codfish resembling gummed wood.

By that time the haymaking was in full leisurely swing again. Something like seven per cent of Iceland is capable of cultivation; nearly half the population is engaged in farming, and hay-raising (or rather, hay-gathering, since nature raises it) makes up ninety per cent of the farmer's produce. There are some potatoes, likely to be soggy and yellow-green, as if they had been sunburned, which is hardly possible! Turnips and, in favorable spots, cabbage, about complete the inventory.

The old Norse word for hay is pronounced "hay," so there at least is one important Icelandic word you know upon land-

ing. The whole family, even among the well-to-do, turns out when the all-important job of gathering the winter's hay calls for steady work from early dawn to late darkness. Most hay grows wild, mainly as a sort of marsh-grass on boggy and often water-filled moors full of hummocks; and to cut hay over these, or, worse yet, to chop it off with a little long-handled sickle, is an art not to be learned in a day. Icelandic farmers spend the best days of their lives gathering it, until naturally they come to think that getting in their hay is the most important thing in life, at least in summer—which in a sense it is. For on the hay harvest depends the number of sheep and ponies the farmer can keep through the long winter. Women as well as men are experts at tying hay in queerly fastened bundles as large as a strong man can carry a few yards on his back to the pack-ponies, low-wheeled carts, or motor-trucks on which it is transported.

It is utterly impossible to get any Icelander to start on a journey at a reasonable hour. In fact, the only way of knowing when anything will take place there is to wait and see. I suppose it comes from living for the last thousand years where there are no trains to catch and where night and day are more or less one for a large part of the year. Josefsson had telephoned to the pastor from Reykjavik just as we were leaving, at three on Sunday afternoon. We arrived at half-past six, exactly as we had promised. Yet the dinner we had asked him to have ready then did not appear until two cold and dreary, and at least for the boy hungry and weary, hours later. Our host said we would start at ten in the morning. In any reasonable country we should have set out at six, or at latest by seven, but such a feat has never been accomplished in Iceland. I feel sure that the Althing at Thingvellir was usually held after dark, or at least that they had to meet in midsummer in order not to have night overtake them. I

gather from the sagas that the only thing they did not put off to the last moment was the killing of one another.

Around ten that Monday morning the Rev. Mr. Thorgilsson's helpers began gradually to get together some of the saddest-looking ponies in his fields, none of them, we were eventually to discover, with any suggestion of that rocking-chair gait for which Iceland ponies are said to be noted. Then the Sjera, with the help of a male farm-hand, shod with his own holy hand most of the sixteen feet of the dejected steeds. However, it gave my hardy son time to make the acquaintance of an Icelandic pony, before trusting himself on the back of one. Other excuses for delay turned up, but finally we were off, exactly at eleven, on a trip which at that time of the year must begin soon after sunrise if you are to get back before dark.

To my surprise we had the tight-lipped parson himself as guide. Every two hours or so he and I changed, saddle and all, to the extra pony. The Iceland horse is too small to carry an adult all day, and most travelers ride one and lead another. A cold wind blew lava dust into our faces; the road soon gave way to not always imperceptible trails. We rode haunches-deep through two rivers of icy-cold and sickly-looking glacier-water, with the assistance of local guides, both of whom refused the pastor's offer to pay them for the trouble (a fact he evidently forgot when making out our bill next morning). One young farmer whom we took away from his hay-cutting in a wet, nobby morass, where his wife continued her labors, wore long woolen stockings, with soft leather soles of moccasin shape sewed to them; a common summer costume for countrymen, good for wading in wet marshes but giving the wearer rather the appearance of some amateur-farmer cousin from the city who is helping out between his rounds of golf.

Even the lava-fields we rode across were dotted with the half-wild sheep of Iceland. Most of them, of both sexes, have horns. All have short tails and less bland, empty faces than ordinary domestic sheep. About one in twenty is black; the others are an almost dazzling white, making our sheep, and, even more, those of Great Britain seem dirty and unwashed by comparison. Their snow-white wool is a little like the hair of a collie, but it brings a good price at home and abroad. Hardy as the Rocky Mountain sheep they resemble, they do not seek shelter, whatever the weather, but turn their tails to the storm and go on feeding.

By mid-afternoon we began to hear the roar of Gullfoss and finally came upon it, one of Iceland's, indeed Europe's, greatest and most beautiful waterfalls, which plunges in a magnificent series of broad, rounded irregular steps, down into a very deep and very narrow gorge, in which the white waters flow away at breakneck speed. A vast curtain of mist rises from the rock chasm into which the broad river above forever pours its waters, and in this a rainbow often makes a complete circle. Gullfoss is only a hundred and fifty feet high, but no mere photograph can more than hint at its beauty, a beauty that is enhanced by the utter absence of human beings or their works in its vicinity.

Dettifoss, in the far northeastern part of the island, with a leap of about three hundred and fifty feet, is the greatest waterfall in Europe, some say the most beautiful. One of the largest rivers of Iceland, a river of turbid whiteness because of the glacial clay in it, suddenly drops into a gorge nearly twenty miles in length and bordered by rocky walls almost two hundred feet high, a chasm even deeper and narrower than that of Gullfoss. But Dettifoss is very hard to reach, and it is utterly impossible to photograph; hence it is little known. Godafoss, third of Iceland's great triumvirate, is said to

growl afar off like a den of angry lions, and to be surrounded by clouds of mist that suggest a perpetually spouting geyser.

About an hour over lava hills and down through a river and bog meadow brought us to the Great Geysir, seventy miles from Reykjavik, which in the dry season can be reached by automobile. The world has many geysers but only one Geysir. But the former pride of Iceland, which was once reckoned one of the world's wonders, and which gave its name to all other geysers on earth, is now little more than a memory, a round pool about seventy feet in diameter and four feet deep, with a hole in the center of the bottom, like the outlet of a wash-bowl, brimful of simmering water just hot enough to warm our cold fingers. The bowl tops a slight hillock raised in the days of Geysir's glory by the chemical deposits in its evil-smelling water, silicates which have given the faintly sloping outer surface of the basin a magnified resemblance to the outside of an oyster-shell.

A century ago Geysir seemed to be losing its vigor; was revitalized by the earthquake of 1826. But even nature should perform its functions naturally. It was often stuffed with turf and stones and baited with soap, mainly by tourists, though the natives at least sold them the soap. By 1905 it ejaculated only twice a day, and that rather half-heartedly. Then it would spout only for a bribe of thirty or forty pounds of soap, and finally in 1912 it quit entirely, perhaps for good. In short, Great Geysir has been soaped to death.

Strokkur, Geysir's consort and also long the wonder of travelers, likewise scorns the stimulant that was once sure to rouse it to effective excitement; even Little Geysir, nearer the sea, has suspended dividends. But there are more than fifty geysers in the immediate vicinity, which looks as if the ground for a quarter of a mile roundabout had been honey-

combed by a malignant disease. Not a blade of grass grows on its inflamed surface, of an unwholesome livid-red clay with scab-like incrustations and numerous open sores. Most of the smaller geysers, too, are now tranquil pools of steaming water; but tourists are still soaping the king's lesser brethren. Smidur (the smith) will still do fifteen feet or so, if sufficiently plugged up and soaped and awaited with patience. Hopeful Icelanders think that another earthquake may bring Geysir and many of its disciples at least temporarily back to life.

Not many miles beyond Great Geysir or Thingvellir, by automobile in good weather, and half a day of scrambling on horseback and finally on foot, brings the traveler to Hekla, a volcano once so famed that medieval monks used it as a symbol of that nether world from which they were so eager to save their fellow-men. No actual mountain-climbing but merely a steep walk is necessary to reach the summit of Hekla, and the scene it unfolds to the traveler on a clear day will not soon be forgotten.

Yet Hekla, only 4,742 feet high, is not so much, either as a mountain or a volcano. It is not even champion of Iceland. Its fame has reached the outside world partly because it is within comparatively easy reach of Reykjavik, but mainly, like more than one famous man, because its name is so much more easily pronounced and remembered than those of its rivals. This best-known and possibly most destructive of Iceland's volcanoes has irrupted twenty-two times during the last ten centuries. Much more imposing is Oraejajökull, highest (about 6,500 feet) and mightiest of all Iceland's fire-spouting hills crowned with everlasting ice and snow. But who or what could be famous with that name?

The inevitable result of such a start as we had made that morning was that we had to ride on long after dark, well into

the cold night. Ten hours in the saddle, often at a trot and frequently at a gallop, may not have been the best thing in the world for a boy who had never before ridden five consecutive miles. No complaints from that quarter, however, except one passing reference to the eventual irritation of perpetual motion; and the immensity of the night across those vast wastes of inland Iceland was well worth seeing, or feeling.

In the morning, just before the daily truck-bus carried us back to the capital, I asked for my bill. Sjera Thorgilsson said, "Thirty-seven kronur," just as plainly as you could, since any Icelander can pronounce a "th." That was ample payment for all he had done for us; two or three times what it would have cost a native. I should have put up a howl at once, instead of handing him without a murmur the sum named—whereupon he declared he had said sixty-five! It was as plainly written upon his face as the weather stains on his little tin church that he had been struggling with himself to dare grossly to overcharge us in spite of our having been sponsored by Josefsson, and the overcharging side had won in the last charge.

So that bit of a pony-ride cost exactly twenty-five dollars (one hundred and ten kronur), including the trip from and back to the capital. I could not but recall the beautiful little riding stallion, superior to any pony in Iceland, I bought not so long ago out in far-western China for a ten-dollar bill.

CHAPTER XLIII

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO AKUREYRI

A GARAGE in Reykjavik sold us tickets for the longest automobile ride in Iceland, from the capital to the north coast. There is no road, but cars make the journey anyway, more or less regularly, during six or even eight months of the year. We were to leave at eight-thirty, nine sharp at the latest; we were actually off at quarter before twelve, in a new Chrysler and with two fellow-travelers.

Turn sharp left, just short of the laundry springs, from the now hackneyed road to the east; pass Tor Jensen's place, at a little distance, and on into the bare and soon uninhabited hills. The trail at length ran out for lack of standing-room on the ever steeper, slightly green edge of a fjord; across this in an open boat, after waiting a cold hour or more; then—with tickets in our pockets assuring us and our baggage continual transportation from Reykjavik to the other end of Iceland—we swung our Norwegian knapsack to my back, poncho and steamer-rug to the smaller one, and sprawled, splashed, and climbed two or three miles up a rising slope with a long boggy marsh, to where several automobiles were waiting for us and the dozen other "passengers" we had somehow collected along the way.

However, it is a marvel that any automobile could have got so near our precarious landing-place, or could scramble over the first ten or twenty miles from there on. I wondered a bit when we did not take the right-hand fork of the toler-

ably good highway we finally picked up, since that was obviously the road to the north; and at about five we found ourselves in Borganes, only two or three hours by a little twice-a-week steamer across the bay from Reykjavik. The chauffeur set us down before what was a hotel only in its rates, with the information that he had no idea when or by whom we should, if at all, be taken on to Akureyri.

We were already deep in bed when Jonas the Son of Somebody came to admit that our tickets made him liable for moving us onward in the morning, and we went to sleep more optimistic than we should have been. For, first of all, the next day was Sunday. Jonas had perhaps not even thought of that splendid excuse when he said he would be ready for us "first thing in the morning." At eight there had been no word from him. At nine, after what might have been a worse breakfast, he was equally silent. At ten we fell in with the foreman of a bridge gang, who had spent his odd moments learning English without a teacher, and so well that he spoke it better than the average official interpreter at an international conference; went with him to Jonas's house and found Jonas in bed.

However, he would get up at once, and dress, and breakfast, and get the car out, and . . . At eleven there was still no sign of him. The foreman went again; found he was not up yet, but that he would forthwith arise and breakfast and —come to talk things over with us. Luckily there was brilliant sunshine all that Sunday. Some little time after noon came Jonas, freshly shaved and wearing a beatific Sunday-leisure face and manner, strolling over to pass the time of day, to remark on the beautiful weather, to talk of anything except our ardent lack of desire to spend another night in the "hotel" of Borganes.

When we demanded action, he took refuge in a complete

loss of English. The foreman squashed that bluff by stepping into the breach. Pinned down, hopelessly cornered, Jonas finally admitted that he had not intended to take us on that day, or perhaps the next, not until he got more passengers for Akureyri. Badgered by both the foreman and his own father, forced to admit that he had no right to delay passengers holding through tickets legally voided only by an "act of God," accused by his fellow-countryman of belittling them all in the eyes of foreigners, Jonas was at last crowded off the pierhead of excuses into the cold sea of surrender. We had dinner, fortunately, before Jonas finally put on his Iceland Automobile Club cap, got out a nearly new Nash, and was off, apparently reconciled and singing, at one in the afternoon.

The man beside him, who had driven us in from the fjord-edge the day before, went along apparently just for exercise. The lady who helped us fill the back seat was, it turned out, merely taking advantage of the opportunity to go to church at the famous old farm-parsonage of Borg, godfather of Reykjavik's new hotel, built in 879 and restored in 1903. It was the usual Icelandic farmstead: several vari-sized buildings standing shoulder to shoulder well down in the ground, like soldiers in a trench, with a little sheet-iron church also imprisoned inside the tun. People were riding in from all about and putting their ponies in the tight little corral while they attended Sunday afternoon service, already begun. The women were almost all in riding-breeches, though there were some side-saddles. Every rider, or at least every pair or group, had an extra pony, all saddled and bridled. They ride to church and stay to dance, the young people at least—after six o'clock. The country folk work on Sunday, especially in haying-time, but never on the Sabbath, which ends officially at sunset; and during the long summer days they usually con-

Women wearing woolen mittens wash the dried codfish with scrubbing brushes

The heads of the codfish are dried and used as fertilizer and fodder

At Akureyri the split codfish are dried on racks above the ground

Gullfoss, one of Iceland's great waterfalls, comes down a series of broad steps into a very deep and narrow gorge

sider six o'clock the dividing line, though the sun does not actually set until three or four, in late June and early July more than five, hours later.

There was a silver-fox farm not far beyond; white tents, singly or in little clusters, were numerous, most of them, sheltering road-building gangs. We met one couple walking, rucksacks on backs, the only walkers we ever saw in Iceland; and later we found them to be English. Not far off our route lies Reykholt, where Snorri Sturluson, Iceland's Herodotus, author of the classic Heimskringla, lived and wrote many of his books and died, some seven hundred years ago. His famous stone bath is circular in form, about twelve feet in diameter, made of huge hewn blocks of lava stone, was fed by hot water, and is still usable. But Snorri was a property-grabber, who induced an old priest to turn Reykholt over to him in return for support for himself and wife in their old age (the original annuity insurance policy!) and he only repaired the bathtub for which he has had so much credit. Recently a conduit was discovered which led from the hot well of Skrifla, a hundred yards or more away, through the house and on to the bath, proving that Reykholt had central heating about 1200 A.D.

A few miles down the valley from Reykholt three springs of hot water bubble out of the top of a rock standing some six feet high in the middle of a cold river. No modern plumber could have done it better. That diabolical cross-country journey from the capital to the northern metropolis offers some of the best scenery in Europe. It lies through the famous mountain pass between the Hof and the Lang glaciers, where in pony times there were no signs of habitation during three days of travel. Peaks in great heaps, like the hand-piled road pillars; a mountain that looks like the pyramid of Sakkara magnified to mammoth size; mighty

snow caps. The "road" clambers on and on across a savage, a plutonic lava-field, an immense plateau of lava that stretches on mile after mile, like an agitated sea turned to stone. A more barren or desolate landscape you cannot conceive. Innumerable boulders, relics of the glacier period, not so long ago in Iceland, which stopped short in their roll from the hard mountain heights above toward the soft fertile slopes down by the now invisible sea, chased our track hither and yon.

Icelandic roads, and such bridges as are indispensable, are for only one car at a time. But there is no possible danger of a collision. One other car a day, on the average; and not only can you see miles ahead almost anywhere in this treeless land but the bravest car can rarely trot faster than a pony. One wet spot a few miles long, at the bottom of a little almost-fertile valley, is the greatest obstacle to getting to—or, what is much more important, back from—Akureyri.

But by five we were hurrying along high above a fjord on a fair road, to some town which I discovered later was miles out of our way. There we waited two hours, until well after dark, so that Jonas could pick up a few kronur by unearthing and inciting another passenger. He was a traveling salesman in a derby and the late fifties, who took snuff at regular intervals from the smaller half of a cow's horn with a wooden cork in the little end. He was a drummer for talk; had been thirty years "on the road," had sold goods "everywhere." . . . Eh? What? Oh, no, certainly not. Of course he had never been out of Iceland. He said it just as an American "go-getter" would say, surprised at such a question, that while he had sold goods everywhere, naturally he had not been outside of "God's country." The Junior Vagabond, who had already been in a dozen lands and four continents, was not impressed.

Eventually, at ten-thirty of a very dark night, we bounced into Blonduos, which we discovered next day to be largely a sod town, yet quite a business place, at the head of a fjord that comes near to making the hand-shaped northwestern part of Iceland another large island. Something to eat, and finally to bed, at eleven-thirty. A doctor the worse for bootleg who had offered to interpret was ignored by Ingibjörg Olafsdottir, keeper of the Hotel Blonduos, where at least your orders in English are clearly understood and real American breakfasts can be had, at American prices. She had run a hotel for a decade or two in Winnipeg; had gone over there at fifteen with friends of her family; but came back because she was "too homesick." Imagine being homesick for Blonduos!

Heavy, dense fog all that Monday, on which Jonas gave another demonstration of Icelandic reliability: pretended until noon that he was going on with us; admitted when his bluff was called through Olafsdottir that he had no intention of going farther but was arguing with a Chevrolet-owning native son to finish the job. They were still twenty kronur apart. To cut the Gordian purse-knot, I promised to pay half the difference if we reached Akureyri that evening; was loudly acclaimed by Jonas as a man of unusual honesty and generosity, and was assured that the Chevrolet-owner would start instanter—as soon as he had oiled and greased and refueled his car and pumped up a few tires and had something to eat and changed his clothes and could pick up another passenger, who was all that would make the trip possible at Jonas's price, and . . . We set out afoot; managed to get the right fork across the river by a very modern bridge; had a fine foggy walk of an hour or more that was a pleasant furlough from riding, before the no longer very youthful Chevrolet caught up with us.

You bounce so much in the back seat on that last lap to Akureyri that the shirt is pulled clear out of your trousers every half-hour or so. Narrow valleys, farm-houses almost neighborly in spots; here and there a farm-parsonage. On a grass patch of perhaps forty acres, high on a mountain slope, we stopped at a large turf-protected building, a semi-official place, kept by a man evidently of education, with a telephone station, post-box, a very modern glass-bulb gasoline pump. A woman's hats and wraps in the passageway were up-to-date styles. There was an orderly office, with some old posting pictures and modern advertising chromos on the walls, time-tables of Iceland's steamers, of the postal automobile which traverses a fixed route about once a month, leaving mail at a few designated farms. Otherwise, no communication with the outside world even of Iceland except by unexpected cars such as ours, and the telephone wire. There was certainly no evidence, however, of dissatisfaction, or any hope or desire for something more homogeneous.

Of several other sod buildings close to the main one the largest was evidently a church—though the Icelanders try to use no turf in building the house of God, preferring the much uglier, tin-covered dry-goods boxes with a steeple—for there were two or three graves in front of it. People die, even there. One or two had gravestones; one a wooden fence, very costly here, close about it. Haystack mounds of peat not far away; a woman, probably the wearer on less busy days of the up-to-date hats and wraps, was haying on the grass-lands roundabout. Sheep roaming far and wide, a dozen cattle; nothing much else, except a cold and hardy air to everything and every one.

Then across a vast mountaintop covered with fog as thick as Cheshire cheese, but still with many scampering sheep. Luckily, most of the ravines we lipped were completely hid-

den. Once or twice the cloud thinned for an instant and hearts jumped into mouths. I have never before, never again expect, certainly never wish to see an automobile lashed over a worse "road." That Chevrolet did a hundred and eighty kilometers, at least by its speedometer, for twenty dollars—about seventeen and a half cents a mile. I would not drive a car of mine over that route for as many dollars a mile.

The owner collected his ten-kronur note in front of a hotel on Akureyri's main street at eleven that evening. We awoke at nine next morning to a brilliant day, but lay until ten, then had hot baths in as American a bathroom as any in Peoria, Illinois; breakfasted at half-past eleven. There are four hotels in Akureyri, all with steam-heat. The Godafoss, where a spick and span corner room with bed and sofa cost us twelve kronur (two dollars and seventy cents) with all meals, though still outwardly sad, had just been renovated and completely modernized within. The Gullfoss, across the street, is larger and perhaps a bit better than the less enterprising Akureyri beside it, which has no bathroom—"perhaps next year."

The largest town in northern Iceland is in many respects a modern city, long and narrow, curving along the edge of a fjord near its upper end, walled by high hills. The first man to settle there is probably dead now, for he came more than a thousand years ago. Most of the men and older boys have the heavy, stub-nailed hands of those who pull in nets wet with sea-water in wind, rain, and cold. Some of the women wear the old costume, but probably fewer per capita than in Reykjavik. The farther off a place is the more is it likely to try to keep up with the fashions. In the south the summer is sometimes sleety; here it is nearly always beautiful with sunshine. Trees are plentiful, for Iceland. Akureyri is inordinately proud of the birches, which we would call bushes, in

some of her gardens; a tree one hundred and forty years old and about ten feet high makes her vain.

We pleaded for horses, even one spavined pony, but were denied though there were many grazing within sight of the top of the town. Haying was at its height, so we could not visit more waterfalls and lakes. There are wild reindeer off to the northeast, but they may neither be shot nor be domesticated.

A terrific stench from the north wafts itself constantly across Akureyri. For at Krossanes, a little way down the fjord, is a herring "factory," where enormous bins, many feet deep, are filled with herring averaging nearly a foot in length, which are pitchforked into automatic carriers and come out as oil in big tanks and dried "meal" that is automatically bagged in hundred-kilogram sacks and shipped abroad, especially to the Far East, since it is the best-known fertilizer for rice-fields.

CHAPTER XLIV

FISH-LAND

WE wanted to fly back to Reykjavik, for the trip would have taken only four hours and it was a beautiful day. But both the pilot and the booking-office assured us that the plane was full—and then it sailed away into the speckless evening sky with one man and a half-weight woman in its four seats. The man was some sort of government official, said other bystanders; so I suppose he could not be cooped up with ordinary people.

By that time it was too late even to take the other plane, which flew daily from Akureyri to Siglufjördur and back. So we boarded the Norwegian steamer *Nova,* older sister of the *Lyra,* and were off down the island's longest fjord, to the herring capital of Iceland, if not of the world. There were so many craft in the harbor of Siglufjördur as we came in toward midnight that their lights suggested a large city, whereas it is only an enterprising town of a couple of thousand, surrounded by towering mountains.

Heavy fog covered everything next morning, though it dampened no one's activity. Siglufjördur is not only the center of Iceland's herring trade but an important landing-place for cod. To-day there are about forty trawlers in Iceland, some of them among the largest in the world. Siglufjördur still does much of its codfishing with hooks, a hundred to the line, each at the end of a cord half as thick and about two feet long which is woven into the larger one. Evidently the

fishermen slash the cord, leaving the hook in the fish's mouth unless it is easily removed, for many cod in the bins still wore the hook that had landed them. Some of these are salvaged by boys and girls, but only if the cord for connecting it with the main line is intact. Older boys and girls stand day after day on the slimy, fog-clammy wooden piers, repairing the lines, about half the hooks of which are still as they should be. All such hooks used in Iceland are made by Mustad in Norway and come already fastened to the small line, so that all the boys and girls have to do is to thread this through the main line, knot it, and lay the hooks sidewise one on top of the other in a grooved wooden shield. There were a score of those hundred-hook spindles along a single pier; there must be many hundreds in all Siglufjördur. Fish caught on hooks are better than those that are netted, because of the latter many are killed by pressure in the bottom of the huge net long before they are landed.

Many men of Iceland spend their lives beheading codfish, on board the fishing vessels or on the slimy wharves. Here rows of them stand beside great bins overflowing with fish, slashing off heads all day long, year after year. The beheaded fish are thrown into a vat of water, from which other men pick them out, then slash them open, sometimes removing the backbone also, hastily, so that often there is flesh enough left on it for a one-man meal. Heads, spines, viscera, and all strange, small, or damaged fish go into the discard, to be turned into fertilizer. But the gutters deftly thrust to one side the valuable tan-gray livers, quivering bushel baskets of which are carried off every few minutes by still other men. The livers of several fish furnish oil, but only that of the cod is very good. The Icelanders say that we have only just passed a law to curb some fine fellows in the United States, more interested in their pocket-books than in the

rising generation, who used to pass off saithe-liver oil, which costs less than half as much, as that from the cod.

The split fish are thrown into another vat of far from clean water, whence they are scooped out with network shovels into wheelbarrows, wheeled inside warehouses, and laid out like an opened book in huge piles, each layer covered over with coarse salt from an island belonging to Spain. Talk about our factory work being monotonous! The man who stands all day, month after month, most of the waking hours of his life, beheading or gutting codfish, carrying off cod livers from dawn till dark, wheeling away split cod, salting endless layers of them, with just a few deft motions that are always the same, without even the mental development of thinking out a new twist of the wrist now and then . . . Oh, well, at least they get plenty of fresh air, and now and then sunshine.

Every one, down to the smallest child, helps during the curing of the fish. A bright windy day is ideal for this work; a day with a threat of rain useless. Every sunny morning women and girls and boys under men bosses lay out great whitening fields of split and headless codfish, some of them longer than many a youngster who tosses them cavalierly about by the tails. Toward evening or at the least threat of rain the drying codfish covering all the open spaces about most Icelandic ports are flung into heaps, carried together on a kind of stretcher, and dumped in larger heaps, from which women re-pile them in round stacks eight or more feet in diameter and as high, and cover them with tarpaulins. On dull days only these canvas-covered pillars remain on the broad lava-paved fields that are so white at other times, which on sunny and windy days are such animated sights. The slip-slap of dried or drying codfish is Iceland's hymn of prosperity.

At Akureyri the split fish are laid out on wire platforms a few feet above the ground, which are an improvement on the lava-faced fields about Reykjavik, since the air can circulate freely on both sides. There, too, the huge nets are spread out to dry from motor-trucks; and from the rocky hills looking down upon many acres of fish on wire platforms one may see fish-nets on stony fields in the form of a mammoth figure 6 and even more fantastic shapes.

You anglers would never again be proud of either the number or the size of your catch if you could spend an hour on the wooden wharves of Siglufjördur, Akureyri, Isafjördur, or any one of a score of other towns of north Iceland, quite comfortable and astonishingly up-to-date towns, though they are little more than glorified codfish or herring "factories." Year after year, generation after generation enormous hauls are made off the Icelandic coast. Yet there are many more fish in the sea; the fishermen say they seem more numerous rather than fewer as the years roll by.

Toward the end of the drying the codfish are thoroughly washed by women standing at troughs of eight or ten compartments each, wearing woolen gloves and waterproof aprons from neck to rubber boots and using a coarse scrubbing-brush. In Reykjavik, at least, they are paid for washing a hundred fish: 2.25 kronur for the large ones, 1.40 for medium-sized, .70 for small or "Labrador style." Women used to it can earn between 80 and 100 kronur a week.

Salted, dried, washed, and salted again, the codfish are ready for inspection. Before he can ship a single fish, however, the wholesaler must notify the government office, which sends him two inspectors, who sit all day or all week at a table and examine every fish, which women lay down before them. Here they are sorted into their respective qualities. If there has been so much rain that "house-drying" has been

necessary, none of the crop can be exported as first quality. Contracts to deliver at a certain date are entered into by the fish merchants, so that rain may be a catastrophe. But the women and children who work on the drying fields must be glad of a rainy day.

There are four general qualities of codfish, subdivided into many more. So many are the complications—"gray-dust," "red-dust," "net-bruised," "sun-cured," "house-dried" variations in sizes, water content, method of curing—that dealers use fifty or sixty classifications. In Iceland about seventy per cent is passed as first class, with variations. Somer (the region from Trondhjem to Bergen) fish average ninety per cent first and all the rest second quality. On the other hand, only about ten per cent of Lofoten fish is first grade, sixty-five or seventy per cent second.

Spain prefers Iceland fish, and each district has its own preferences. Barcelona takes only seven-eighths-cured fish. Valencia, Bilbao, Seville demand theirs completely dried, which takes from four to six weeks of drying one day and pressing the next, alternately, so that no moisture will remain and the salt will get all through them. "Labrador style," small fish not split clear to the tail and dried on the rocks for three sunny days, so that sixty per cent of their weight is water, are in demand somewhere else. Lisbon is the main Norwegian market and does not like Icelandic fish. On the other hand, the south of Spain has not taken an ounce of fish from Norway since the war. Barcelona must have big fish; it is hard to sell there any smaller than thirty "tails" to the fifty-kilogram bag, and twenty-four "tails" are preferred. There are sixty to sixty-five "tails" in the average codfish catch.

Last year seventy thousand tons of codfish were cured in Iceland, and about that same amount eaten in Spain. First quality reaches the Spanish consumer at more than twice the

price received by the wholesalers in Iceland, who get on the average 80 aurar a kilogram, or about 8 cents a pound. For one thing, every fifty kilograms of dried codfish that enters Spain pays 19 gold pesetas (say, $3.65) duty, irrespective of quality. The skippund, an old measure of weight used in Norway before the metric system was adopted, is still in use in the codfish trade.

Haddock (which only experts can tell from the cod when it is cured), ling (very white and narrow, but running to six feet in length), tusk (almost square in shape when split), saithe (of more elegant lines and much darker meat but known to the Spanish as perro, or dog) are all taken in small quantities with the cod. Prepared in the same way, they are sent especially to Oporto in Portugal, either two or three bales at a time with each ship-load of cod or all the dealer has on hand in one lot at the end of the season, and are sold for almost anything they will bring. The redfish (verør rødfisk), delicious if it is salted overnight and eaten next day, is not worth curing, and makes a splash of color in many a pile of heads and spines destined for the rice-fields, until wind and sun dull it to the same sad gray as the rest of the heap.

The herring run was over when we reached Siglufjördur. But there was much evidence of it left. The trawlers of to-day are so huge that they can stay out several days at a time, their nets are a hundred and fifty fathoms long and twenty-three wide, and two million fish, filling six hundred barrels, is no unusual haul. Incoming trawlers whistle to the "factory," the "factory" hoots back, and within three minutes the deserted quays swarm with men, women, and children ready to deal with the catch. The herring are poured out in a stream, inwardly cleaned with one deft twist of a little instrument not unlike a button-hook, by women and children who stand at rows of small wooden bins, thrown into water, treated with

salt and vinegar, and quickly laid in layers in barrels. Ships half hidden under barrels of herring sail often from northern Iceland to Sweden during the season. There Iceland's herring, salted and pickled and spiced to suit, find a ready market; and about twenty thousand barrels a year go to Scandinavians in America. A cross-section of one wharf's weekly contribution of pickled herring to the smörgåsbord tables of Sweden looks like enough to supply the world for a century.

But the herring is a temperamental—beast, shall we say? Either he does not run at all or he runs in such enormous schools that the biggest trawlers cannot cope with him. The Icelanders now sometimes use airplanes to spot those dark patches in the sea along the coast which mean a harvest for the herring fishermen. But as a lucky day with one trawler is likely to be lucky with the others, many come in all at once when the herring are running; and when there are not people or barrels enough to take care of all the crop—for Mr. Herring insists on immediate attention—the later arrivals have to turn their catches over to the oil and fertilizer "factories," naturally at a much lower price. Often the herring crop is so big that the price, which varies from ten to sixty kronur a barrel, drops to almost nothing.

Herring oil was used in engines during the war, but its acids are injurious to machinery. To-day it has many technical uses. There is no canning of fish in Iceland, mainly because no one has ever successfully started such an enterprise. One man in Isafjördur did, and went bankrupt at it; but his fellow-countrymen say that was due to bad management and worse luck and that there is a fortune in it for some one. Many Icelanders look forward to the day when their fish can be sent fresh in refrigerator steamers to the rest of Europe.

The fog lifted and a bright sun came out just as we left

at noon. That evening we listened to a radio concert from Berlin in another fog off north Iceland; were at the wharf in Isafjördur at dawn, began unloading freight at six. Comely girls in knee-length skirts and at least near-silk stockings pushed our cargo in iron cars along little iron tracks from the steamer to the land end of the wharf, where motor-trucks carried it away.

Isafjördur has an almost fantastic situation, on the fat part of a sand-spit shaped like a lizard with a long tail, or like a sickle running out almost to a needle-point, in the upper end of a fjord walled with mighty mountain ramparts, with just semi-level space enough between them and the water to make an automobile road possible. A little way out in the blue fjord floated eight or ten empty rowboats, their gunwales white from end to end with gulls shouting like schoolboys at recess, evidently holding some kind of convention, perhaps a meeting of the gull althing. Black ducks in numbers swam about apparently unafraid. At the wharf, way around inside the curve of the sand-spit, lay many fishing-boats, among them the *Arthur and Fanny* and the *Isbjörn* (polar bear), both of "Isafirði," which is another way of spelling it. There is a German vice-consul even in Isafjördur, but no American representative in all Iceland. The Salvation Army runs a big hotel; the town has an imposing public hospital, schools, two-story business houses, churches.

Green patches of farms lie all around the upper end of the fjord, yet not a pony could we get, though we began negotiations for a pair the moment we got up, and heard many promises. So we bought a loaf of bread and a tin of peaches from California and had what the Junior Vagabond called a picnic on the flank of the mountain on our side of the fjord. In the outskirts was the only log house we saw in Iceland, the logs, carefully peeled and preserved with yellow paint or

oil, no doubt brought across from Norway, here six hundred and some miles distant—for it is not likely that even in generations so many of the same kind and size of driftwood could have been picked up.

Climbing the almost perpendicular mountain was a job even for me. Yet the boy scrambled up that rock cascade with a real adventurer's zest; and, what is more to the point, he came down it in the same high spirits. There were rocks of every size and shape between the precarious footholds or hand-holds, so that only constant caution saved us from maiming each other at any careless step, especially during the descent. The strange form of the town grows as you mount, until it looks like a museum freak under glass. Looking gloatingly down from what we had thought was the almost unattainable top, but which turned out to be only a first ledge, we had below us an entrancing scene, all the open spaces in and about the town; and way out the fjord shore white with rows upon rows of drying codfish, with here and there a mountain of codfish heads.

The sheer mountain wall on the eastern side of the fjord, streaked with a fantastic pattern of many now dry water-gashes, looked too steep for any one to climb; yet sheep were grazing on its perpendicular slopes and in a big pocket in it, into which the sunshine did not come until five in the afternoon. On our side were eccentric walls and crumbling buttresses and jutting towers without number. The mountain-side still high above us had a layer-cake formation, and all about us lay a great field of enormous rocks tumbled every which way where they had fallen at various times throughout the ages. Now and then a horn-blowing automobile gamboled along the road at the edge of the fjord. Otherwise it was almost deathly silent up here—until a single blast from our steamer reminded us that if we were not on board within ap

hour we might remain a week or ten days in Isafjördur, and miss another steamer that was to carry us from Reykjavik back to the outside world.

At seven the pilot took us out—that is, around the sand-spit, leaving us on the other side of it for a water-spitting rowboat which landed him two or three blocks from where he had boarded us. My idea of a soft job is to be a pilot at Isafjördur, and this one apparently had grown gray in such service. No doubt he has found some Icelandic hobby to fill in his time.

We got another view of the Drangajökull, the edges of which we had seen from up the mountain. That evening we stopped at Bolungvik, and during the night at Patreksfjördur, always for the same purpose: to unload cement, flour, and lumber. On her way back to Bergen by the same route around the island the *Nova* picks up fish. Though September had overtaken us, it was still comfortable in the sunshine, but it turned almost bitterly cold immediately after sunset or whenever a cloud dared to efface the sun. Icelanders said that an unusual flow of icebergs had ruined their weather during August, though we had often basked in sunshine. The *Nova* had struck an iceberg somewhere along here on her last trip; and only a few days before, the best Danish boat to Iceland had been forced to turn back because of them and go home around the southern end of the island. The air felt as if there were plenty of them about us now. On her last trip the *Nova* had seen two seals on one ice-floe, and a polar bear on his way to Europe on another.

During dinner next day the engines stopped and the chief engineer opposite us ran out hastily, his meal half eaten, and never came back to it. Anything wrong? Not in the least. Arnastapi, out near the end of that peninsula which a not very long canal would make a large island, is a fine place to

catch codfish. We filled the larder in no time, though technically Norwegian ships cannot fish in Icelandic waters. Fantastic rocks, one exactly like a vessel under full sail, stood out of the sea. Behind the few buildings ashore, Snæfellsjökull caps a mountain almost within stone's throw—to the eyes.

Many of the passengers on the venerable *Botnia* were English—so sorry! I mean Scotch—people who had come up on a round trip, hence needed no passports, had lived on board while at Reykjavik, and were now on their way back to Leith. For an hour before we left, they stood at the rail singing "Auld Lang Syne" and similar airs to a fellow-Scot who was remaining behind. The Icelanders crowding that part of the wharf looked on almost aghast. They at most wave hats or handkerchiefs in farewell; or, more likely, hold a hat motionless in the air for a long time. Fancy a people so reticent that Scotchmen seem Latin beside them! And when the Scots, thinking to compliment their island hosts, cried "God save Kong Christian!" there was no more response from the crowd on the wharf than the name of King George would evoke in Chicago.

And so we sailed away, to a year or two of school and work in the British Isles.

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